

THE

253

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VOLUME XXI.



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# CONTENTS.

	Page
Abyssinia and King Theodore . . . . .	<i>G. Reynolds</i> . . . . . 791
A most Extraordinary Case . . . . .	<i>Henry James, Jr.</i> . . . . . 451
Aspects of Culture . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . . 87
Beauty of Trees . . . . .	<i>Wilson Flagg</i> . . . . . 642
Beaumont and Fletcher, etc. . . . .	<i>E. P. Whipple</i> . . . . . 176
By-Ways of Europe. II., III., IV., V., VI. . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> . . . . . 73, 284, 414, 614, 749
Castle of Indolence, A . . . . .	<i>S. Adams Hill</i> . . . . . 725
Characteristics of Genius . . . . .	<i>F. H. Hedge</i> . . . . . 150
Conversation on the Stage, A . . . . .	<i>Kate Field</i> . . . . . 270
Cretan Days. III. . . . .	<i>Wm. J. Stillman</i> . . . . . 325
Destructive Democracy, The . . . . .	233
Did he take the Prince to Ride? . . . . .	<i>Edward Everett Hale</i> . . . . . 603
Discovery of Etherization, The . . . . .	713
Doctor Molke's Friends. I., II., III. . . . .	<i>Dr. J. I. Hayes</i> . . . . . 36, 193, 485
Does it Pay to Smoke? . . . . .	<i>James Parton</i> . . . . . 129
Encyclopedists, The . . . . .	<i>John G. Rowngarten</i> . . . . . 245
European House-Sparrow, The . . . . .	<i>T. M. Brewer</i> . . . . . 583
Flotsam and Jetsam. I., II., III. . . . .	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> . . . . . 7, 186, 313
Four Months on the Stage . . . . .	225
Free Missouri. I., II. . . . .	<i>Albert D. Richardson</i> . . . . . 363, 492
Gentleman of an Old School, A . . . . .	<i>J. W. De Forrest</i> . . . . . 545
George Silverman's Explanation. I., II., III. . . . .	<i>Charles Dickens</i> . . . . . 118, 145, 277
Hawthorne in the Boston Custom-House . . . . .	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> . . . . . 106
John Chinaman, M. D. . . . .	<i>J. W. Palmer</i> . . . . . 257
Lagos Bar. I., II. . . . .	<i>W. Winwood Reade</i> . . . . . 406, 574
Mrs. Johnson . . . . .	<i>W. D. Howells</i> . . . . . 97
Modern Lettre de Cachet, A . . . . .	<i>L. Clarke Davis</i> . . . . . 533
Next President, The . . . . .	628
Old Masters in the Louvre, and Modern Art . . . . .	<i>Eugene Benson</i> . . . . . 111
Oldport Wharves . . . . .	<i>T. W. Higginson</i> . . . . . 61
Old Philadelphia Library, The . . . . .	<i>John Merdith Read, Jr.</i> . . . . . 299
On a Pair of Spectacles . . . . .	<i>J. E. Babsen</i> . . . . . 534
Our Second Girl . . . . .	<i>H. B. Stowe</i> . . . . . 50
Our Roman Catholic Brethren. I., II. . . . .	<i>James Parton</i> . . . . . 432, 556
Pittsburg . . . . .	<i>James Parton</i> . . . . . 17
Plea for the Afternoon, A . . . . .	<i>Antoinette B. Blackwell</i> . . . . . 385
Poison of the Rattlesnake, The . . . . .	452
President Wayland, The Late . . . . .	<i>J. Lewis Dinan</i> . . . . . 68
Romance of Certain Old Clothes, The . . . . .	<i>Henry James, Jr.</i> . . . . . 209
St. Michael's Night. I. . . . .	<i>Miss Agnes Harrison</i> . . . . . 685
Sequel to an Old English State Trial, The . . . . .	<i>L. Clarke Davis</i> . . . . . 333
Spenser . . . . .	<i>E. P. Whipple</i> . . . . . 395
Talmud, The . . . . .	<i>Calvin E. Stowe</i> . . . . . 673
Tenth of January, The . . . . .	<i>E. Stuart Phelps</i> . . . . . 345
Théophile Gautier . . . . .	<i>Eugene Benson</i> . . . . . 664
Turf and the Trotting Horse in America, The . . . . .	<i>John Eldredge</i> . . . . . 513

V 12497

Two Families . . . . .	<i>Miss K. F. Williams</i>	651
Vix . . . . .	<i>Col. Geo. E. Waring</i>	732
Week in Sybaris, A . . . . .	<i>Edward Everett Hale</i>	160
Week on Capri, A . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	740
Wonders of Modern Surgery, Some of the . . . . .	<i>W. T. Helmeath</i>	373

## POETRY.

After the Burial . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	607
April . . . . .	<i>Miss R. H. Hudson</i>	502
Casa Guidi Windows . . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	671
Clear Vision, The . . . . .	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	545
Combat of Diomed and Mars, The (Translation from Homer) . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	47
Household Lamp, The . . . . .		362
In the Twilight . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	96
John o' the Smithy . . . . .		298
June Idyl, A . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	754
Meeting, The . . . . .	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	221
Once More . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	430
Orion . . . . .		159
Rockweeds . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	266
Thrill . . . . .	<i>Hiram Rich</i>	730
Victim, The . . . . .	<i>Alfred Townsend</i>	174
Wife, The . . . . .	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	1
Wreck of the Pocahontas, The . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	392

## ART.

Machin's Busts of the Composers . . . . .	<i>J. S. Dwight</i>	503
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## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Agassiz's (Prof. and Mrs.) Journey in Brazil . . . . .	383
Beecher's Norwood . . . . .	761
Benjamin's The Turk and the Greek . . . . .	286
Channing's Early Recollections of Newport . . . . .	510
Ellet's (Mrs.) Queens of American Society . . . . .	382
Frothingham's (Miss) Translation of Nathan the Wise . . . . .	250
Gail Hamilton's Woman's Wrongs . . . . .	503
Goldwin Smith's Three English Statesmen . . . . .	280
Greene's Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene . . . . .	506
Harte's Condensed Novels . . . . .	102
Hassaurek's Four Years among Spanish Americans . . . . .	214
Henry J. Morgan's Bibliotheca Canadensis . . . . .	310
Lanier's Tiger-Lilies . . . . .	382
Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight . . . . .	509
Madame Michelet's Story of My Childhood . . . . .	381
Men of the Time . . . . .	630
Morgan's American Beaver and his Works . . . . .	312
Motley's History of the United Netherlands . . . . .	632
Reid's Ohio in the War . . . . .	552
Rieschels's 'General' Letters and Journals (Stone's Translation) . . . . .	127
Ruskin's Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne . . . . .	630
Seller's (Emma) The Voice in Singing . . . . .	638
Stowe's Origin and History of the Books of the Bible . . . . .	123
Tuckerman's Book of the Artists . . . . .	255
Y <sup>e</sup> Legende of St. Gwendoline . . . . .	256



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VOL. XXI.—JANUARY, 1868.—NO. CXXIII.

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THE WIFE.

AN IDYL OF BEARCAMP WATER.

A LONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas in their gardens grew,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,  
And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—  
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long overworn  
To task their strength; and (unto Him be praise  
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain  
Of years that did the work of centuries

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I

Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more  
 Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
 Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
 With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
 I lay aside grave themes, and idly play  
 With fancies borrowed from remembered hills  
 That beckon to me from the cold blue North.  
 And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
 Proud of field lore and harvest-craft, and feeling  
 All their fine possibilities, while yet  
 Knowing too well the hard necessities  
 Of labor and privation, and the bare  
 And colorless realities of life  
 Without an atmosphere, I fain would see  
 The rugged outlines touched and glorified  
 With mellowing haze and golden-tinted mist.  
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
 Set in these fair green valleys, purple-walled, —  
 A man to match his mountains, not a drudge  
 Dull as the clod he turns. I fain would teach  
 In this light way the blind eyes to discern,  
 And the cold hearts to feel, in common things,  
 Beatitudes of beauty; and, meanwhile,  
 Pay somewhat of the mighty debt I owe  
 To Nature for her ministry of love  
 And life-long benediction. With the rocks  
 And woods and mountain valleys which have been  
 Solace in suffering, and exceeding joy  
 In life's best moments, I would leave some sign,  
 When I am but a name and memory,  
 That I have loved them. Haply, in the years  
 That wait to take the places of our own,  
 Whispered upon some breezy balcony  
 Fronting the hills, or where the lake in the moon  
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,  
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet  
 Of Boaz, even this little lay of mine  
 May lift some burden from a heavy heart,  
 Or make a light one lighter for its sake.

---

We held our sideling way above  
 The river's whitening shallows,  
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
 Swept through and through by swallows, —

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
 And larches climbing darkly  
 The mountain slopes, and, over all,  
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
 With gaps of brightness riven, —

How through each pass and hollow streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The shorn sun dropping, large and low,  
Behind the wall of mountains !

We drove before the farm-house door,  
The farmer called to Mary ;  
Bare-armed, with Juno's step, she came,  
White-aproned, from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness ;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness ; —

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance, —  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our landlord utter  
The paltry errand of his need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With snow-white hands disposing.

Then, while across the darkening hills  
We watched the changeeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
The landlord told her story.

---

From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing,  
There 's iron in our Northern winds,  
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common,—  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady:  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
"T is well," he said, "for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,  
I take no note of sweetness;  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,

A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me,  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me ;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls about me ?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother ;  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another !

"I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding ;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass  
So archly, yet so tender :

"And if I lend you mine," she said,  
"Will you forgive the lender ?

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man ;  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind this silken armor ?

"I love you : on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming ?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-swung cradle straining,  
Looked down to see love's miracle, —  
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter ;  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty ;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

We send the squire to General Court;  
He takes his young wife thither:  
No prouder man Election-day  
Rides through the sweet June weather.

---

So spake our landlord as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plummets;  
The pale arc of the Northern Lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits,—

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the mapled lawn  
The welcome inn-lights glowing;—

And, musing on the landlord's tale,  
'T were well, thought I, if often  
To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonize and soften;—

If more and more we found the troth  
Of fact and fancy plighted,  
And culture's charm and labor's strength  
In these hill-homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
And blessing toil where toil abounds  
With graces more abounding.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

## PART I.

"**A** H well!" said I, wearily, finding the storm was likely yet to last, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." But did I have an idea of what I was saying?

The equinoctial gale had been roaring through the heavens, driving the great loose, gray clouds before it, and tearing them into sheets of blinding rain, till the whole round earth seemed only wrapped in storm. The wind came whistling along the street, shook off a flock of yellow leaves, and, letting them frolic in their freedom a moment and fancy themselves a part of the gale, suddenly with a blast drove them down, and they became a part of the sodden soil; then, rising with a cry of havoc, it dragged the vines from the lattices, snatched the swallows' nests from under the eaves and scattered them into the street, and, being caught itself in the pitfall of the chimneys, came hoarsely sighing and crying downward till it fanned the blaze of the coal into a fury.

What a blessing a full gay household would have been on such a day! Then we could have heard with equanimity that the tides had risen over the roofs on Channel Island, or that people were going about in boats on the Shore Street; we could have gone up to the attic windows with the glass, and have seen the strange dark heads and white horns swimming through the current; we should have swarmed round the Doctor, when he came in and brought a gust behind him, with warm slippers and dressing-gown, and cheeriest sympathy and comfort, till we coaxed him into believing the cold September day the happiest of all the year; we should have sat round the fire, and told stories of shipwreck, till the wind fell at midnight, and through the open curtains a star startled us sparkling on the edge of a wind-blown ragged cloud.

But that had been — in other times. Now we must make ourselves content on past cheer, and be warmed with remembrance of ancient autumn gales. So the Doctor sighed, and smoked, and calculated eclipses, as if to put asleep the great care in his heart, and every once in a while informed his little wife of something concerning the tangent of A minus the right ascension, and the little wife made believe it was all English to her, looked out at the weather and in at the fire, and comfortably made up her mind that it might storm till Christmas day, so long as it gave her the good of that rare presence in the chimney-corner during all the long evening. Between his patients, and his running over to Netherby, and up to court to attend the trial there, he had grown to be a stranger to his own fireside; but no one on such a night would think of sending for the doctor except upon a case of life and death,—and for that, of course, he could be spared.

With such thought I turned again to the outer view, watching a passenger beat up against the wind, and struggle lest his umbrella should lose head and capsize, — wondering would it be so bad by and by, and were the gale going to lift under all that breaking sweep of brightening sky. But there was only one eye in the whole town could have told me that, and it belonged to the gilded chanticleer, perched high on the tip of the spire that stretched above the streets, looking straight before him steadily out to sea, and strutting defiantly on his steeple-point in the very teeth of the wind. From his perch he saw the dark river-mouth, and the white crest of the bar ridging across it; he saw the low lines of opening coast, and all the foamy network of breaker, and the ponderous plunge of the sucking surf that changed the shore with every shock;

and between and far beyond, till it met the gray sky and was lost in it, the great expanse of the seas, wide and wild, the dark field everywhere tossing and sinking with jets and sprays and flying falls of foam, and now and then some giant of a chance wave looming like a phantom, and powdering itself in mist upon the eager wind. If, beside all this evanescence, this yeasty commotion and change, he saw aught else, — saw the fishing-craft in spite of themselves huddled in the offing, yet gallantly challenging the tempest, or any fated bark, its broken masts scarcely raking the dim horizon line, drifting helplessly towards the treacherous land that lay in wait beneath its mask of green and shifting shallows; — if the gilded chancicleer saw such a sight as this, he kept his own counsel, and, unless you suspected it from the way in which he still looked steadily into the east, dropped no hint of spent sailors clinging to the shrouds, or washed away into restless graves with every returning billow.

As for me, too many of my kindred had been rocked to their last sleep in that cruel sea to make it pleasant for any lingering thought. Then, too, I was longing to know how it went with Lucian. I busied myself about the fire, stole the Doctor's table and left him with pencil suspended in air, and rewarded him for the submission with which he received that despotic act by playing the sweet, old-fashioned tunes of our youth to him till the place was dark save for the glow of the fire thrown upon the ceiling, and, despite the whistling of the storm without, all the atmosphere of the room was quiet and dreamy.

At that point Elizabeth opened the door to tell us that tea was ready. At the same moment, above the storm, above the sound of the piano, the note of Elizabeth's voice, the cheerful hiss of the urn, fell the peal of the knocker.

The Doctor answered it in person. A man, covered with tarpaulins, who had brought his horse up the sidewalk and close to the door-stone, bent from the darkness, and announced his errand.

A vessel had gone to pieces on the beach, he said, — a whaler apparently, that had sailed round the world to be wrecked in sight of her own wharf at last; some men had been washed up, perhaps drowned, perhaps not; he had ridden off without waiting, — would the Doctor come and see?

"On such a night! Three miles!" I exclaimed, feeling the happy lighted tea-room undergo the eclipse he had been all the afternoon at work upon. But the Doctor never threw a glance beyond me, neither at the scrod that Elizabeth's lover had brought him in the last boat-load before the storm, and that in consequence she had browned like a segment of cocoa-nut, nor at the snowy biscuit, nor the baked russets dripping with their jelly like some Oriental conserve.

"Tell Martin to put old Chestnut in, Elizabeth," said he, getting down his storm-cloak.

"The water 's over the road," said the stranger, "high as any carriage-floor; wind would upset a buggy too. Better go in the saddle, sir." And in five minutes the Doctor and his companion were battling their way down the overflowed road to the beach.

All my life has not yet made me indifferent to the trouble of a doctor's wife. So that night I sent the scrod to the kitchen in disgrace; and had a cup of green tea, because I knew it would have been forbidden me had he been at home. Then a fit of compunction seized me that my bad heart would have kept succor away from such a strait, and I felt a new reverence for the unselfish soul that was carrying life itself, perhaps, to one as dear to another as he was to me; and I had a little combat with the feeling, because I was angry with him for going; and just then the door opened, and the carrier threw in the evening paper.

He was earlier than common, because the dark had fallen so soon, and the storm prevented his stopping to whip his top or make his fortune in marbles on the way. I took it as I crossed the entry, and after darkening the pane,



that I might guess again at the state of the storm,—for I would not have the curtains fall and shut off the glow of my pleasant fire from all the passers-by,—I went and sat down by the grate to read it.

There is one charm about an evening paper that surpasses all the rest,—in whatever remote seclusion you may have shut yourself, this silent sheet puts you instantly into communication with all the great revolving world, and innocent and secure in your cosy snugery you hobnob with kings or criminals, and watch the making or the wrecking of states as the gods do on their clouds. Perhaps it was with some such feeling that I unfolded the paper that night. There was a great trial going on, the report of which had deeply interested me, for I had heard something of the personages from the Doctor, who knew them well; and of course it would be continued to-night.

Many a time had the Doctor told me laughingly of little Joey Hazard and her two lovers,—Joey Hazard, who lived in Netherby, the town across the bay where he was sometimes called,—a shy but saucy bit of maidenhood some twenty summers old. The Doctor had been so impressed with her charming coqueries, and the white and pink of her pretty face, that he had rendered her personality vividly enough to make me sure I should know Joey Hazard if I met her in the Sahara,—though nothing could have been more remote than that sandy region from the town where Joey lived, and from all the freshness, breeziness, and seaboard stir attending it. Joey's house was on a hill commanding the harbor and overlooking the busy market-place; and when the Doctor had first met her, she was coming down this hill, wrapped in an extinguisher of a great black cloak and hood, and the impatient wind had caught a corner of the sombre garment, and was twisting it round her, and had fairly blown the hood back upon her shoulders. Accomplishing this, the wind had even made so bold as to seize the bright hair swept back over the temples, and,

loosening a lock, had measured out its curling length, and was doing his best to make off with the prize, while Joey, with her head half turned upon one side, as if she were giving him her cheek to kiss with its shifting snows and roses, cast a glance askance at the grave old stranger struggling up the hill, and went on battling her way down. But it was to Joey's house that the Doctor's steps were bent, for it was to her mother, an old townswoman, that he had been summoned; he was late, and perhaps he had been misled, and so Joey had been sent after him; and now, having passed him, she put the wind to sudden confusion by turning about and following the stranger, overtaking him, and walking along demurely almost by his side, not daring to speak, but looking sidelong a dozen times a minute.

"So, my pretty maid," said the Doctor, taking breath; "can you tell me where I may find the Widow Hazard's house?"

Joey bridled at the address,—she had an indistinct idea that to be called a pretty maid was correlative to being called a pretty servant-girl,—but after one challenging glance she thought fit to reply, not by surrendering the citadel of an answer, but by throwing out the picket of an inquiry. "Are you the Doctor?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes."

After which introduction the Doctor administered a benevolent smile to his new acquaintance, and she in return let the dimples of her arch look disappear in the gleam of a row of little teeth like split pearls.

"We thought you had possibly lost the way, and —"

"You were sent to be my Ariadne?"

"Ariadne? O no, sir, I am Joey Hazard."

"So I thought. Mrs. Hazard is ill, I hear."

"Mother's about as usual. Only she heard you were in town, and thought she'd like to see you. Mother's from

your place, sir. People from your place," said Joey, with a frightened look aside at her own audacity, "think you made them!" And then she laughed superior.

"You don't think so, Miss Joey," said the Doctor.

"O no, no! I think you made their diseases. When I practise —"

"Well, my little rival —"

"I shall leave phials of cold water, — twenty drops every eight hours, — to be measured precisely, as twenty-five drops would occasion spasms. All my patients would get well."

"You would starve to death, Doctor Joey!"

"No, indeed," answered Joey, having surveyed the Doctor and collected a heart full of courage. "The college of surgeons would come to me, and they would say: 'Now, Dr. Joey, really, this will never do. Here we had quite an interesting region of aches and ills, — typhoid had the run of it, all the influenzas settled into charming consumptions, all the indigestions became gastric fevers, every pain in the side grew to pleurisy, — and you came and brought chaos into our order, and ruined the apothecaries, and beggared the grave-diggers, and have got things to such a pass that all the rest of the world have to stay fifteen days in quarantine before they can come into Netherby. Such a state of health positively vulgarizes a community. Is n't it time, we ask you, that senna and manna and colchicum and nauseousness had their turn? You really must feel the fatigue of such a work; and now — what 'll you take to retire?'"

"Very well, Dr. Joey. As a brother-physician, may I request your treatment of a bad headache?"

"I go to sleep without my supper," said Joey.

"And if it does not answer?"

"Forego breakfast."

"That failing?"

"Dinner remains to be sacrificed, sir."

"And if they are all without success?"

"Ah, sir, you gentlemen are epicures. I suppose you think one may as well die by the sword as the famine! Then I should send for you."

"Well, well, you little witch, you 'd convert a man to Hahnemann himself!"

By this time they had reached the house, rather to the Doctor's regret; for he had taken a fancy to the saucy sprite, who spoke her mind to him no more plainly than he had a way of making everybody do, and he knew Mrs. Hazard of old.

Joey opened the door for him, saying, "Mother, here's the Doctor," and retreated, ostensibly to latch the gate, which she had left open. But as the Doctor casually looked after her through the window, he saw her vicious cloak catch in the hasp, and two young men, who had been coming up the hill from the other side, suddenly spring by one impulse to her relief; and he saw Miss Joey blush while she gave one of them a hand, and then stay chattering and flirting behind her barricade, with the lovers lingering so long as she had a word to throw to them; and he imagined that she was playing with their hearts, the while, very much as a kitten plays with a ball.

Between his glances the Doctor paid all due attention to Mrs. Hazard, but Joey's case he considered far the more interesting of the two. Mrs. Hazard was one of those long, meagre, cadaverous creatures, who, being crossed in life, find refuge in calomel; her chief complaint was an enlargement of the spleen, and her chief pleasure lay in blue mass. How she ever came into possession of such a piece of pink and white perfection as Joey would have been an impenetrable mystery, had not the Doctor evaded it by remembering that Mr. Hazard had first married a widow lady with one child, — who was Joey, — that she had died, and that then Mr. Hazard, not having the fear of Mr. Weller before his eyes, had again married a widow with one child, who was Lucian Jouveney. However, by an odd coincidence, Lucian, being the son

of her first husband and a former wife, was no more the child of Mrs. Hazard than Joey was. It was Lucian Jouveney sitting on the fence and laughing now with Joey, the Doctor surmised; and by the impatient glances which Mrs. Hazard threw from her rapid rocking-chair out of the window, and upon the companion of the twain, it was plain that she suspected he was coming in to mar some pet plan of her own concerning the union of the two little fortunes of Lucian and Joey. By and by, — when Mrs. Hazard had doled out her last grievance in the flesh, and the Doctor, according to Joey's idea, had put her up a parcel of powders of sifted buckwheat, some of which he was never without, each one labelled cabalistically, and to be taken in jelly, lest Mrs. Hazard should discover that they were not half nasty enough to be of any use, — Joey took laughing leave of her lovers, and came into the house.

She had afforded excuse enough to the swains for lingering while she looked so bewitching in her cloak, but perhaps they would not have gone at all if she had received them in home array, the Doctor thought, when Joey came in, her pink frock close in the throat, with its white collar and jet button, and her pretty hair gathered into a knot out of which each tress evidently longed to break and assert its freedom in a riot of curls. Her mother introduced her in form. She threw the Doctor a half-prudish glance from the bright hazel eyes exactly the tint of her hair, and blushed and laughed anew with her color, that surprised one, was gone and came again, like rosy northern-lights, when he gravely took her hand; and then she staidly laid the crumb-cloth and pulled out the table.

"Joey," said Mrs. Hazard, "the Doctor's finished all his calls, and he's going to stay to dinner with us. Now see what you can do. And if your boat goes off without you, sir, I think, Lucian 'd like to set you over. He knows the bay like a map. He's just home from sea. There's no need for

him to follow the sea at all; he's got means enough, if that's all; but men must see the world. He goes mate next voyage!" And Mrs. Hazard rocked triumphantly, and looked at Joey, who, reaching up a closet-shelf, contrived just then to spill a box of sage all over her, and afford as much resemblance as possible to a moss-rose.

Although cleanliness, I am convinced, is not a masculine instinct, the Doctor had seen enough snow to teach him the color of the damask that Joey and her small servant spread before him; and though the dear man is no gastronome, he declares I never gave him any dessert of a flavor equal to that sweet-potted compound of Joey's. At which reflection on my housekeeping, I tell him it is because I can offer no such sauce as Joey's young and blooming face; but he destroys my argument by averring that Joey's face could have been nothing to him, since he was occupied in observing its effect upon Lucian Jouveney, who, having left the other lover at the inn, reached home again when dinner was half through, and straightway transformed the decorous little Joey into something just flighty enough to make a pleasurable study. "Very well, then, my good soul," say I, "if you had the love-affair of two young people beneath your eyes, you were probably eating barley-bran, and knew nothing at all about it."

Lucian Jouveney might have been worth a little attention himself, were not one previously engaged, the Doctor thought. In stature he was a man far beyond the usual height, with a breadth of shoulder and a length of limb that spoke great physical power, whether he sat or stood; and character of no unequal force was written in the habit of his dark face, and in the eyes, which were not often raised, but which, when they were lifted, let out a sheet of daring light. There was some spirit that brooked no questioning in the haughty curl of his upper lip, which would have been disdainful had not the lower one formed an almost voluptuous curve with

which to modify it; the nostril had an impatient dilation of its own; but the massive chin and strong lower lines told of sufficient strength to hold in check whatever devil might be in him, were it once exerted; while over all the really wonderful beauty of these changing features—that might now be dark with anger and now be bright with joy—the forehead looked perfectly calm and impassive. So strongly did it contrast with the tanned tint of the face below, that one could not see the fine texture of the skin, and the whiteness of that expanse swept across by the heavy hair, without feeling assured in some way of its owner's possession also of a spotless purity. At least the Doctor felt this,—there were others who might only have found the forehead too fair for the bronzed cheek below. The Doctor, however, did not have time to decipher the whole of Lucian's face; for before they left the table a new element had presented itself among them in the advent of the second lover, who had been lingering at the gate with Joey and Lucian in the bright, windy noon, and who was now made known to the Doctor by the name of Geordie Romilly.

If there had appeared but little of the sailor in the grave and quietly assured air of Lucian, it had still been possible to imagine that a certain dash of adventurousness was hidden beneath, like the fire in a flint; but with Geordie Romilly everything was on the surface,—his loves, his hates, his darings, his desires; a rude grace of movement caused him to seem less a sailor than a wave of the sea itself; his lithe, slender figure was made for nothing but to swing aloft from rope to rope in storm and sunshine; the face, entirely embrowned, might have told its tale of roaming in other latitudes than those to which the sunny hair about it belonged, had not its shade more resembled a congenital than an acquired tint; and in the large eyes there was a perpetual play of blue wildfire, like the sulphurous spirt of a lucifer-match, giving substance to the rumor that Geordie had been no other

than a hedge-born child of the old country,—a rumor that had not been slow to reach his ear and rouse his ire. The Doctor transferred his observation to him, as if he had had a new botanical order in hand.

The new-comer refused to join them at the table, although Joey had the small servant quicken her movements in his behalf, for he had but just dined at his inn, and was only waiting, with his fowling-piece, for Lucian, before going down to the shore to bag sand-peeps.

"Now, Geordie, set your gun in the corner before you shoot somebody," said Joey, "and eat a dish of this sugared snow that the Doctor is raving over here, or else I shall have to come and feed you with a spoon."

"Then I 'm sure I won't," said Geordie, stoutly.

"If I come, you will have to submit to being rapped over the head with the spoon, like a Dotheboys urchin," continued Joey.

"As to that, I sha' n't quarrel," said Geordie, looking down across the cloth at the midget who could not have reached the top of his head, and showing no acquaintance with Miss Joey's literary allusion.

"But I made it myself!"

"Then it would be too sweet. And I 'm not fond of sweet things anyway."

"O, very well," said Joey, tossing her head.

"Joey 's a sweet thing herself," said Lucian, as if he propounded an axiom. "And so she resents the imputation."

"Poison him, Doctor," said Joey.

"If one poisoned all the lads that called you a pretty gir—" began the Doctor.

"Pretty is that pretty does," remarked Mrs. Hazard.

"Now, Geordie," said Joey, heaping a tiny bit of painted porcelain, and offering it to him in a winning, half-reluctant way that her words belied,—and something that made her so bewitching must have been that what she said and what she did were always so at sixes

and sevens,—"I made it myself, on purpose; and that 's my own saucer."

"Joey!" cried the atrabilious Mrs. Hazard.

"It 's a noticeable fact to an old fellow of my profession," said the wicked Doctor to Mrs. Hazard, while he covered Joey's retreat, "that neither of these young men has any appetite."

On which sentence, Geordie took the saucer and finished its contents at three strokes.

"Come, Jouvençy," said he then, shouldering his gun and making a mouth, "I think those sand-peeps are tired of waiting."

"They 'll have time to rest, then," said Lucian. "Because the boat the Doctor came in has gone back, and I 'm to set him over. So you must take your sport alone."

"Good for you," said the gracious Geordie, however contrary-minded. "Well, Joey, will you have what I get?"

"If it is a red-winged blackbird."

"Little savage," said Lucian, standing up and smiling down upon her.

"No, I 'm not," said Joey, lifting, and instantly dropping again, the wide eyes that were of the kind far more full of light than of color; "I want the wings for the Fair."

"So I thought," said Geordie, mischievously.

"That 's very unfair of you, Gypsy Geordie," answered the thoughtless Joey.

But before the quick blood, that suddenly deepened the hue of Geordie's cheek and flashed in his eye, found time for further expression, Lucian stood leaning back with one arm across the other's shoulder, and his eyes giving a merry defiance to Joey. Joey's hurried movement upset the spoons and scattered them over the table.

"That 's because they feel defrauded of the rap," said she, with a queer little April smile, that, if it was sunshine, might have been tears, and then she too came and laid a hand on Geordie's other arm. He shook them both light-

ly off, and turned, examining his gun. "But won't you get the red-wings, Geordie?" quavered Joey.

"There 's nothing but peeps on the beach," said Lucian. "And those you can't have, for Geordie's white teeth here will crackle them like crust."

"There 's nothing nicer than potted peeps, I used to think, when I enjoyed my victuals," plaintively sighed Mrs. Hazard. "You 're going to be home to-night, Lucian, you ought to be spry," she continued anxiously; for, after her complaints, Lucian was the apple of her eye.

"In five minutes, mother."

"I 'll send you up a couple of score if you 'll pot them for supper, and invite me, Mrs. Hazard," said Geordie, doubtfully.

"Then you'd better be about it," she replied, glad to be rid of him on any terms, and willing to encounter future evil if so she could prevent Joey and Geordie from having a long afternoon together in Lucian's absence.

"You 'll come down and see the boat off, Joey," pleaded Geordie, in token of reconciliation after their mute quarrel; and before Mrs. Hazard could say her nay, Joey had her cloak on, and, having called the small servant to clear the cloth, was preceding Lucian and the Doctor to the boat, taking little runs ahead, and waiting till Geordie came up with her, so much like a beach-bird in all her motions herself, that the Doctor momentarily expected to see her hop up and be borne along on the barrel of the fowling-piece.

It was before the railroad was built round the head of the bay, and the steamer that plied between our place and Netherby waited for no man; and when the Doctor found he had lost it, Lucian had pleasantly seconded his stepmother's proposition to put him over in his sail-boat. As for Geordie, the sea was his profession, and he never had anything to do with it in vacation-time. Though he and Lucian had followed it four years together, meeting each other first upon the high seas, and had established a singularly ardent

friendship, this was the only time that Lucian had ever brought him home; and finding himself at last in such society as Joey's, he was determined to make the most of it; so Lucian was to go alone.

"You are coming back to-night, Lucian?" asked Joey, dipping the end of her shoe in a wave that ran to touch it.

"Yes, Joey, I am coming back to-night," said Lucian.

"It's no fool of a sail," said Geordie, as they ran the Cockle-Shell down to the brink and floated her. "Twenty miles and back! Now look here, Jouvency, there's a stiff breeze darkening the water out yonder. You've got to take it in its —"

"Ay, ay, lad."

"Lose an hour, and let it come on to blow, and you'll swamp the boat before you sight the town wharfs across there. There must be a devil of a sea running outside the Tusks."

The Cockle-Shell was always beached in that spot, because Lucian enjoyed launching her among the breakers, and so mastering them in a way; and a pretty sight it must have been to see him, when, having seated the Doctor in the impatient boat, that seemed ready to ride every wave that came tearing up, he still stood there, holding her back, poising her, keeping her afloat. He was waiting for the big wave, the Doctor supposed, when roller after roller had made in with its foam, and the broken lengths had joined together along the whole stretch of shore, the crests one after another bending beneath the keel; but the big wave broke in the light with a hundred foam-bows and purled up the sand, and still the boat hung back, till all at once it shot out like a rocket. Lucian had leaped in, the two oars were plied, the mast was stepped, the sail run up, and they lay beyond the outmost line of surf; and Joey was standing far behind them, a silent speck upon the sands, and Geordie was waving his hat and shouting hurrahs that the wind carried the other way; while the Doctor, looking about him, com-

prehended at length how Lucian had waited to take that single instant, that one magical moment, when not a breaker formed, and the sea swung smooth as a mirror before the surf rose and tumbled in again.

After the Cockle-Shell had disappeared, it would seem that Miss Joey — sufficiently incensed with Lucian for his forgetfulness of her in his remembrance of the Doctor, and for leaving her apparently the whole afternoon in the companionship of his rival — had a cause for equal displeasure with Geordie, since he had found it possible and pleasurable to give powder and shot the precedence of her for half a day. Bestowing upon him a curt adieu, she hied away through the town, and up the hill, to her home.

It was rather an anomalous thing, that home of hers; for though they were a family of sufficient income to have lived in a different way, and though Joey herself, both by temperament and school association, was of a superior grade to that of Mrs. Hazard, yet through inertia she yielded to the habits of the latter, and even found it pleasant to help the small servant about the house, and to spread the dinner-table in their sitting-room. Mrs. Hazard had never known other fashions; Joey had seen them, and found them less comfortable.

But when she had reached home, Joey testified that she was not one of the kind that, forsaken by their sweet-hearts, sit down and sigh. Mrs. Hazard had taught her the proverb, that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, for a special charm against such mishaps. Then, too, there was the Fair on her hands, and the decorations to think of and tell the other girls about; and she lost herself in the mysteries of the Fate-lady, forgetting to look out at the weather or the wind, till by and by Geordie strode along in his high boots, and entered.

"I've left the game-bag at the kitchen door, Mrs. Hazard," said he, gayly. "Come, Joey —"

"Perhaps you have," replied the



matron, tartly. "I don't believe there's a peep in it though!"

Geordie punningly advised her to see about that. And in a moment, Mrs. Hazard, returning, flung him the empty bag with an emphasis.

"Not a peep in it?" said Geordie. "Why, I picked up all of forty."

"And threw them down again, I reckon," said she.

And thereat, shaking the bag, Geordie held it up by the corners, turned it wrongside out, beat it on the floor, and with the old conjurer's trick, which he appeared to enjoy like a new thing each time he performed it, whenever he put in his hand he pulled out a pair of birds, crowning his exertions with the little red-wings themselves, after which he had waded a mile in the marshes. Joey was in a gale, and even Mrs. Hazard was satisfied.

"Well, Geordie Romilly, you should go about with a hand-organ," said Mrs. Hazard flatteringly; "that's what you should do. You're no better than a thimble-rigger."

"This is your little thimble-rigger," said Geordie. "I'm content to be no better. Come, Joey, on with that flying-jib of a cloak of yours, and we'll go down and watch for Lucian. He'll be along presently, if he's had any kind of a run. He must have got over in four hours, unless it thickened first, and he's had a spanking breeze home. Just hear it whistle round the corner!"

"Whistle?" said Joey. "I call it howling."

"Draw it mild, Joey. If you'd had the waves growling behind you like a pack of wolves, you'd think this was music. However, I hope he's given the reef a wide berth," said Geordie, who never restrained his speech on account of another's feelings.

When they reached the shore, Lucian's boat was nowhere to be seen, the wind was rising into storm, the sunset gave a dull, coppery tinge to a scud of low, driving clouds, and the breakers of the surf already breast-high were one sheet of froth. As they stood, it

was so chilly that Geordie made Joey walk up and down with him, and so strong was the wind that before long Joey found herself clinging to his arm, like a vine to a trellis.

"There's been a gale to the southward," said Geordie. "I knew it by the ground-swell these two days past. It's a pity if we can't match it with one of our own. There it is, coming down strong."

"O, do you suppose anything will happen to Lucian?" cried Joey.

"Lucian? Nonsense! He knows every ripple. 'T was a head-wind over, you know—"

"'T would kill mother," said Joey, under her breath, "she sets so by him."

"And what would it do to you?"

"O, how can you jest about it?" said Joey, tremulously. "There,—is n't that he?"

"That? No," said Geordie with his sailor's glance. "It's the yacht Albattross. The Cockle-Shell is sloop-rigged. That's more canvas than I'd like to stiver under, though," said Geordie, reverting to the yacht. "Wonder they don't set a jib too. All that linen will be your shroud, my man. You'll never round this reef!" said Geordie.

It was growing dusk as they walked. Other people were coming down to the shore on the lookout for other craft. As Joey saw their anxiety, if her own increased, she refused to let them know of it, only pacing rapidly up and down the sands on Geordie's arm, and exchanging with the rest ringing salutes and laughing encouragements, that seemed gay and might have been nervous, while the flying spray of the surf wet her pale cheek, and every now and then blinded her glistening eyes.

"Our folks went down to the Tusks on a fishing-party, and we're getting anxious some," said one of those they met. "Suppose there's no particular danger,—what do you think, Mr. Romilly?"

"I'd rather be ashore to-night than afloat in any of the pods you put out in about here. But danger,—no."

"Suppose you 're looking out for Lucian, Miss Joey."

"Lucian!" said Joey in scornful tone. "I don't think he 's mate of the barque Josephine to come to grief in the Cockle-Shell."

"Such things has been 'fore now," was the dry response.

"When a person 's weathered the Horn in a gale of wind, he 's likely not to know his way round our reef to-night! We 've been looking at the waves and the fire in them, Mr. Thurlow. Did you ever see them so before? How black they are! and then how they break! all one spread of foam and fire!"

"Glad you 're so easy, Miss. As for me, I can't see any beauty there while my girls are out in a whale-boat," said Mr. Thurlow, —jerkingly, for the wind tore the words from his teeth.

"There 's a boat!" said Joey, shading her eyes. "How she flies! Every thing reefed but that little rag of a topsail too. Geordie, is n't that Lu? That 's your boat, Mr. Thurlow! I know her red streamer. And that 's Ned Russell. Yes, and there are your girls. Now!"

"That 's your boat, sir," said Geordie.

"Well, girls," said Mr. Thurlow, making for that safer part of the beach to which the boat was pointed, and long before they could have heard a word he said, while the wind blew everything straight to those following close behind him. "A pretty rig you 've made me run! And there 's your mother —"

"O, it's father!" cried one of the girls, scampering along the beach, and falling into his arms with an hysterical laugh. "O, I did n't think I 'd ever see you again!"

"There! Now, now! So! And you're as wet as a drowned rat. Drenched! and shivering! your mother —"

"And we 've never touched the Tusks at all, father, the sea was so high," exclaimed the other one. "And I do believe we 've come home fairly under water!"

"I should think so! The next time I let you off with Ned Russell! A half-hour later and you 'd have been stove to pieces, trying the shore here. And there 's your moth —"

"And we saw a boat bottom up, father —"

Geordie and Joey both sprang forward unperceived.

"T warn't young Jouveny, was it?" asked the father.

"Was he out? I dare say! Ned thought it must be the —"

"Cockle-Shell?"

"No; a boat from across the bay, — the Swallow, or something. It frightened me so. It might have been ours, you know. O, how cold I am!"

"Well, here 's Miss Joey just behind, — guess she would n't care if it was Lucian. 'She 's got another beau now. There, I 'll come down in the wagon for your traps. Come now, girls, dance round! Your mother —"

Joey drew Geordie away out of sound of the conversation which the stroke of the sea and the roar of the wind gave them only by piecemeal, and, as they continued their walk up and down, it grew every time insensibly a longer distance that they traversed, till at length they found themselves quite beyond the line of the breakers, at the head of a cove of comparatively safe waters.

"Now, Geordie," said Joey, "fly, if you never did before! Where are your matches?" And she fell to gathering the dry splinters and the scattered driftwood, while Geordie brought great logs that the high tides had stranded out of reach of succeeding ones. Then she spread her cloak to windward of the little flame, while Geordie kindled and fed it, and in ten minutes an immense bonfire was streaming on the storm, and throwing its red light far out across the reach of wrathful waves.

"There," said Geordie, "that 'll be as good a beacon for the boats to give the breaker the slip as ever blazed. Not that Jouveny needs it though. There is n't a drop of water this side the Tusks but he knows it by name!"



## PITTSBURG.

THERE are three cities readily accessible to the tourist, which are peculiar,—Quebec, New Orleans, and Pittsburg,—and of these Pittsburg is the most interesting by far. In other towns the traveller can make up his list of lions, do them in a few hours, and go away satisfied; but here all is curious or wonderful,—site, environs, history, geology, business, aspect, atmosphere, customs, everything. Pittsburg is a place to read up for, to unpack your trunk and settle down at, to make excursions from, and to study as you would study a group of sciences. To know Pittsburg thoroughly is a liberal education in “the kind of culture demanded by modern times.”

On that low point of land, fringed now with steamboats and covered with grimy houses, scarcely visible in the November fog and smoke, modern history began. It began on an April day, one hundred and thirteen years ago, with the first hostile act of the long war which secured North America to our race, and gave final pre-eminence in Europe to the Protestant powers. Bismarck's recent exploits do but continue the work begun in 1754, when a French captain seized that point of land, and built Fort Duquesne upon it. From the windows of the Monongahela House, which stands near the site of the old fort, and within easy reach of the three rivers, the whole geography of the country can be spelled out on the sides of the steamboats. Here begins the Great West. We have reached the United States. Or, if it is political economy that you would know, behold it in operation! Here it is, complete, illustrated, with *errata* in the form of closed factories and workmen on the strike. Whatever protection can do to force the growth of premature enterprises has here been done, undone, and done again; and here, too, may be seen the legitimate triumphs of skill, fortitude, and pa-

tience, which the vagaries of legislation do not destroy, nor the alteration of a decimal fraction at a custom-house impair. Brave and steadfast men have battled nobly here with the substances that offer the greatest resistance to our control, and which serve us best when subjugated; and in the hills and valleys round about, nature has stored those substances away with unequalled profusion. Besides placing a thick layer of excellent bituminous coal half-way up those winding heights, besides accumulating within them exhaustless supplies of iron, besides sinking under them unfathomable wells of oil and salt water, nature has coiled about their bases a system of navigable streams, all of which form themselves into two rivers,—the Alleghany and Monongahela,—and at Pittsburg unite to form the Ohio, and give the city access to every port on earth. It is chiefly at Pittsburg that the products of the Pennsylvania hills and mountains are converted into wealth and distributed over the world. The wonder is, not that Pittsburg is an assemblage of flourishing towns of 230,000 inhabitants, but that, placed at such a commanding point, it is not the *most* flourishing and the *most* populous city in America.

This it might have been, perhaps, if the site had been ten level square miles, instead of two, and those two surrounded by steep hills four hundred feet high, and by rivers a third of a mile wide. It is curiously hemmed in,—that small triangle of low land upon which the city was originally built. A stranger walking about the streets on a summer afternoon is haunted by the idea that a terrific thunder-storm is hanging over the place. Every street appears to end in a huge black cloud, and there is everywhere the ominous darkness that creeps over the scene when a storm is approaching. When the traveller has satisfied himself that the black clouds

are only the smoke-covered hills that rise from each of the three rivers, still he catches himself occasionally quickening his steps, so as to get back to his umbrella before the storm bursts. During our first stroll about the town, some years ago, we remained under this delusion for half an hour; and only recovered from it after observing that the old ladies who sat knitting about the markets never stirred to get their small stock of small wares under cover.

Pittsburg announces its peculiar character from afar off. Those who approach it in the night see before them, first of all, a black hill, in the side of which are six round flaming fires, in a row, like six fiery eyes. Then other black hills loom dimly up, with other rows of fires half-way up their sides; and there are similar fiery dots in the gloom as far as the eye can reach. This is wonderfully picturesque, and excites the curiosity of the traveller to the highest point. He thinks that Pittsburg must be at work behind those fires, naked to the waist, with hairy chest and brawny arms, doing tremendous things with molten iron, or forging huge masses white-hot, amid showers of sparks. No such thing. These rows of fires, of which scores can be counted from a favorable point, are merely the chimneys of coke-ovens, quietly doing their duty during the night, unattended. That duty is to convert the waste coal-dust at the mouths of the mines, where it has been accumulating for a century, into serviceable coke. These are almost the only fires about Pittsburg that are always burning, night and day, Sundays and holidays.

The approach to the city by day is even more remarkable. The railroad from Cincinnati, after crossing the Ohio several miles below Pittsburg, has an arduous work to perform. Its general design is to follow the course of the river; but as the river is always bending into the form of the letter **S**, and carrying the hills with it, the railroad is continually diving under the hills to make short cuts. This is unfavorable to the

improvement of the traveller's mind; for the alternations from daylight to darkness are so frequent and sudden, that he is apt, at length, to lay aside his book altogether, and give himself up to the contemplation of the November drizzle. This was our employment when the cars stopped opposite the point for which *nine* nations have contended, — France, England, the United States, and the "Six Nations." Was there ever such a dismal lookout anywhere else in this world? Those hills, once so beautifully rounded and in such harmony with the scene, have been cut down, sliced off, pierced, slanted, zig-zagged, built upon, built under, until almost every trace of their former outline has been obliterated, without receiving from man's hand any atoning beauty. The town lies low, as at the bottom of an excavation, just visible through the mingled smoke and mist, and every object in it is black. Smoke, smoke, smoke, — everywhere smoke! Smoke, with the noise of the steam-hammer, and the spouting flame of tall chimneys, — that is all we perceive of Pittsburg from the side of the hill opposite the site of Fort Duquesne. How different the scene which the youthful Washington saw here, a hundred and twenty years ago, when not a human dwelling was near, and scarcely a white man lived beyond the Alleghanies! With his soldier's eye he marked the rushing Alleghany, the tranquil Monongahela, the winding Ohio, and the hills through which they flowed, only to report that the point of land at the intersection was the very place, of all others, for a fort. We have found better uses for it since. But these better uses have played havoc with the striking beauties of the landscape.

The two tributary rivers are spanned by many bridges, light but strong, some of which are of great elegance. Over one of them the train crosses the Monongahela, alive with black barges and puffing tug-boats, and enters soon that famous depot, the common centre of all the great railroads meeting here.

The West is paying back, with large interest, the instruction and propulsion it once received from the East. New York has no such depot as this, though it has far more need of one than any Western city. We shall have to go to school to the West, ere long, and try to enlarge our minds and methods,—especially our methods of dealing with that long-suffering creature, the Public. Many thousand passengers are daily received, transferred, and distributed at this extensive depot, replete with every convenience, without loss of time, money, or temper.

The traveller arriving from the West is immediately reminded that, at this point, the West terminates. Neither the Western nor the Southern mind fully recognizes the existence of any sum of money between five and ten cents, and the Southern man considers it a proud distinction that in his "section" there are no copper coins. In this depot, on the contrary, boys can be found who charge seven cents for a New York paper. In this depot there are hackmen who demand the exact fare as by law established, and who manifest some concern for the traveller's convenience and comfort. Many other trifling circumstances denote that we have reached a State where exactness and economy are instinctive; a State that is neither Eastern nor Western, Northern nor Southern, but constitutes a class by itself,—PENNSYLVANIA,—square, solid, plodding, careful, saving Pennsylvania. There is no affectation *here* of stuffing change into the pocket without counting it. There is no one *here* who does not know there are such sums of money as seven, eight, and nine cents. Iron ore is not converted into steel bars so easily that the people who do it are disposed to throw away ever so small a fraction of the results of their labor. On the other hand, these men of iron know how to be liberal when there is occasion. During the war, no regiment, no soldier, passed through Pittsburg without being bountifully entertained; and the Sanitary Fair held here yielded a larger sum, for the size

of the city, than any other. The sum was very nearly four hundred thousand dollars. It is people who feel the utility of copper coin that can do such things.

From some of the expensive foibles of human nature the people of Pittsburg are necessarily exempt. There can never be any dandies here. He would be a very bold man indeed who should venture into the streets of Pittsburg with a pair of yellow kids upon his hands, nor would they be yellow more than ten minutes. All dainty and showy apparel is forbidden by the state of the atmosphere, and equally so is delicate upholstery within doors. Some very young girls, in flush times, when wages are high, venture forth with pink or blue ribbons in their bonnets, which may, in highly favorable circumstances, look clean and fresh for half a mile; but ladies of standing and experience never think of such extravagance, and wear only the colors that harmonize with the dingy livery of the place. These ladies pass their lives in an unending, ineffectual struggle with the omnipresent black. Everything is bought and arranged with reference to the ease with which its surface can be purified from the ever-falling soot. Lace curtains, carved furniture, light-colored carpets, white paint, marble, elaborate chandeliers, and every substance that either catches or shows this universal and all-penetrating product of the place, are avoided by sensible housekeepers. As to the men of Pittsburg, there is not an individual of them who appears to take the slightest interest in his clothes. If you wish to be in the height of the fashion there, you must be worth half a million, and wear a shabby suit of fustian. You must be proprietor in some extensive "works," and go about not quite as well dressed as the workmen.

We will endeavor to describe without exaggeration the state of the atmosphere in Pittsburg, as we observed it on the 6th of December, 1866. We select that day because it was the first perfect specimen of a Pittsburg day at which we ever had the pleasure

to assist, and it consequently made an impression on our mind. During the autumn, they have about thirty such days as the one we are about to describe. Pittsburg is proud of them. No other city can exhibit such a day. Pittsburg amuses itself (when it can find a moment to spare) with the wonder which its characteristic and unapproachable day excites in the mind of the stranger. No matter how dark it may be, the people still say that "this is nothing" to what they *can* do in the way of darkness. It was with irrepressible exultation, that one of the young gentlemen of the press assured us that he had been three weeks waiting to have his photograph taken. We know not why it is that no one has given an account of this curious production of nature and art,—a Pittsburg day.

On waking in the morning, while it was still as dark as midnight, we became gradually conscious that the town was all astir. The newsboys were piping their morning song at the door of the hotel; the street cars were jingling by; the steamboat whistles were shrieking; those huge Pennsylvania wagons, with their long lines of horses, were rumbling past; and in the passages of the hotel frequent steps were heard, of heavy-booted travellers and of light-footed chambermaids. "Ah," we thought, "this is Pennsylvania indeed! What energy, what a fury of industry! All Pittsburg at work before the dawn of day! This surpasses Chicago. What would luxurious St. Louis say of such reckless devotion to business as this?" Revolving such thoughts, it occurred to us, at length, that it would be only proper for an inquisitive traveller to follow this example, and do in Pittsburg as the Pittsburgers had already done. This bold conception was executed. A match was felt for and found, the gas was lighted, and the first duties of the day were performed with that feeling of moral superiority to mankind in general which is apt to steal over the soul of a person who dresses by gas-light for

the first time in many years. "Would Brown do this? would Jones? would Robinson? What vigor there must be in that traveller who gets up to study his town before the first streak of dawn!"

Descending to the lower rooms of the hotel, elate with this new vanity, we were encouraged to find the gas all alight and turned full on, just as we had left it the evening before. The dining-room, too, was brilliantly lighted, and full of people taking sustenance. Hardly prepared to go so far as to take breakfast by gas-light,—there is a medium in all things, even in the practice of heroic virtue,—we nevertheless deemed it a wise precaution to buy a newspaper or two, thinking it probable that in such a place the newspapers would be all bought and done with by daylight. Then we strolled to the front door, and out into the street. It was still dark, though there were some very faint indications of daylight. Everything, however, was in full movement,—stores open and lighted up, drivers alert, newsboys vociferous, vehicles and passers-by as numerous as if it were broad day. It is not pleasant to stumble about out of doors before daylight, on a damp and chilly December morning, especially in a strange place. The valuable idea now occurred to us, that it would be good economy to employ the time required by the day to overcome the gloom of the twilight in breakfasting. This fine idea was realized, and as it was never possible for us to read a newspaper with the light ten feet above it, we soon lost ourselves in wonder why people order for breakfast, at a hotel, five times as much as they can eat. We also pleased ourselves in anticipating the moderation which these wasters of food will exhibit when the civilized custom prevails of paying for what is ordered, and no more. These reflections were prolonged and varied as much as possible, and we endeavored to check the propensity to eat rapidly which besets him who eats alone in a crowd. Still the daylight made little progress; which we excused

on the ground that it had much to contend with in Pittsburg, and could not be expected to do as well as in more favored climes. We left the dining-room, and looked about for a seat close to a window, where perhaps the large-type headings of the news might be made out by the aid of a glass. There was just light enough for that, and we sat awhile waiting for more. It came with such strange and tantalizing slowness, that it occurred to us, at last, to see what time it was. One glance at the watch dispelled our dream of moral superiority. It was a quarter to nine!

It was a still, foggy morning. There being no wind to drive away the smoke issuing from five hundred huge chimneys, the deep chasm in which Pittsburg lies was filled full of it, and this smoke was made heavy and thick by being mixed with vapor. At eleven o'clock that morning all the gas in the stores was lighted, and the light was as necessary as it ever can be at night. At ten minutes past noon, we chanced to be in a bookstore, where the book-keeper's desk was situated directly under a skylight, which in any other city would have flooded the desk with a dazzling excess of light. Even there, the gas was burning with all its force from two burners, and all its light was required. Toward two o'clock the heavy masses of smoke lifted a little; the sun appeared, in the semblance of a large, clean, yellow turnip; and, for the first time that day, it was possible to read without artificial light. This interval lasted half an hour. By three o'clock, it was darker than ever, and so remained till night came to make the darkness natural; when, the streets being lighted, Pittsburg was more cheerful than it had been all day.

There is one evening scene in Pittsburg which no visitor should miss. Owing to the abruptness of the hill behind the town, there is a street along the edge of a bluff, from which you can look directly down upon all that part of the city which lies low, near the level of the rivers. On the evening of this dark day, we were conducted to

the edge of the abyss, and looked over the iron railing upon the most striking spectacle we ever beheld. The entire space lying between the hills was filled with blackest smoke, from out of which the hidden chimneys sent forth tongues of flame, while from the depths of the abyss came up the noise of hundreds of steam-hammers. There would be moments when no flames were visible; but soon the wind would force the smoky curtains aside, and the whole black expanse would be dimly lighted with dull wreaths of fire. It is an unprofitable business, view-hunting; but if any one would enjoy a spectacle as striking as Niagara, he may do so by simply walking up a long hill to Cliff Street in Pittsburg, and looking over into — hell with the lid taken off.

Such is the kind of day of which Pittsburg boasts. The first feeling of the stranger is one of compassion for the people who are compelled to live in such an atmosphere. When hard pressed, a son of Pittsburg will not deny that the smoke *has* its inconveniences. He admits that it does prevent some inconsiderate people from living there, who, but for the prejudice against smoke in which they have been educated, would become residents of the place. He insists, however, that the smoke of bituminous coal kills malaria, and saves the eyesight. The smoke, he informs you, is a perpetual public sun-shade and color-subduer. There is no glare in Pittsburg, except from fire and red-hot iron; no object meets the eye that demands much of that organ, and consequently diseases of the eyes are remarkably rare. It is interesting to hear a Pittsburgher discourse on this subject; and it much relieves the mind of a visitor to be told, and to have the assertion proved, that the smoke, so far from being an evil, is a blessing. The really pernicious atmospheres, say the Pittsburg philosophers, convey to man no intimation of the poison with which they are laden, and we inhale death while enjoying every breath we draw; but this smoke is an evil only to the imagina-

tion, and it destroys every property of the atmosphere which is hostile to life. In proof of which the traveller is referred to the tables of mortality, which show that Pittsburg is the most favorable city in the world to longevity. All this is comforting to the benevolent mind. Still more so is the fact, that the fashion of living a few miles out of the smoke is beginning to prevail among the people of Pittsburg. Villages are springing up as far as twenty miles away, to which the business men repair, when, in consequence of having inhaled the smoke all day, they feel able to bear the common country atmosphere through the night. It is probable that, in coming years, the smoky abyss of Pittsburg will be occupied only by factories and "works," and that nearly the whole population will deny themselves the privilege of living in the smoke. With three rivers and half a dozen railroads, the people have ready means of access to places of almost unequalled beauty and pleasantness.

The "great fact" of Pittsburg is coal. Iron and copper can better afford to come to coal to be melted, than send for coal to come and melt them. All those hills that frown down upon Pittsburg, and those that rise from the rivers back of Pittsburg, have a stratum of coal in them from four to twelve feet thick. This stratum is about three hundred feet above the water's edge, and about one hundred feet from the average summit of the hills. It is simply a great cake of coal, lying flat in the hills, uniform, compact, as though this region had once been a lake of liquid coal, upon which mountains had been tossed, pressing it solid. The higher the hill rises above the coal cake, the better is the coal. It has had more pressure, is more compact and less impure. What this black stuff really is that we have named coal, how it got laid away so evenly in these hills, why the stratum of coal is always found just so high up the hill, why coal is found here and not everywhere, and why it is better here than elsewhere, are questions to

which answers have often been attempted. We have read some of these answers, and remain up to the present moment perfectly ignorant of the whole matter. The mere quantity of coal in this region is sufficiently staggering. All the foundries and iron-works on earth could find ample room in this region, at the edge of a navigable stream, and have a coal mine at their back doors. The coal that is used in the foundries along the Monongahela is only shovelled twice. Deep in the heart of the hill that rises behind the foundry, the coal is mined, and thrown upon a car, by which it is conveyed to the mouth of the mine, and thence down an inclined plane to the foundry, where it is dumped at the door of the furnace which is to consume it. And, it seems, there are fifteen thousand square miles of "this sort of thing." The "great Pittsburg coal seam," as it is called, which consists of bituminous coal only, is put down in the books as covering eight and a half millions of acres. Mr. George H. Thurston of Pittsburg, who is learned in everything relating to his beloved city, computes that this area contains a trifle of about three trillions and a half of bushels of workable coal, or fifty-four billions of tons. Supposing this coal to be worth at the mine two dollars a ton, and supposing that we could sell out the whole seam for cash, Mr. Thurston assures us that we could immediately pay the national debt twenty-seven times over. He also remarks, that it would take the entire product of the California gold mines for a thousand years to buy the coal of this one seam.

We fervently hope these statements are correct. What we need is, a grand National, or, rather, a Continental Survey, on the scale of the Coast Survey, to take an inventory of our natural wealth, that could be implicitly relied on. It is but thirteen years ago, that a writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who seemed deeply versed in his subject, assured his readers that there was in the coal mines of Great Britain workable coal enough to last nineteen



hundred years; and now a great man rises in Parliament, and startles the world by the assertion that the supply will be practically exhausted in eighty years! If Mr. Thurston is right, and if Mr. Mill is right, the time is at hand when Sheffield, Birmingham, and the other iron cities of England will begin to cast inquiring eyes at these hills and streams about Pittsburg. If there is indeed a supply of bituminous coal in this region for many thousand years, we see no reason why Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and fifty smaller cities, may not make their gas in the coal region, and convey it across the country in pipes. The idea has been discussed, and there is talk of a company for carrying it into effect. This matter of the quantity and distribution of coal is of importance beyond calculation. There was one "tow" of coal sent down to New Orleans last year by a Pittsburg house, that contained all the coal of three and a quarter acres of seam. It were well to know with certainty and exactness how long the Pittsburg seam can keep it up at that rate.

To observe the whole process of getting coal out of the hills, it is only necessary to walk half a mile from the city. Cross one of the bridges over the Monongahela, walk up the hill that rises from the banks of that tranquil stream, and you behold, in the side of the hill, a round hole about large enough for a man to stand upright in. This cavity has smooth walls of coal, and there is a narrow railroad track in it. The air within is neither damp nor chilly, and often delicate flowers are blooming about the entrance. Strangers usually enter this convenient and inviting aperture, which may lead into the hill a mile, or even three miles. After walking a hundred yards or so, strangers usually think it best to go no farther. It is as dark in there as darkness itself, and as silent as a tomb. The entrance shows like a distant point of light. The visitor listens for the sound of the pickaxe, or the rumble of a coal-car; but nothing breaks the

horrid silence of the place, and, retracing his steps, he sees with pleasure the point expanding into a round *O*. Reassured, he peers again into the mountain's heart, and discerns in the far distance a speck of light. This speck slowly, very slowly, approaches. A low and distant rumble is heard. The speck of light enlarges a little. A voice is heard,—the voice of a boy addressing an observation to a mule. The light, that was but a speck, begins now to disperse the gloom; and at last we discover that it is a lamp fixed upon a mule's head, and that the mule is drawing two or three car-loads of coal, and is driven by a perfectly black white boy, who also has a lamp upon his head. The coal is immediately dumped, the mule is attached to the other end of the train, and re-enters the black hole. A stranger who has a proper respect for his garments will hesitate to climb over into that exceedingly black car; but curiosity is frequently stronger than principle, and there are travellers who will ride into the black bowels of the earth if they see an empty car going thither. What a strange sensation! How great the distance! The round *O* of the entrance, after dwindling to a white dot, disappears quite, and it is long before anything becomes visible in the depths of the mine. As we pass along this black and narrow street,—just wide enough for a car, and not high enough for a man to stand upright in the car,—we observe openings like doors into black, empty rooms. These are "rooms." When a mine is opened, the first thing, of course, is to make a straight passage into it; but on each side of the passage "rooms" are opened, one man being assigned to each, who excavates the apartment in solitude. The partitions left between the "rooms" keep the hill from settling down, and they remain intact until the seam is worked out. Then the partitions are knocked away and the coal removed. The hill is then only supported by upright logs, two or three feet thick, which, as the hill settles,

are pressed slowly down and flattened out.

After a long ride in the car, signs of life appear; a speck of light is seen in the distance, and the click of a pickaxe is faintly heard. The train of empty coal-cars stops at the door of a "room," and one of them is cast off, and pushed into this apartment by a turnout. The visitors alight as best they can, and find themselves in the coaliest coal-hole ever known. Nothing is seen, felt, or smelt but coal; nothing is heard but the eager strokes of an invisible pickaxe, wielded by an unseen arm. The solitary occupant of this "room" is invisible at the moment, because he is employed in what the miners call "bearing in." When a miner finds himself before a wall of coal, from which he is to excavate convenient masses of that precious commodity, the first thing he does is to "bear in." To "bear in" is to get down upon your knees, and with a pickaxe cut deeply in at the bottom of the seam of coal, — as far in as you can reach, even by lying down. When the miner has made his gash, three feet deep and six feet wide, it is very easy by wedges, or even by the pickaxe alone, to bring down all the upper part of the seam in pieces small enough to handle. Our miner was bearing in, at the moment of our entrance, with enthusiasm, owing to his being a little behind with his heap for the next load. Each miner expects to have a car-load ready when his car comes, and he lays out his work accordingly. His task is done when he has dug out the coal, and loaded it upon the car. And it is for doing these two things that he is paid a certain sum per bushel. Seven years ago, that sum was three quarters of a cent; it is now four cents; and the miners used to get out more coal per day when the price was low than they do now at the high price. Our eager miner, hearing voices in his room, rose at length, and dimly revealed himself by the light of a very small tin lamp that hung loosely on his forehead. What a picture he was, as he

peered over the heap of coal, with his black cap fitting close to his head, his dangling tin lamp, his coally visage, his red lips and white teeth, and his black eyes glistening in the midst of the dull black of the rest of his countenance! He looked the Spirit of the Coal-mine. He was, however, introduced to the intruders as "Mr. Gallagher"; and a very merry, social, pleasant fellow he was.

People come into the mines prepared to regard with compassion these grimy workers in the eternal dark; but, on the contrary, they find them the gayest of men, very cheerful and companionable, with a keen sense of independence and personal dignity. We discovered at once that this man of the dangling lamp was indeed *Mr. Gallagher*. He begins work when he likes, works as fast as he likes, or as slow, and goes home when he likes. His "room" is his own against the world; and when he has dug out of it his regular hundred bushels, which he usually accomplishes about three o'clock in the afternoon, he takes up his oil-bottle and his dinner-kettle, gets upon a load of coal, rides to daylight, and saunters home. When he has had his thorough Saturday-afternoon wash, and has put on his fine Sunday broadcloth, he looks like a pale, muscular poet. The sun does not brown his skin, nor the wind roughen it. He works in the dark, in a still air, and at a uniform temperature of about sixty degrees, the year round. If he has a fancy to get rich, he can. Many of the proprietors about here once dug coal at three quarters of a cent per bushel. The people who live near the mines along the Monongahela speak well of the miners as a class. They are proud, honest, and orderly. A few of them, on festive days, indulge in their native pastime of whipping their wives; but even the few who do this are acquiring a taste for nobler pleasures. The farmers say that their apples and watermelons are as safe here as anywhere. The miners are proud of their right to vote, are prompt to exercise that right, and generally send their children to school.

We asked "Mr. Gallagher" whether



the practice of his vocation was attended by any danger. Like most other men in perilous employments, he protested that there was not the least danger, if a man was only careful. In proof of which he adduced the fact, that in this mine only one man had been killed in eleven months, and he was killed by a piece of "horseback" falling on him. Horseback is a thick scale of remarkably heavy stone that is always found at the top of the stratum of coal, and which *ought* to fall when the coal is cut away from under it. But masses of it often adhere to the roof of the mine, and cannot be dislodged without more labor than a miner is always willing to bestow. In almost every "room" of a mine, therefore, there will be heavy chunks of horseback clinging to the roof, which are sure to fall soon, and may fall at any instant. The solitary occupant of the room intends to avoid standing under these masses. He also intends to employ his first leisure in prying them off. But time passes; he forgets, in the heat of his work, the overhanging peril; and some day the solitary worker in the next room notices that his neighbor's pickaxe has ceased to strike. Down there in the bowels of the earth, each man working by himself, separated from his fellow by a wall of coal several feet thick, men acquire a strange power of knowing how it fares with their friends in the rooms adjoining. They can tell what they are doing, whether they are forward with their load or behind with it, whether the coal is working easily or hard, whether they are working merrily or dully, whether they are good-tempered or cross. The sudden cessation of *all* noise in a room, at an hour when work is going on, soon attracts attention, and the poor miner is found with his lamp and his life crushed out, under half a ton of horseback. This is said to be the only danger to the miners of the Pittsburg Seam. If noxious gases are generated, it is easy to open a passage through to the other side of the hill for ventilation, or make a chimney through the roof. It is difficult

to see how fifty or sixty billions of tons of coal could be put where man could get at them more conveniently. Sir Charles Lyell, who was in this region some years ago, was particularly struck with the accessibility of this coal, and observed that he never saw anywhere else coal so easily worked and loaded.

The population of the coal region near Pittsburg is about thirty-five thousand, and seven thousand of these are employed in and about the mines. The annual product of the mines is something near two millions and a half of tons, of which one third is consumed at Pittsburg, and the rest is sent away down the rivers to fill the valley of the Mississippi with smoke. In one week of 1866, seven steamboats arrived at New Orleans, having in tow fifty-eight coal-barges from Pittsburg, containing in all forty-five thousand tons of coal, worth at New Orleans three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

As to that third part of the coal product of the great Pittsburg Seam which Pittsburg itself consumes, it performs a prodigious quantity of work, assisted by nine thousand mechanics and laborers. There are in the congregation of towns which the outside world knows only by the name of Pittsburg, five hundred manufactories and "works." Fifty of these are glass-works, in which one half of all our glass-ware is made, and which employ three thousand persons. This important branch of business was planted here in 1787 by a person no less distinguished than Albert Gallatin, and it has grown to proportions of which no one seems to be aware out of Pittsburg. The fifteen bottle-works here produce the incredible number of seventy million bottles and vials per annum. But Pittsburg (so we were told in Nicholas Longworth's wine-cellar at Cincinnati) has not yet learned to make a champagne-bottle that will stand the pressure of that wine. A serviceable champagne-bottle has never yet been made in the United States; and we have to send to France for all that we require in Ohio,

Missouri, and California. We learned (in the same subterranean retreat) that the Pittsburg champagne-bottle comes nearest to being what a champagne-bottle should be, of any made in the United States. One in ten of the best French bottles bursts in the cellar of the bottler; one in six of the best Pittsburg bottles. But the truth is, we are such inveterate swillers of every kind of abominable mess that admits of being bottled, labelled, and advertised, that the Pittsburg bottle-makers have not had time yet to develop the higher branches of their vocation. Any sort of glass will do for quack medicine.

There are also fifteen window-glass-works at Pittsburg, which produce nearly half a million boxes of that commodity every year, worth about two millions and a half of dollars. It so happened that we had a burning curiosity to know how window-glass is made, and one of the first things we did at Pittsburg was to gratify this noble thirst for knowledge. Who would have thought that common window-glass is *blown*? It is actually blown like a bottle. The blower stands on a bench, and as he blows, he swings his tube to and fro, which causes the soft globule to lengthen out into a cylinder, five feet long and one foot in diameter. This cylinder is afterwards slit down all its length by a diamond, and placed in an oven, with the diamond-cut uppermost. As that oven grows hot, the cylinder divides where the diamond marked it, gently falls apart, and lies down flat on the bottom of the oven. There is your sheet of window-glass. As soon as it is cooled, it is cut into the required sizes by a diamond. There are also fifteen flint-glass-works at Pittsburg, the annual product of which is more than four thousand tons of the finest glass-ware, worth two millions of dollars. The total value of the glass made at Pittsburg every year is about seven millions of dollars, which is almost exactly one half of the value of our whole annual product of glass-ware. This is one item of the yearly work done by Pittsburg coal at Pittsburg. Other tri-

fles are sixteen potteries, forty-six foundries, thirty-one rolling-mills, thirty-three manufactories of machinery, and fifty-three oil-refineries. Such a thing it is to have plenty of coal!

Oil Creek is a branch of the Alleghany River, and empties into it one hundred miles above Pittsburg. Pittsburg is, consequently, the great petroleum mart of the world. It is but five years ago that this material became important; and yet there were received at Pittsburg during the year 1866 more than sixteen hundred thousand barrels of it. The Alleghany River is one of the swiftest of navigable streams; but there is never a moment when its surface at Pittsburg is not streaked with petroleum. It would not require remarkable talent in an inhabitant of this place to "set the river on fire." The crude oil is floated down this impetuous river in the slightest-built barges, — mere oblong boxes made of common boards, — into which the oil is poured as into an enormous trough. Petroleum is lighter than water, and would float very well without being boxed in; only it would be difficult to keep each proprietor's lot separate. It needs but a slight accident to knock a hole in one of these thin barges. When such an accident has occurred, the fact is revealed by the rising of the petroleum in the barge; and the vessel gets fuller and fuller, until it overflows. In a few minutes, the petroleum lies all spread out upon the swift river, making its way toward Pittsburg, while the barge is filled with water and sunk.

We were prepared to discourse wisely upon the subject of oil, — its discovery, the fortunes made and squandered "in" it, and the healthy, proper way in which oil is now rising from the rank of a game to that of a business. We give place, however, to the editor of the "Crawford Journal" (published in the oil region), who related while we were at Pittsburg a story which is worth more than preaching. An item appeared in the papers, recording the sale of a certain farm on Oil Creek for taxes, which elicited from the editor of

the "Crawford Journal" the following remarkable explanation:—

"This farm was among the first of the oil-producing farms of the valley. Early in 1863, the Van Slyke well, on this farm, was struck, and flowed for some time at the rate of twenty-five hundred barrels per day, and several wells yielding from two hundred to eight hundred barrels were struck at subsequent periods. Beside these, there were many smaller wells; and the territory, though sadly mismanaged, is still regarded as among the best in the oil region. In 1864, Widow McClintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time, the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was two thousand dollars; and by her will the property, with all her possessions in money, was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, John W. Steele, then about twenty years of age. In the iron safe where the old lady kept her money was found one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two thirds of the amount in greenbacks, and the balance in gold. Mrs. McClintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appears to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampires, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his 'pile in oil'; and he was of the opinion that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in New York and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited were they not so well authenticated: Wine, women, horses, faro, and general debauchery, soon made a wreck of that princely fortune; and in twenty months Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., 'went through' him at faro to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars in two nights;

he bought high-priced turnouts, and after driving them an hour or two gave them away; equipped a large minstrel troupe, and presented each member with a diamond pin and ring, and kept about him, besides, two or three men who were robbing him day after day. He is now filling the honorable position of doorkeeper for Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels, the company he organized, and is—to use a very expressive, but not strictly classical phrase—completely 'played out.'

"The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's ruin gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs was the notorious Seth Slocum, who hung around this city several weeks last summer. He was worth at one time over one hundred thousand dollars, which he had 'captured' from Steele, and laid aside for a rainy day; but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a 'dead beat.' At last accounts, Slocum was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of five hundred dollars. Exemplifications these of the old adage, 'Easy come, easy go'; or the other, 'Fools and their money are soon parted.'"

This is merely the most striking and best known of many similar instances. It is doubtful if wealth suddenly acquired, without merit on the part of the recipient, has *ever* been of real service; and we presume Johnny Steele did the best thing possible for him in getting rid of his absurd millions in twenty months. He might have staggered under them twenty years, and even then had enough left to keep him from his proper place in the world. Happily, all this is over in the oil country, where the business languishes after the excitements of recent years, and is settling down to be a safe and legitimate pursuit, like coal, iron, and salt.

It is, however, the iron-works of Pittsburg that usually attract the stranger first, astonish him most, and detain him longest. We all know the precise quantity of "dirt" which each of us has to eat in a lifetime. It is one peck. But is the gentle reader aware, that each inhabitant of the United States "consumes" about one hundred and twenty-five pounds of iron every year? So we are assured; and we are also informed that the fact is highly honorable to us, since the quantity of iron consumed by a nation is one of the tests of its civilization. A Spaniard, for example, gets along with only five pounds of iron in a year, and a Russian finds ten pounds sufficient. An Austrian is satisfied with fifteen, a Swiss with twenty-two, a Norwegian with thirty; but a German must have fifty pounds, a Frenchman sixty, a Belgian seventy. Of the iron consumed in the United States, it appears that about two fifths are manufactured at Pittsburg, in those hundred and thirteen iron-works mentioned before. There is not one of those establishments in which an intelligent person may not find wonders enough to entertain him all day; but in the compass of one brief article we can do little more than allude to one or two of the more famous and established "lions." Pittsburg, as we have before remarked, is densely packed with marvels. Go where you will, you find something of the most particular interest, that demands to be examined, and most richly rewards examination. If ever we establish a college, we shall arrange it so, that the senior class shall spend six weeks at and near Pittsburg, in order to vivify their knowledge of geology, chemistry, and the other sciences.

Down by the swift and turbid Alleghany, close to the river, as all the great foundries are, we discovered with difficulty, on a very dark morning, the celebrated Fort Pitt Foundry, where twenty-five hundred of the great guns were cast that blew the late "So-Called" out of water. In this establishment may be seen the sublime of the me-

chanic arts. Only here, on the continent of America, have there ever been cast those monsters of artillery which are called by the ridiculous diminutive of "the twenty-inch gun." A twenty-inch gun is one of those corpulent pieces of ordnance that we see mounted on forts about our harbors, which weigh sixty tons, cost fifty thousand dollars each, and send a ball of a thousand pounds three miles. To be exact, the ball weighs one thousand and eighty pounds, and it costs one hundred and sixty-five dollars. To discharge a twenty-inch gun, loaded with one of these balls, requires one hundred and twenty-five pounds of powder, worth forty cents a pound; so that every time one of the guns is fired it costs a hundred and ninety-five dollars, without counting the wear and tear of the gun and its carriage, and the pay of the men.

The foundry where these huge guns are made is large, lofty, dark, and remarkably silent. Nearly every operation goes on in silence, and without the least fuss or hurry. We will endeavor to show, in a few words, how it is that a large lump of iron with a hole in it should cost so much.

To people outside of the iron world iron is iron; but to people inside of that world there are as many varieties of iron as there are sources of supply. We have often been amused at the positiveness with which the inhabitants of iron districts declare their iron to be the "best in the world." The people of Marquette, upon Lake Superior, the people interested in the Iron Mountain of Missouri, the iron-makers of Lake Champlain, and all who have anything to do with an iron mine, assert the superiority of their own iron. The best of it is, that all these people are right; for each of the great brands of iron actually *is* the best in the world — for some purposes. The iron for these large cannons comes from the Bloomfield Mine, in Blair County, Pennsylvania, and there is in the United States but one other iron as good for guns; and that is found in far-off Massachusetts. Everything depends upon the even and

sufficient density of the iron; therefore, the pigs of iron from the Bloomfield Mine are again melted and purified here. They have an ingenious machine for testing the strength of iron. By a system of levers, a round piece of iron, one inch thick, is subjected to a steady pull until it breaks, and the operator is enabled to ascertain precisely how many pounds' weight it will bear. The same machine tests it by twisting and by crushing. It is this machine which determines the rank and value of all iron.

The mould in which the cannons are cast is an enormous structure of iron and sand, which weighs, when ready for the metal, more than forty tons. The preparation of the mould is the most difficult and delicate of all the work done in the foundry; but it would be nearly impossible to convey an idea of it on paper. When it is ready, it is hoisted by steam-derricks, and let down into a pit, where it stands on end, with open mouth, ready for the fiery fluid. Those steam-derricks are wonderful. One man, by their assistance, lifts, carries, and deposits upon a car, in thirty minutes, a twenty-inch gun in its mould, weighing in all (including the waste metal) one hundred and thirty tons; and this he does with about as much physical exertion as is required to draw a glass of beer from a barrel. The whole force of the foundry—two hundred and fifty men—could not move such a mass one inch in twenty-four hours, unaided by machinery.

The thrilling event of the day is the casting, which occurs here at two o'clock in the afternoon, one great gun being cast every day. Three furnaces, early in the morning, are stacked full of pigs of iron, as high as a man's head, and about ten o'clock the fires are lighted under them. In some three hours the stacks of pigs are all melted down into a pool of liquid iron one foot deep. From each of the three furnaces an iron trough, lined with clay, extends across the wide and gloomy foundry, to the mould which is this day to be filled. The distance is a hundred feet, per-

haps; and the iron troughs are laid in curves, to prevent a too rapid flow of metal. (The Ohio River is arranged on the same principle.) Men are stationed along each trough to comb off the dross, and there are men at the mould with levers and other implements; while Joseph Kaye, the foreman and genius of the place, who learned his trade here thirty years ago, and who is the inventor of important parts of the process we are beholding, stands apart, to give the word and overlook the whole. The word is given. A man at each furnace sets the stream running. At once, three FIERY SERPENTS of the fieriest fire come coiling down those troughs with a kind of slow rush, and make for the mould, into which they go headlong, and fall to the bottom with a sputtering thud. The resemblance to a serpent is perfect, until the stream has reached the gun. The stranger fancies that he can see the fiery devil's eyes, and that the sparks that fly from his head are the signs of a deadly anger. The streams run for about twenty minutes, and then, at a signal, a lump of clay is thrust into the aperture of each furnace; the streams dwindle to threads, and dry up.

Usually, all goes so smoothly that it seems as if it could go no other way. But there are frightful perils in the business. Sometimes an obstruction will occur in one of the troughs, and the liquid metal will overflow, and spread about the ground; or the supply of iron will be exhausted before the mould is quite full; or a break will occur in the mould, and the iron burst through, spoiling the mould, and wasting itself in the bottom of the pit. It is at such times that Joseph Kaye asserts his kingly power, and stands self-possessed in the midst of panic-stricken men. Many a great gun about to lapse into hopeless ruin he has saved by his courage and skill. There have been times when every man fled but him, and he sufficed. They point out one honest German, who was so thoroughly terrified by the breaking of a steam-derrick with a gun hanging to it, that he ran home at

the top of his speed, and could not be coaxed back till six months had passed. Another German was once in a most painful dilemma. The furnaces having run dry before the gun-mould was quite full, the foreman, to save the gun, ordered metal to be brought from another furnace in iron pails. These pails of liquid iron are swung upon a lever, and carried by two men. Our German was so unfortunate as to stumble a little, which caused some of the melted metal to fall into his low shoe. But, exquisite as the agony was, he was obliged to endure it; since, in the hurry of the moment, there was no one who could stop to help him, while to have let go his load had been ruin and death. The man walked steadily to the mould, and assisted his comrade to empty the pail into it, before seeking relief.

After the gun has been cast, a variety of curious precautions are taken to cause the eighty tons of iron to cool in the manner most conducive to the strength of the gun. If nothing of this kind were done, the gun would be *thirty days* in getting cool enough to handle; but, by the constant flow of cold water in and out of the bore, the cooling is shortened to eighteen days. Then the huge thing is gently lifted out of its pit, gently swung across the dim foundry, and gently laid in the turning-shop; where the great rough end is cut off, where the outside is turned smooth, where the inside is bored to the proper size, where it loses twenty tons of metal. The mere boring of one of these monsters takes four weeks, night and day, Sundays and week-days. When once the boring has been begun, it can never stop until it is finished, without spoiling the gun; since, if the gun cools, the temperature that existed at the moment when the boring ceased can never be exactly reproduced, and consequently there will be a variation in the size of the bore. A variation in the bore of a hundredth part of an inch insures the rejection of the gun, and a hundredth part of an inch is less than the space between the teeth of a fine-tooth comb. Issuing from the

lathe all shaven and shorn, the gun is laid upon two cars fastened together, taken seventeen miles out of town, fired ten times, and delivered to the government inspector. Formerly, they used to cram the great guns full of powder, and fire them off, thus overloaded, until they were on the point of bursting, and *would* burst with only an ordinary charge. This error has been avoided since the Princeton gun killed a Secretary of State, and came near destroying the whole government.

From seeing one of these enormous guns cast, the visitor at Pittsburg may go, if he chooses, to an establishment where they make tacks so minute that it takes a thousand of them to weigh an ounce. We went thither, having long had an imbecile curiosity to know how nails and tacks are made. How startling the contrast between the slow movements, and tranquil, gloomy vastness of the cannon foundry, and the animation of the great rattling, roaring, crowded nail-works of Chess, Smyth, & Co., all glaring and flashing with light, with many tall chimneys pouring out black smoke and red blaze into the December evening! Noise? There is only one place in this world as noisy as a large nail-factory in full operation, and that is under the sheet at Niagara Falls. How should it be otherwise, when the factory is making many thousand nails a minute, and when every single nail, spike, brad, and tack is *cut* from a strip of cold iron, and headed by a blow upon cold iron? We saw one machine there pouring out shoemakers' brads at the rate of three thousand a minute, and it required the attendance of only one boy. They came rattling down a tin gutter as fast as meal comes from a mill. But to see this wonderful machine astonishes the stranger less than to see a girl in the packing-room who *weighs* and packs two thousand papers of tacks in nine hours.

Nails are made thus: — 1. Pig-iron is rolled into long bars; 2. These long bars are cut into lengths of one foot;



3. These lengths are piled into heaps of nine; 4. These heaps of nine are rolled into sheets as thick as the nail is to be; 5. Those sheets are cut into strips a little wider than the nail is to be long; 6. These strips are cut into nails by the nailing-machine, which also heads the nails as they fall. A man holds the strip of iron in the machine's jaws, which instantly bite off a nail. But a nail tapers off from the head to the point, and consequently the strip has to be turned over before the machine can be allowed to bite again. But for this necessity of turning the strip, men could be dispensed with. Imagine a room four times as large as the interior of Trinity Church, with rows of nailing-machines as close together as sewing-machines in a clothing factory, and all on the full champ, — some biting off spikes three to a pound, and others nipping tacks at the rate of thousands a minute.

This most interesting establishment employs two hundred and ten men, forty boys, and twenty-five girls; consumes one hundred and fifty tons of iron in a week; makes two hundred kinds of nails, tacks, and brads; makes in a week two thousand four hundred kegs of nails, one hundred and fifty boxes of tacks one hundred pounds to a box, and one hundred boxes of brads.

The crowning glory of Pittsburg is the "American Iron-Works" of Messrs. Jones and Laughlins. This establishment, which employs twenty-five hundred men, which has a coal mine at its back door and an iron mine on Lake Superior, which makes almost every large and difficult iron thing the country requires, which usually has "on hand" seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of finished work, is such a world of wonder that this whole magazine would not contain an adequate account of it. Here are machines ponderous and exact; here are a thousand ingenuities; here is the net result of all that man has done in iron masses during the whole period of his residence upon earth. What should there

be here, too, but a specimen of what man can *undo* in iron, in the form of a great heap of rusty twisted rails from Georgia, so completely spoiled by General Sherman's troops that there was nothing to be done with them but sell them for old iron! It is at these works alone that iron is subjected to the new process called "cold-rolling." Every reader has stood by a steam-engine, and admired the perfect roundness, the silvery brightness, and the irresistible thrust of the piston-rod. A piston-rod is usually made thus. A huge, jagged mass of white-hot iron, just on the point of fusion, is fished out of the furnace, and is swung across the foundry to the rolling-machine, which rolls it into a long round roll, a little thicker than the piston-rod is to be. It is next put into a turning lathe, where it is turned and polished to the size required, — a long and costly process. That is the usual way. The "cold-rolling" process is this: the long round roll, a little thicker than the piston-rod is to be, is passed *cold* through another rolling-mill of immense power, and simply *squeezed* to the size required. Advantages: 1. The process is quicker and cheaper; 2. The rod issues from the mill as brilliantly polished as the plate on a queen's table; 3. The pressure so increases the density of the iron, that the rod is about two and a half times stronger than those made in the old way. Iron plates and bars are made on the same principle.

We cannot linger among these wondrous "works" of the strong men of Pittsburg. The men themselves have claims upon our notice.

The masters of Pittsburg are mostly of the Scotch-Irish race, Presbyterians, keen and steady in the prosecution of their affairs, indifferent to pleasure, singularly devoid of the usual vanities and ostentations, proud to possess a solid and spacious factory, and to live in an insignificant house. There are no men of leisure in the town. Mr. George H. Thurston, President of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Com-

panty,—who, from having superintended the preparation of the Directory for many years, as well as from his very great interest in all that relates to the prosperity and glory of Pittsburg, knows the town better than any other person that ever lived in it,—assured us positively that there were not, in all the region which we call Pittsburg, three persons out of business who were physically capable of conducting business. The old men never think of “retiring,” nor is there anything for them to retire to. The family tie being powerful in this race, the great firms are usually composed of near relatives, and generally survive the generation that founded them. Thus, the Fort Pitt Foundry, founded in 1803, has cast cannon for every war in which the United States has been engaged, and is now conducted by the worthy and talented nephews of the Charles Knap who made the establishment what it is. In the American Iron-Works, we find six partners, namely, the two chiefs, Messrs. Jones and Laughlin, two sons of one of these chiefs, and two brothers of the other,—a nice family party. Hence, there are few hired clerks in Pittsburg. These mighty “works” are managed with the minimum of expense. The visitor generally finds “the old man” bustling about the “works” in his cap and fustian jacket; while perhaps his eldest son is keeping the books, a son-in-law or nephew is making up the wages accounts, and a younger son is in the warehouse.

The conservative elements here are powerful, as they are in all communities in which families *endure*. Until very recently, in Pittsburg, it would have boded ill for a man to build a handsome house a few miles out of the smoke; and to this day it is said that a Pittsburg man of business who should publish a poem would find his “paper” doubted at the bank. “A good man, sir, but not practical.” These excellent and strenuous men accuse themselves vehemently of a want of public spirit, and it is evident the

charge is just. For the last few years, business has rushed in upon them like a torrent; and all their force having been expended in doing this business, they now awake to the fact, that a GREAT CITY is upon their hands, to be consolidated, organized, paved, policed, parked, purified, and adorned. They now feel that some of those iron kings, those great men of glass, oil, coal, salt, and clay, must leave business to their sons and nephews, and take hold of Pittsburg.

The masters work too hard. We wish we had room to tell the story of one of the great brains of this place, just as we heard him tell it. We can but indicate the outline.

His own master at sixteen. At twenty-eight, one of a firm about to found new iron-works. Capital, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Plunged into a business of a million per annum. Ticklish work this! A slight miscalculation in estimating for a contract, an unexpected rise in the price of something, and away goes the small capital, and honor with it. Hence he worked eighteen hours a day for fourteen years. Called at six every morning but Sunday. At warehouse in Pittsburg till nine. At the works until two. At the mine until dark. Home to tea, and to lovely family, well beloved; but too tired and dull to enjoy or be enjoyed. At seven, would “drag” round to the office, and there write or “estimate” till twelve. Then home to bed, and instantly to sleep. Felt always as if playing a great, splendid, complicated Game, upon which fortune and honor both were staked, but especially *honor*. Two kinds of honor,—honor as a man of business, honor as a man of ability. The game was won! Capital increased from one hundred and fifty thousand to three million dollars. Finest, grandest iron-works in America. Glorious scene of triumphant ingenuity. Three hundred brick cottages owned by the firm, all tenanted by their own workmen. Paper, gilt-edged.



BUT

One night, two years ago, instead of dropping asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, this successful man could not go to sleep for hours, and then slept ill. Many such nights followed. One day, when he was abstrusely calculating, his mind suddenly lost its power; he could not keep his attention upon his figures, nor make any safe progress in his work. Alarmed, he went to the doctor, who told him, to his great *astonishment*, that he had been working too hard, and must rest. He took this advice and a short journey; but soon after, resuming his ordinary labors, his brain again suddenly lost its power. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and he tried to think of something to do that would amuse without fatiguing his mind. He could think of nothing but the *dentist's*; so to the dentist's he went, hoping to enjoy a little anguish till dinner-time. But this recreation was denied him, for, while waiting in the dentist's parlor, he fainted dead away. He was now seriously alarmed, and for the first time began to consider his case with the intelligence he had been in the habit of bestowing upon iron alone. He lived thenceforth as became a man, a husband, and a father; worked ten hours a day, and spent every evening in playing with his children, and conversing with his wife and their friends. Thanks to a wonderful constitution, it was not too late. He recovered his health, and is now in the full enjoyment of life.

It is such as he who should leave iron to the youngsters, and amuse themselves for the rest of their lives in making Pittsburg metropolitan. Such a thought does not, it is said, ever cross their minds. When we suggested it to a son of Pittsburg, and mentioned an individual who could soon put the city in order, the reply was: "If Mr. — should sell out for three millions, he would never be easy till he had built a new factory for seven millions and then give himself no rest till he had paid off the four millions of debt."

•VOL. XXI. — NO. 123.

This is *mania*. There will be, perhaps, asylums for this class of patients some day.

The workmen, — what of them? As the stranger goes about among the "works," and sees men performing labors so severe that they have to stop, now and then, in summer, take off their boots, and *pour the perspiration out of them*, he is apt to become a fanatical free-trader on the spot. He says to himself: "If there *is* any foreign country that is willing to do all this hideous work for us at a rate of compensation that we can afford to pay, why should not that foreign country be allowed to do it, so that these American citizens could turn their attention to something more agreeable?" But, then, if the work is terrific, the wages are extraordinary. Some of these "puddlers," rollers, nailers, modellers, and others of the aristocracy of the mills, receive from ten to twenty-five dollars a day; and the average wages of skilled labor do not probably average below five dollars a day. The necessities of life are cheaper here than in any other large city, East or West. For several years past, too, the men have generally been the masters, because there has been work offering beyond the capacity of the town to execute.

But all who have power abuse it, more or less. Considering that during the greater part of man's existence on earth workingmen have been oppressed, it is not surprising that they should avail themselves of a passing opportunity to try a little oppression upon others. All the trades here have guilds, or societies, for protection against the capitalists, who also combine to resist the demands of the workmen. What both these combinations need, to keep their intercourse dignified and friendly — to prevent that fierce and vulgar hostility which rages in England between employers and men — is KNOWLEDGE, the great want of all men everywhere! But the workingmen especially need it. Every one of those workingmen's societies should

have a little library of the best works upon political economy. If only one man in the whole guild had the spirit to study them, that one man might, at a critical time, prevent a whole trade from running full tilt, blindly, against a law of nature. But more than one man would study them, for there are evidently a great number of excellent heads among the men of the mills. One of the best little papers we ever read is one conducted by and for them at Pittsburg, called the "Workmen's and Soldiers' Advocate," and bearing the excellent motto, "Union is strength, — KNOWLEDGE is power."

We saw no indication at Pittsburg of the infernal feeling that appears to exist in Sheffield and Birmingham between employers and employed. The men laugh a good deal at the alleged narrowness of some of the capitalists of the town. A writer in the little paper just mentioned says: "Some one started the idea of making a public park on the northern face of Grant's Hill; but the public beneficence of the project was so un-Pittsburg-like, that the projector found he was either behind or in advance of the age so far. A soldiers' monument was next spoken of, but several of our wealthiest men (who had become so by the war) could only give two or three dollars apiece, and it has so far failed." Again: "It has become the prevailing opinion that landlords are not among our most benevolent citizens; and it is quite probable that public opinion does them injustice, since they are to be found among the most strict professors of religion, occupying front pews in church, carrying round the money-basket for collections, leading the way to the sacrament, inviting the minister to tea, and reproving the outbursts of hilarious youth on all occasions. None of the Pittsburg landlords owned the houses where Christ travelled, and 'had not where to lay his head.' But if he should ever happen to be in Pittsburg, — which is doubtful, — he would find that it would require an enormous amount of 'scrip in his purse.'"

It is only such harmless fun as this that the grimy man of the furnace pokes at the slightly less grimy man of the counting-room. But if these passages show the good-humor of the men, how clearly they reveal their need of a course of political economy! All talk of that kind about the landlords is ignorance, — pure ignorance. An American mechanic should be above it. Is not the law of nature which impels the workingman to get as much as he can for his labor a universal law?

Here, as everywhere, we see the process going on by which from the mass of men the few are selected whom nature has fitted to be masters. Many of the men who get from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a week waste their money and themselves. Some men drink twenty glasses of beer per day, the year round. About one third of the whole number of men save money, and live cleanly and sensibly; and it is from this third that the future foremen and proprietors will be gradually sifted out.

Nothing in the life of Pittsburg is more striking to a visitor than the completeness of the cessation from labor at the close of the week. The Scotch-Irish race are strict Sabbatarians, and nothing goes on in Pittsburg on Sundays which it is possible to stop. Of all those five hundred tall chimneys, there will not usually be more than two that smoke on Sundays. During the week the town gets under such a headway of industry, that it takes all Saturday afternoon for it to come to a stand. The regular work ceases at noon, but the afternoon is spent in paying wages, grinding tools, cleaning up, making repairs, and getting ready for a fair start on Monday morning. By seven in the evening, the principal streets of Pittsburg are densely filled with washed men. They stroll about; they stand conversing in groups; they gather, in thick semicircles, about every shop-window that has a picture in it, or any bright or curious object; especially do they haunt the news-stands, which provide a free picture-gallery for them

of Illustrated News, Comic Monthlies, and Funny Fellows. The men are so numerous, that the whole width of some of the streets is filled with them; and there is not a woman to be seen! Not a single petticoat among thousands of other coats! Yet no crowd could be more orderly and quiet. These men, after a week of intense monotony,—gazing at dull objects and doing the same dull act ten hours a day,—how hungry they seemed for some brightness to flash into their lives! How we longed to usher them all into some gorgeous scene, and give them a banquet of splendors! Mere brilliancy of color and light is transport, we should suppose, to a man who has been making nails or digging coal from Monday morning until Saturday noon.

We need not say that every theatre and show in Pittsburg is crammed on Saturday night. By putting forth the greatest efforts, we did manage to get into one of the theatres, into which dense masses of men were crowding. Not a woman was present. The place was packed with brawny men and noisy boys, all washed, all well-disposed, though half mad with joyous excitement. On the walls were posted such admonitions as these: "Hats off," "No hallooing or whistling allowed," "Applaud with your hands," "Order must be observed," "No walk around by performers in white faces allowed." What the last of these announcements may mean we cannot tell; but, with regard to the rest, we can say that the audience paid no heed to them whatever. The performances consisted of farces raised to the fiftieth power, comic songs, and legs. Never have we seen an audience so amusable. It often happened, during the performance of a farce, that the people would keep up such a roar of laughter, that for many seconds at a time not a word could be heard from the stage. We discovered here what the play-bills mean when they speak of "roaring farces," and of farces that are "screaming."

The reader will say, perhaps, that this is a poor ending to a week of hard

labor. Perhaps it is. But the natural kings of Pittsburg do not provide anything better, nor heartily encourage the production of anything better. These poor hungry fellows of the dark mine and the dim foundry want some change, some pleasure, some brilliancy. They can get this for twenty-five cents, and it is better than nothing. There are two other theatres in the town, where performances of a more "legitimate" character are given; and, considering the little aid they derive from those who could best afford to attend them, they are respectable.

Nine miles and three eighths from Pittsburg, on the shores of the Monongahela, is the pleasant and growing village called "Braddock's Field." Its principal streets are "Washington," "Braddock," "Halkett," "Frazer," "Beaujean," "Aliquippa." We need not say why this village is so called, nor why these names were given to its streets. The ford by which the fated army crossed the river was used as a ford until a few years ago, when the river was dammed to improve the navigation. The ancient Indian trail which led up from the ford is still a lane, fenced and used. The two ravines in which the Indians lay in ambush are visible. They are not more than three or four feet below the general level; the ambush having been afforded by a close growth of hazel-bushes that long ago disappeared. There are several trees standing on the field that must have been of good size when the defeat occurred; the largest is an ancient oak, that stands where the bullets must have flown thickest, and from which many have been picked by the prying knives of visitors. Near it is a rough enclosure of common rails, such as farmers make for a hay-stack, within which are buried a considerable number of human bones that were dug up when the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad was laid across the scene of the battle. Interesting relics of the encounter are still occasionally found. Colonel Edward J. Allen, whose agreeable and hospitable house stands upon

the battle-field, close to the place of the greatest slaughter, informed us that his garden has never yet been dug up in the spring without the exposure of something of the kind, an arrow-head, a bullet, or even a bayonet. A sword with a name engraved upon it has been recently found in the neighborhood.

How changed this scene in a hundred and twelve years! The bluff beneath which those seven hundred men

laid down their lives is pierced with holes, near the summit, out of which mules emerge, drawing car-loads of glistening coal. On the opposite bank, rows of the blazing chimneys of coke-ovens glare through the night. A beautiful village, noisy with the school-children at play, covers a great part of the field. Two railroads cross it, over which one hundred and twenty trains pass every twenty-four hours!

## DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.\*

### CHAPTER I.

#### SIPSU THE SAVAGE.

"DO you wish to see one of my friends?" said Doctor Molke to me one bright morning, as we sat at breakfast in the cosy little dining-room of the Doctor's Greenland lodge.

"Certainly."

"But he's fifty miles or so away."

"So much the better."

"And to reach him is not without danger."

"Not greater to others, perhaps, than to yourself."

"Shall we set out at once?"

"The sooner the better."

And the Doctor once more tinkled his little silver bell; and once more Sophy of the silver seal-skin pantaloons and dainty snow-white boots tripped softly through the door.

"We are going on a journey, Sophy," said the Doctor; "can you put up for us something to eat and drink?"

"Yes," said Sophy promptly, "but I should know better what to do if Doctor Molke would tell me how long he means to be away."

"Perhaps a week."

"A week!" exclaimed Sophy, evidently surprised; and she appeared as if very much inclined to ask the Doctor where he proposed taking the American

to stay so long, for she looked first at him and then at me, and then at him again.

The Doctor quickly interpreted the puzzled expression of the countenance of his housekeeper, and prepared to gratify her.

"You would like to know, Sophy," said he, "where we are going,—would n't you?"

"Yes," she answered, and with a promptness, too, which showed that she had great interest in the matter, though I could not imagine why.

"Then suppose I tell you we are going to pay a visit to Sipsu the savage," said the Doctor.

"I should n't half believe it if you did," answered Sophy.

"But we are, really and truly," said the Doctor.

"Really and truly?" echoed Sophy, in, as it seemed to me, a half-inquiring, half-pleading tone of voice.

"Yes, really and truly, Sophy."

"O, don't do that!" said she.

"Why not, Sophy?"

"Because," said she, hesitating,—"because it's such a horrid place to take the American; it will give him such a bad idea of the country."

"Perhaps his ideas of the country are as bad as bad can be already, Sophy; at any rate, I think he can stand

\* See Article "Doctor Molke," in the Number for July, 1867.

it; so be a good girl now, and help us off."

This appeal to be a good girl and help us off was clearly made on the weak side of Sophy's character; for it was easy to see that a good girl in Doctor Molke's estimation was what Sophy was very glad to be. At least, she made no further remonstrance, but at once tripped lightly out, as she had tripped lightly in, to do her master's bidding; giving, as she turned to go, a cunning little pout, and a modest shrug, which could not have been better done nor more charming to look upon had Sophy been dressed in petticoats and skirts, instead of silver-seal-skin pantaloons, and dainty snow-white boots, and fur-tipped jacket reaching to the waist.

In a couple of hours everything was ready for the start, and we went down to the boat. And the boat was really ready to some purpose. The stern-sheets presented a tempting nest of fine robes of bear and fox skins; a tent lay rolled up beside the mast; the locker beneath the robes was filled with whatever in the shape of eatables and drinkables and smokables the most fastidious taste or hungry appetite could, in reason, desire; while stretched across the 'thwarts were guns and rifles and pouches, and indeed everything that a hunter needed for a long campaign. Then there was a cooking furnace forward in the bows; and it was clear enough that nothing had been neglected by my prudent host, or the thoughtful Sophy, or the pilot Adam, that could contribute to the comfort of the inner or the outer man.

Adam was as odd-looking a pilot as was ever seen. Coppery-faced, heavy-jawed, broad-visaged, beardless, fur-coated, and altogether stumpy, he was clearly a native-born Esquimaux; for nothing else was ever moulded exactly after that pattern. He was clean, which showed that he had received instruction and had profited by it. His name indicated that he enjoyed the benefits of baptism, and was of the Christian faith.

He could speak a little English, which proved that "the schoolmaster was abroad," even in Greenland.

"All ready, Adam?" inquired the Doctor, as we stepped aboard.

"Very ready," answered the pilot, evidently desiring to exhibit his proficiency in the English tongue for my benefit.

"Up anchor, then, and shake out the sails."

The anchor was soon brought up out of a great bed of sea-weed in which it had been lying, and the sails unfurled by the seal-skin-coated Adam, assisted by three other natives, who had been shipped to pull an oar in case of need; and with the Doctor at the tiller-ropes, we were soon gliding out of the harbor, shaping our course for the main-land, to the eastward.

The wind soon became light and baffling; but, it being nearly midsummer, the temperature was quite warm, and the sun shone upon us all the time, — as bright and glorious at midnight as at noonday. This circumstance gave to the day a strange, romantic freshness that was truly delightful; for although the continuous daylight of the Arctic summer was not new to me, yet it seemed strange to be sailing on and on in an open boat, and never needing to look up a place of retreat for the night.

We were full thirty-six hours in the boat; and during this protracted sail we watched the changing scenery without weariness, — breaking the monotony, now and then, by prying into the mysteries of Sophy's well-stocked locker, or by a shot at a passing bird, or by a nap, or by whatever else served most pleasantly to while away the time.

And the scenery about us was at all times enough in itself to occupy the thoughts and prevent fatigue. The great solid wall of the Greenland coast rose steadily before us; and the multiplying cones of whiteness which climbed up behind it melted away among the clouds, unbroken by a single ray of green, — one boundless waste of ster-

ile rocks, sublime as they were desolate.

By and by little islands began to show themselves above the water; and, as we passed near some of them, the eye was charmed by the discovery of here and there a patch of grass or moss mosaicked in dark slopes like emerald in a bed of jet. On several of these islands there were lonely little hunters' huts. Sometimes the huts had peaked roofs, but more usually the roof was flat; the former denoting the white man's home, the latter the shelter of a native hunter. Desolate as appeared the land, and dreary as it seemed for human residence, the air and sea were teeming with life. Great flocks of birds — principally eider-ducks, different varieties of auks, and glaucous, tridactyl, and other kinds of gulls — were constantly darting by, or curiously hovering overhead. Seals in great numbers were sporting in the sea, putting up their faces as we neared them, as if to ask why we had come into their haunts; and sometimes again upon the ice-fields that we passed great schools of them were lazily basking in the summer's sun, or were fast asleep in the noonday heat.

And during all this time icebergs were constantly in sight, rising one after another from the sea before us, and sinking behind us, — passing us, as it were, in solemn procession, — sparkling all the while like precious gems, and now and then cracking and crumbling to pieces, piercing the air with sounds compared to which the loudest thunder would be hoarse and feeble. This latter phenomenon was clearly caused by the heat of the sun, which, falling unequally upon them, splits them with explosive violence, and tumbles fragments from their sides like a blast of powder in a quarry cliff.

Passing on among these unusual scenes, we came at length beneath a lofty cape, which rose almost square from the sea to the height of a thousand feet or more. Commencing at the bottom, a series of ledges followed each other to the very top; and on

these ledges were standing, or sitting, bolt upright, long rows of birds, with black heads and backs and pure white breasts, crowded close together, and looking for all the world like soldiers with black shakos and Austrian coats, shoulder to shoulder, in solid column, on parade. They were the well-known lumme, one of the most numerous varieties of the Greenland auks.

There was not much sport to be had in slaughtering such stupid-looking innocents as these; so we ran in close to the cliff, to observe, rather than to shoot.

The birds upon the lower ledges were, as we came near, readily counted; but above they vanished into scarcely distinguishable streaks of white. To and from all the ledges, low and high, birds were coming and going continually, as bees come and go from a hive, — hurrying to the sea to get a meal of shrimps, and hurrying back again to nurse their eggs, — each to its own particular egg (for each lays but one), on which it sits or stands bolt upright, and hatches out the chick, without a nest of any sort, and without the least protection from the naked rock.

The eggs being all alike, it seemed to me strange that each bird should know its own, and come back to it; but the Doctor told me that they did this with unerring certainty, each picking out its egg, as a hen would pick her brood of chickens from the largest flock. Sometimes an egg, however, tumbles from the shelf while its owner is away; and then the unhappy bird seizes upon the first unclaimed one she can find when she comes back, and down she sits upon it as unconcernedly as if it were her own, and there were no means among the feathered tribes for punishing theft. But she must take good care that she is not observed, else punishment will surely come. The robbed bird may rob another in her turn. But woe be unto her if the theft is known! I saw one old sober-sides, as we passed along, suddenly pounced upon by an infuriated hen, whose egg she had doubtless stolen; and then began a combat as



fierce and angry as ever took place between old fishwives. The birds clutched each other by the throat, they pounded each other with their wings, they pegged away at each other's eyes, until at last their bills were locked together, and down they floundered to the water, where they kept on fighting still, until we pulled them into the boat and parted them, when Adam quickly wrung their necks, and soon after had them stewing in his pot, and made a meal of them.

Combats such as these were very frequent; and the shrieks of the fighting birds, the screams of other birds who seemed to be spoiling for a fight, the endless scoldings and chatterings that were going on between near neighbors, as they sat there stiff and straight upon their rocky shelves, — all mingled with and added to the ceaseless flutter of the wings of birds that were flying to and fro, — filled the air with a roaring sound, which, distinguishable at a distance of several miles, almost drowned our voices as we neared the cape.

But this was nothing to what we were to see, for the Doctor had it in his head to make a sensation. He proposed a shot, — not, as he said, to slaughter the innocents, but to give them a fright for my benefit. Accordingly, all our pieces being made ready, we fired them off in concert. The effect was wonderful. As the strange, wild echo of our guns rang from crag to crag, off from every ledge, from the top to the bottom of the lofty wall, and throughout its mile or more of length from end to end, the startled birds came with the rush of a tornado, — ten thousand, or perhaps a thousand times ten thousand, frightened, fluttering, screaming birds. It was an instantaneous rush, a wild leap into the air, — some darting upwards, some downwards, others in a zigzag course, and all in such rapid flight that they fairly whistled through the air, while down along the wall behind them, from ledge to ledge, came a perfect cataract of spattering eggs.

The number of birds that passed

over us was something almost incredible. They were so thick for a few moments that they cast a shadow like a cloud. They soon came down with a tremendous splash upon the sea, — all, at least, except a few of the bravest, which wheeled about and put back again before they had flown far. Upon the sea, however, they did not long remain, but, gaining courage, all swarmed back again to their rocky ledges, hastening to get upon their eggs once more before they cooled; and there, as we looked back with our glasses, we saw them in the distance, in long rows, bolt upright as they had been before, looking still more and more like soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, in solid column, on parade.

This cape passed, we were now fairly within a deep, wide bay or fiord. The coast on either side was tortuous and craggy; the land behind the coast was mountainous and white. The fiord was dotted with islands and was crowded with icebergs.

The scene was dreary past description, and grew more and more dreary as we went along; for the icebergs multiplied in number, and the smaller fragments covered the sea to such an extent that we were often compelled to pick a crooked passage, or to make a wide detour. And all the while, as we were thus pushing our way into this dreary wilderness, deafening sounds were pealing through the air, and reverberating from the cliffs; for masses of ice were, as described before, tumbling from the bergs on every side, while now and then a berg turned over in the sea, rolling the waves beneath us as if a gale of wind were piling up the waters.

To the dreariness of the scene a weird effect was added by the strange forms of the bergs as we passed them by. For in the clear, glittering ice were fashioned rude semblances of towers and spires, — of castles, and architectural designs of every sort, and beasts and birds and sphinx-like shapes, colossal as those of Thebes.



But a pleasant light was stealing through the ice-forest from the midnight sun, and the bergs reflected the hues of the sky and clouds above, — blue and purple and bright crimson, — while the water, as seen against the ice, was green. Its tender emerald hues were reflected up into the deep caverns, and underneath the overhanging shelves and tongues of the icy walls; and as the waves rolled into these caverns, and beneath these overhanging shelves, sometimes with a deep, resounding roar, the green light would come and go, and flutter as if it were a vapor playing there.

This play of light in the air and water was, however, of short duration; for a heavy cloud at length came trailing over us from the sea, at first winding gracefully about the crests of the icebergs, and then, after a while, settling down heavily upon the waters in a blinding mist.

And now the sounds of falling ice, which before could be traced to their source, came from out a gloom into which the eye could not penetrate. Mysterious darkness hung over the fiord, and it seemed as if mysterious voices were warning us away or enticing us to ruin.

And as I listened to these voices coming from the fog, (which appeared so heavy that the sun could never lift it,) and watched the angular and threatening masses and fragments of ice among which we were moving, and thought how frail was our little boat, and how merciless the ice, it seemed to me indeed that the voices might well be warnings of approaching evil, for in the event of a collision there was but a slender chance for us.

The Doctor was intent upon his duty of steering the boat, and he guided it with a skilful hand. Conversation was checked by the necessity for greater caution and watchfulness. I observed the Doctor's fine face attentively. His practised eye was quick to detect every new danger in time to avoid it, and I was charmed with the calmness and confidence of his whole demeanor.

Presently, however, his face wore an expression of intense earnestness. He peered into the dense fog-bank ahead of us with an eagerness which astonished me. Then his smooth, calm brow became suddenly knit; and, as it seemed to me, an impatient, angry shadow passed across his features. In an instant he jammed his helm hard down, and called sharply to Adam to "let go the sheets."

The boat came quickly to, but I could see no cause for this manœuvre. There was scarcely a piece of ice visible, and we were free, so far as I could see, from every source of danger, lying quietly upon the dark waters, the sails shaking and flapping in the wind.

But when I directed my eyes to the same quarter with Doctor Molke's, I was not long in detecting a moving object, vaguely looming through the murky air, and very near to us. The fog and the sea were so closely blended that there was no line of demarcation visible beyond the distance of a few yards, and the object, whatever it might be, seemed as if it were floating in the air, swaying from side to side, and steadily coming towards us. When it had arrived within about fifty yards, it wheeled to the left, and appeared to increase its speed.

Up to this time, whatever may have been the impression upon Doctor Molke's mind as to the nature of the apparition, I was certainly much puzzled, the thick atmosphere magnified it so immensely, and distorted its proportions in every way. The refraction of the fog apparently lifted it above the place where the imagination placed the line of water, and it might well have been taken for some huge winged creature from the skies, sweeping down upon us with threatening gestures.

I was not, however, long in doubt; for the moment the object wheeled, I detected, in the little shimmering line of light which lay above the water, the outlines of a boat, and the figure of a man, paddling through the mist.

At this instant the Doctor called loudly to the strange boatman to stop;

but he was evidently not so inclined, — holding steadily to his course, and apparently exerting himself to the utmost to hide himself again in the fog from which he had so suddenly appeared.

As soon as it became clear that the boatman would not stop in obedience to his summons, the Doctor dropped the tiller-ropes, and sprang to his feet; and before I knew what he was about, the sharp crack of a rifle stunned my ears, and went echoing among the icebergs that lay buried in the mist.

I saw the rifle-ball strike the water to the left of the boatman; and as my curiosity was keenly excited to know more of him, I was glad that no harm had as yet come to him. And in truth there was, on the Doctor's part, no present intention of hurting him. At least he said that the rifle had not been aimed. He had fired merely to "bring him to," — and it had that result very speedily; for the boat was wheeled about at once, and the boatman halted, facing us.

"Come here!" shouted the Doctor, in a peremptory tone of voice. Without further delay the boatman started towards us, — slowly, however, and cautiously.

The conduct of this boatman was wholly inexplicable to me, for there could be no doubt that he saw us, and also heard the summons of Dr. Molke. Why, then, was he seeking to avoid us? It seemed to me that the meeting of human beings in a place like this — lonely and full of danger — must be such an unusual event, that, under any circumstances, it would be welcome.

Why, on the other hand, the Doctor should manifest such great eagerness to speak to the man, when he was, with not less eagerness, striving to avoid us, I was equally at a loss to understand, the more especially as I could not see that the Doctor would in any possible way be the gainer by an interview.

I looked intently into the Doctor's face to see if that would help me to read the riddle.

Clearly Doctor Molke was not a man

in the habit of seeing his commands slighted; but there was more than this at the bottom of his undisguised displeasure. Besides, he must have too much sense, I thought, to be displeased merely because a wayfarer on the fiord might choose to pass him by, and go on about his business.

The effect was most remarkable as the boat approached us. From its immense size, and the constantly changing shape which it assumed in the dense fog, the figure dwindled down at length to human proportions, as it came near, — paddling to right and left. My interest was by this time raised to the highest pitch. There was something so strange in our situation and surroundings, that the introduction of this episode into the experiences of the day — the sudden appearance of a human being in this vast ice-forest and impenetrable mist, and the bringing him to our side a captive — added the fascination of mystery to the sense of novelty and surprise. The incident occurred most opportunely, for I had already made up my mind that with the closing down of the fog had come the end of our pleasant experiences, and, growing damp and chilly, was about to bury myself in the fur robes, and be patient.

But who and what was this mysterious boatman who was coming to us a captive? To give it the greater romance, I might have taken him for some pirate of the ice-forest, had the idea of icebergs and pirates been in any way capable of association. There was more reason for belief that he was some outlawed criminal, fleeing from the sight of man, and venturing abroad only when nature dropped a curtain behind which he might steal in safety; for when I got a fair view of his face, I found it altogether villanous; and yet one could not feel disposed to judge him by any common standard.

A more singular-looking creature it would be difficult to imagine. His boat itself was a curiosity to see, — the frailest thing, perhaps, that ever carried human freight; and yet, to the nautical

eye, its lines were beautiful, — gracefully curved and indicating speed. It had no keel, and rode upon the water with the lightness of a duck, turning about as easily, and shooting forwards or backwards without any apparent effort of the boatman. It was propelled and guided by a long oar, which the boatman grasped in the middle, and which had a blade at either end, neatly tipped and strengthened with ivory. The length of the boat was about twenty feet, and its width as many inches at the middle, from which it tapered to a sharp point at either end, where were ivory ornaments, as on the paddles, and an ivory cut-water, thin and sharp, like the blade of a knife. The frame of it was made of light wood, cunningly lashed together, and over this frame tanned seal-skins were stretched, and sewed with sinew thread in a perfect seam. The skins covered both the top and the bottom, leaving only a small hole at the centre, to admit the boatman's body to the waist. Around this hole was drawn firmly the lower margin of the boatman's outer coat, which, made of the same tanned leather as the boat itself, was surmounted with a hood which covered up the head and was brought tightly with a draw-string around the face before the ears, while the sleeves were fastened with other draw-strings about the wrists. There was not left a single orifice through which a drop of water could find its way either to the body of the man or inside his boat, no matter how much the waves might wash over him, — even burying man, boat, and all from sight.

The man and the boat were indeed one, — bound together, moving together, acting together in every way, and apparently possessed of the same life and will. Every movement was firm and free, through the lightness and gracefulness of the boat and the extraordinary strength of the boatman. His arms and shoulders were immense. The former were long and large; the latter were broad and square; while a tremendous chest gave a firm support to both.

I have said the face of the man was villanous; but I should rather say that it was savage, — savage in every feature, — coarse and unrestrained and strong, — full of passion and of energy; but whether naturally cruel I could not well make out.

His features showed plainly that he belonged to the same race as our pilot, Adam, and differed only in degree, — in being coarser in every particular. Everything that was marked in Adam's face was more marked in this mysterious boatman's. The face was something broader, the cheek-bones were more projecting, the jaws were heavier, the nose was flatter. The mouth was very large and very wide, the chin was small, and the lips were thick. The upper lip was long, and on this and the chin there were a few stiff black bristles; but upon no other part of the face was there any beard. As in all his race, the inner corners of the boatman's eyes were drawn down, giving the impression that the nose had tumbled from its natural fastenings, and had pulled the eyes a little out of place.

The whole aspect of the man, as he came paddling towards us in his little boat, with the water flying over him as he lifted up his oar on one side to dip it on the other, was therefore most forbidding; while the light and easy movement of the man and boat together was most attractive, and a charming sight to see.

Why he was coming, or rather had been brought, towards us, was of course what I wished to know; but the Doctor was so intent upon securing him, that I determined to postpone the solution of the mystery to some other time, — contenting myself with observing, before he came well in view, that I thought it "strange that he should desire to avoid us."

"O, not at all," said the Doctor, — "not at all; these Greenlanders are an odd race, and their whims are endless."

"He is, then, an Esquimaux?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes, and I should have told you

that before. But you see I took a fancy to speak with him, and I was busy about that. I did not want him to get away, you know. Not only is he an Esquimau, but an untamed one. We call him Sipsu the savage."

"The name, I think, of the person we are to visit, if I remember rightly."

"The very same, and this is the very man himself. You see I did well to send that ball after the fellow, for otherwise we should have missed him."

Sipsu came up looking very sullen, as he had abundant cause to do. When within a few yards of us, he backed water with his oar, and brought his boat to rest, almost with the suddenness of a skilful rider bringing up a horse on his haunches.

"Hallo, Sipsu!" cried the Doctor, as if not noticing his sullen looks; "I thought you did n't see us, and did n't hear me call, so I fired to let you know we were about."

Sipsu did not appear to see any joke in the firing of the gun, or pleasure in being near us; for he gave neither smile nor answer, and did not change a muscle of his sullen face.

"We are going up to see you," continued the Doctor. "Here is a stranger come in a big ship from a great country far away across the waters, and he wants to visit you. We are going up to your island."

The savage manifested no further signs of satisfaction than he had done before, merely nodding his head and saying "Ap" for "Yes," by way of signifying that he understood what was said to him.

"Where were you going to in such a hurry, Sipsu?" asked the Doctor.

"Catch seals," answered Sipsu, in a language which former experiences enabled me sufficiently to understand.

"And how long since you learned to catch seals without a harpoon?" inquired the Doctor, pointing to the place on the boat where the hunting implements belonged, and where there was nothing but a spear and line.

"Harpoon over there," said Sipsu, pointing with his oar.

"All right," replied the Doctor, "very good. Now, Sipsu, lead the way, while we follow after; and, mind, don't go too fast. If you hear me call, you had better stop at once."

The savage appeared to hesitate, and looked more sullen than ever.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the Doctor, in a louder voice.

At this the savage dipped his oar, and turned his boat up the fiord, and with two sturdy strokes shot his little craft ahead as if it were an arrow from a bow.

"Slow and easy," called the Doctor, after him, — "slow and easy"; — and Sipsu eased his stroke and proceeded quietly.

"A little angry just now at being disturbed," said the Doctor, in his usual quiet way, "but he'll soon cool off."

"Much bad man," exclaimed Adam, overhearing his master's words.

"Much mind your business, and get that jib tack aboard, or I'll much break your head," exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently.

Under the healthful stimulus of this warning, Adam and his fellows quickly performed their part of the preparations for getting under way; and we were soon once more standing up the fiord, Sipsu leading off, and, as he had been directed, adapting his movements to ours.

We had not far to go, for in less than half an hour a dark rock loomed through the thick atmosphere, and almost as soon as it was seen we were alongside of it and ashore. Sipsu pulled up near by, and, laying his boat close to the rock, he placed his paddle on it, and, with this to steady him, drew himself out of his cranky little boat; and then, seizing it with his right hand, he took it on his arm as one would take a market-basket, and started up the rocky slope, we following.

In a few moments we came to a large seal-skin tent; and on a great platform of flat stones, elevated on eight pillars of the same material, Sipsu placed his boat. This platform was about six feet from the ground,

and held a sledge, a great quantity of harpoons and spears and lines, and harness for dogs.

"Why were these things put there so carefully?"

"To keep the dogs from tearing them to pieces."

And indeed the looks of the dogs were in keeping with their destructive reputation. Savage and untamed, like their master, they came crowding round us, howling and snarling in a very threatening and disagreeable sort of way. There were about two or three dozen of them, of all sizes and colors; and, unlike those which I had usually seen in the country elsewhere, they were sleek and well fed, and looked as if they might whirl a sledge over the ice at a very rapid rate.

When Sipsu had put away his boat (*kayak* he called it), he took off his tanned seal-skin coat, and stood before us robed in shaggy furs; and now it was that, for the first time, the sullen lines of his face were crossed by any other expression. Suddenly he gave a broad and hideous grin, and proceeded to imitate a white man's custom by advancing towards me with an outstretched hand. For an instant I felt inclined to shrink as I would from the embrace of one of Du Chaillu's gorillas; but my repugnance to the savage did not make itself apparent; and, indeed, when he opened his mouth to speak, I found myself so much amused by what he said that I only remembered I was holding the hand of an exceedingly interesting and curious specimen of the human race.

"Why," said he to Doctor Molke, with an apparent heartiness, difficult, after the Doctor's recent treatment of him, to understand,—"why, it's as good as a big fat seal to see you, and better than a pile of eggs to see this other man! Who is he?"

Whereupon the Doctor told him; and then the savage invited us to enter his tent, himself leading the way.

"Here's an *intérieur* for you!" said the Doctor, as we entered.

And truly it was a curious one. Half

the floor (which was the smooth surface of the rock on which the tent was pitched) was raised a little above the other with flat stones; and on the edge of this raised place sat three women, dressed in shaggy furs like Sipsu, and having round coarse faces like Sipsu, and the same flat and tumble-down appearance generally of eyes and nose which distinguished the Sipsu countenance; and behind these three women, seven children had rooted and stowed themselves away in a nest of furs, as little pigs would root and stow themselves away in a well-littered sty, leaving their seven odd-shaped little heads only to be seen; and from these seven little heads fourteen little tumble-down eyes stared at us wildly.

These were Sipsu's seven children, and the three women were his wives.

Two of these women were watching lamps which were supported upon stones, and were smoking villanously beneath pots which hung suspended from the rafters of the tent. From these same rafters were dangling articles of dress and skins of birds and foxes. In the left-hand corner there was a pile of the same sort of materials; in the right-hand corner there was a litter of whining puppies; and directly in the centre there was the quarter of a seal, which the third woman was cutting into bits, and tossing into the pots which hung above the smoking lamps.

Curiosity satisfied, we were glad enough to get out into the open air again, and to look about a little. The tent was Sipsu's summer residence; but near by was his residence for the winter. This was simply a low, flat hut, built of stones and turf, and was evidently thought to be a great affair by its savage proprietor; but it did not possess sufficient attraction to tempt either of us within the entrance, where we should have been compelled to stoop very low, or crawl ten feet on our hands and knees, before reaching the doorway.

Passing this hut, we went on to a little lake of melted snow, around which

grew a fringe of moss and grass. Some snipe were flying about, which we were quick to bag; and we plucked some bright little flowers, which were growing there in a very doleful sort of way, and apparently unhappy. I thought they looked up into my face appealingly, but when I stuck them in my button-hole they did not seem so grateful, for they wilted away immediately.

There was no need to wander farther, for there was nothing more to see,—a mass of rough and rugged rocks as bare of life as the desert sands. But here, in spite of the desolation, the savage Sipsu lived and prospered, and here he was at home. A strange home, truly,—on a little rocky island in a wilderness of icebergs, and within the sound of their everlasting cannonade. Great icebergs towered above the island on every side, and great heaps of ice were piled along the beach. Yet myriads of birds were flying through the air, and seals in any number were playing in the sea. It was not difficult to see whence the savage Sipsu drew his supplies.

And his supplies were plentiful, as was shown on every hand. I asked him if he never came to want.

"Never."

"Did he always have everything he needed?"

"Always."

"What was the food he most relied upon?"

"Seals."

"The skins of what animals for clothes?"

"Seals."

"No others?"

"Bears and foxes."

"No more?"

"Sometimes birds."

The savage seemed indisposed to talk, but he would answer; so I kept up a fusillade of questions, determined, if I could, to draw him out.

"Why did he live upon this rocky island, away up here among the icebergs?"

"Because he liked to."

This might well have posed a mod-

est man; but I was not to be baffled thus.

"Why did he not go down where Doctor Molke lived?"

"Among the Christian folks?" asked Sipsu; and he grinned a horrid grin.

"Yes."

"I hate them."

"What, Doctor Molke here, and all?"

"No, not him; but all the rest of them";—and he laughed a savage laugh.

I could get little out of him; but, by keeping up the questions, I found (at least, that was what he told me) that he would not go down to where Doctor Molke lived, because, if he did, he would be obliged to give up two of his wives,—which he would never think of doing,—and to do what the missionary bade him,—which he would never, never do, for, if he did, he would "be as poor as all the rest of them."

"But was he not poor here?"

"No; who ever said he was? He always had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. His wives and children never wanted for anything, and nobody ever came there and went away with a hungry stomach."

"Do you think him a case for conversion?" asked the Doctor, laughing.

I had to own that I thought the man was fixed in a faith not easily shaken. His theory of life was deeply rooted; and he had clearly no doubt whatever that he had done his part, when he kept his wives and children well fed and clothed, and had a good supply of food laid up against an evil day, with blubber enough to wash it down, and to keep his lamps well going in the long, dark winter; and when, besides keeping himself and family in comfort, he could also give to any weary hunter who might pass that way food and shelter.

"One of your friends, I think you told me," said I to the Doctor, as we walked down towards the boat.

"Rather a sorry one, you think."

"Each to his taste; but I should hardly suppose the savage would quick-



ly forget that business in the fog, or be inclined to love you very deeply if such are your approaches to his heart."

"Ah," replied the Doctor, "he knows me of old; and if he does not, as is quite likely, love me very deeply, he has a wholesome fear of me, which is perhaps as well. Yet, after all, he has befriended me, and would serve me now, though in truth he has little cause to love me; and I really cannot help liking the fellow after a fashion. He is the most perfect type of his race that I have met with, and it is always something, at least, to get hold of a man with real character."

"Certainly, whether good or bad."

"Well," continued the Doctor, "there is not much of the good, according to our civilized notions, in this savage Sipsu, as several persons hereabouts can testify to their sorrow. He has all the savage virtues, if you know what they are, as well as savage resentment. It so happens that I am the only man who can do anything with him, and the only white man for whom he manifests the least attachment."

"I should not think," said I, "that sending balls about his head, as you did to-day, would be calculated to strengthen it."

The Doctor smiled, and said the fellow was rather used to it.

"What was his business in the fog?"

"That is what I should like to know myself, and is what I shall try to find out,—some villany, you may be sure. In such a fog hunters will never stir abroad on any pretext, for they are sure to lose their way; they cannot hunt, and are always in needless danger. But this savage finds his way through a fog in a most marvellous

manner, with the instinct of the sleuth-hound upon the scent."

By the time the Doctor had finished this not very flattering account of his friend, we had reached our landing-place, where Adam had found a patch of grass, and pitched our tent, and cooked a supper (or dinner, or breakfast, whatever it might be,—for, the sun being always up, we gave no thought to the time of day), and had ransacked Sophy's well-stored locker, and spread all the eatables and drinkables and smokables upon a huge flat rock near by. And to these things we did, as one may well suppose, full and ample justice.

Supper over, we crept into the tent, and stowed ourselves away in the furs we had brought with us, and, undisturbed by the ceaseless roar of the crumbling ice on every side, or by the damp and chilly fog, I slept as soundly as I had done before on the Doctor's "shake-down" in his Greenland lodge; and even more soundly, for I did not dream, as I had done there, of the man in the moon, nor indeed of anything. But before I fell asleep I could not but reflect how strange it was that a human being should from choice live in such an icy wilderness; and as I thought of my companion in the tent, and remembered my wonder on seeing him first in the lonely spot which he had chosen for his residence, and then recalled what I had seen of the strange relation existing between these two men,—the one a type of everything refined, the other a true savage,—both alone in solitary places, with all the evidences about them of their status in the social scale,—it seemed to me that I had come into a very land of wonders, and that they would never cease.



## THE COMBAT OF DIOMED AND MARS.

FROM HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK V.

THEN blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son  
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,  
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound  
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat  
Beneath the ample band of his round shield  
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.  
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb  
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid  
Her hand upon the chariot yoke, and said :

"Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself,  
For he, though low in stature, was most brave ;  
And when he went, an envoy and alone,  
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,  
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof  
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit  
Quietly at the feasts in palace halls,  
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave  
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won  
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid  
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn,  
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully  
To fight against the Trojans ; but to-day  
Either the weariness of toil unnerves  
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.  
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late,  
The offspring of CEnides skilled in war."

And then the valiant Diomed replied :  
"I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove,  
The ægis-bearer ; therefore will I speak  
Freely, and keep back nothing. No base fear  
Unmans me, nor desire of ease, but well  
I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.  
Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,  
Except that if Jove's daughter, Venus, joined  
The battle, I might wound her with my spear.  
But now I have withdrawn, and given command  
That all the Greeks come hither ; for I see  
That Mars is in the field, and leads the war."

Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said :  
"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,  
Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet  
From any other of the gods, for I  
Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course  
Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.  
Engage him hand to hand, respect him not,  
The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague  
Of man, the fickle god, who promised me

And Juno, lately, to take part with us  
Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.  
Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy."

She spoke, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,  
To draw him from the horses ; instantly  
He leaped to earth ; the indignant deity  
Took by the side of Diomed her place ;  
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight  
Of that great goddess and that man of might.  
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,  
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drove  
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew  
Huge Periphas, of all the Ætolian band  
The mightiest, and Ochesius' famous son.  
While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet  
About the slain, Minerva hid her face  
In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail  
To see her. As that curse of humankind  
Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,  
He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled  
Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his last,  
And came to meet the Grecian horse-tamer.  
And now, when they were near, and face to face,  
Mars o'er the chariot yoke and horses' reins  
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take  
His enemy's life ; but Pallas, with her hand,  
Caught and turned it, so that it flew by  
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed  
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,  
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist  
Where girded by the baldric. In that part  
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,  
And drew the weapon back. The furious god  
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,  
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.  
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,  
To hear that terrible cry of him whose love  
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood.

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled  
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds  
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars  
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud  
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home  
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove  
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed  
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,  
And thus, with wingéd words, complaining said :

"O Father Jupiter! does not thy wrath  
Rise at these violent deeds? 'T is ever thus  
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously  
From our own rivalry in favoring man ;  
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,

For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong,  
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest  
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount  
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.  
Her only thou hast never yet restrained  
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks  
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.  
And now she moves the insolent Diomed  
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.  
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,  
Contending hand to hand; and then he sought  
To encounter me in arms, as if he were  
The equal of a god. My own swift feet  
Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,  
In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,  
Or helplessly been mangled by his sword."

The cloud-compeller, Jove, replied and frowned:  
"Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.  
Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount  
I like thee least, who ever dost delight  
In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like  
Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.  
Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,  
And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due  
To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will  
That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share  
My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.  
Yet wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,  
To any other god, thou hadst long since  
Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command  
To heal the wound; and Pæon bathed the part  
With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed.  
For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice  
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,  
The fluid gathers into clots while yet  
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed  
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed  
The god, and robed him richly, and he took  
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars,  
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,  
With Pallas, her invincible ally,  
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

## OUR SECOND GIRL.

OUR establishment on Beacon Street had been for some days in a revolutionary state, owing to the fact that our second girl had gone from us into the holy estate of matrimony. Alice was a pretty, tidy, neat-handed creature, and, like many other blessings of life, so good as to be little appreciated while with us. It was not till she had left us that we began to learn that clean glass, bright silver, spotless and untumbled table-linen, and, in short, all the appetizing arrangements and appointments of our daily meals, were not always and in all hands matters of course.

In a day or two, our silver began to have the appearance of old pewter, and our glass looked as if nothing but muddy water could be found. On coming down to our meals, we found the dishes in all sorts of conversational attitudes on the table,—the meat placed diagonally, the potatoes crosswise, and the other vegetables scattered here and there,—while the table itself stood rakishly askant, and wore the air of a table slightly intoxicated.

Our beautiful china, moreover, began to have little chipped places in the edges, most unusual and distressing to our eyes; the handles vanished from our tea-cups, and here and there a small mouthful appeared to be bitten out of the nose of some pretty fancy pitchers, which had been the delight of my eyes.

Now, if there is anything which I specially affect, it is a refined and pretty table arrangement, and at our house for years and years such had prevailed. All of us had rather a weakness for china, and the attractions of the fragile world, as presented in the great crockery-stores, had been many times too much for our prudence and purse. Consequently we had all sorts of little domestic idols of the breakfast and dinner table,—Bohemian-glass drinking-mugs of antique shape, lovely bits of biscuit choicely moulded in classic patterns,

beauties, oddities, and quaintnesses in the way of especial teacups and saucers, devoted to different members of the family, wherein each took a particular and individual delight. Our especial china or glass pets of the table often started interesting conversations on the state of the plastic arts as applied to every-day life, and the charm of being encircled, even in the material act of feeding our mortal bodies, with a sort of halo of art and beauty.

All this time none of us ever thought in how great degree our feeling for elegance and refinement owed its gratification at the hour of meals to the care, the tidiness, and neat handling of our now lost and wedded Alice.

Nothing presents so forlorn an appearance as battered and neglected finery of any kind; and elegant pitchers with their noses knocked off, cut-glass with cracked edges, and fragments of artistic teacups and saucers on a tumbled table-cloth, have a peculiarly dismal appearance. In fact, we had really occasion to wonder at the perfectly weird and bewitched effect which one of our two Hibernian successors to the pretty Alice succeeded in establishing in our table department. Every caprice in the use and employment of dishes, short of serving cream in the gravy-boats and using the sugar-bowl for pickled oysters and the cream-pitcher for vinegar, seemed possible and permissible. My horror was completed one morning on finding a china hen, artistically represented as brooding on a nest, made to cover, not boiled eggs, but a lot of greasy hash, over which she sat so that her head and tail bewilderingly projected beyond the sides of the nest, instead of keeping lengthwise within it, as a respectable hen in her senses might be expected to do. There certainly is a great amount of native vigor shown by these untrained Hibernians in always finding an unexpected wrong way of doing the

simplest thing. It quite enlarges one's ideas of human possibilities.

In a paroxysm of vexation, I reviled matrimony and Murphy O'Connor, who had stolen our household treasure, and further expressed my griefs, as elder sons are apt to do, by earnest expostulations with the maternal officer on the discouraging state of things; declaring most earnestly, morning, noon, and night, that all was going to ruin, that everything was being spoiled, that nothing was even decent, and that, if things went on so much longer, I should be obliged to go out and board,—by which style of remark I nearly drove that long-suffering woman frantic.

"Do be reasonable, Tom," said she. "Can I *make* girls to order? Can I do anything more than try such as apply, when they seem to give promise of success? Delicacy of hand, neatness, nicety of eye, are not things likely to be cultivated in the Irish boarding-houses from which our candidates emerge. What chance have the most of them had to learn anything except the most ordinary rough housework? A trained girl is rare as a nugget of gold amid the sands of the washings; but let us persevere in trying, and one will come at last."

"Well, I hope, at any rate, you have sent off that Bridget," I said, in high disdain. "I verily believe, if that girl stays a week longer, I shall have to leave the house."

"Compose yourself," said my mother, "Bridget's bundle is made up, and she is going. I'm sorry for her too, poor thing; for she seemed anxious to keep the place."

At this moment the door-bell rang. "I presume that's the new girl whom they have sent round for me to see," said my mother.

I opened the door, and there in fact stood a girl dressed in a neat-fitting dark calico, with a straw bonnet, simply tied with some dark ribbon, and a veil which concealed her face.

"Is Mrs. Seymour at home?"

"She is."

"I was told that she wanted a girl."

"She does; will you walk in?"

I pique myself somewhat on the power of judging character, and there was something about this applicant which inspired hope; so that, before I introduced her into the room, I felt it necessary to enlighten my mother with a little of my wisdom. I therefore whispered in her ear, with the decisive tone of an eldest son, "I think, mother, this one will do; you had better engage her at once."

"Have you lived out much?" said my mother, commencing the usual inquiries.

"I have not, ma'am. I am but lately come to the city."

"Are you Irish?"

"No, ma'am; I am American."

"Have you been accustomed to the care of the table,—silver, glass, and china?"

"I think, ma'am, I understand what is necessary for that."

All this while the speaker remained standing with her veil down; her answers seemed to be the briefest possible; and yet, notwithstanding the homely plainness of her dress, there was something about her that impressed both my mother and me with an idea of cultivation and refinement above her apparent station,—there was a composure and quiet decision in her manner of speaking which produced the same impression on us both.

"What wages do you expect?" said my mother.

"Whatever you have been accustomed to give to a girl in that place will satisfy me," she said.

"There is only one thing I would like to ask," she added, with a slight hesitation and embarrassment of manner; "would it be convenient for me to have a room by myself?"

I nodded to my mother to answer in the affirmative.

The three girls who composed our establishment had usually roomed in one large apartment, but there was a small closet of a room which I had taken for books, fishing-rods, guns, and any miscellaneous property of my

own. I mentally turned these out, and devoted the room to the new-comer, whose appearance interested me.

And, as my mother hesitated, I remarked, with the assured tone of master of the house, that "certainly she could have a small room to herself."

"It is all I ask," she briefly answered. "In that case, I will come for the same wages you paid the last girl in my situation."

"When will you come?" said my mother.

"I am ready to come immediately. I only want time to go and order my things to be sent here."

She rose and left us, saying that we might expect her that afternoon.

"Well, sir," said my mother, "you seem to have taken it upon you to settle this matter on your own authority."

"My dear little mother," said I, in a patronizing tone, "I have an instinctive certainty that she will do. I wanted to make sure of a prize for you."

"But the single room."

"Never mind; I'll move all my traps out of the little third-story room. It's my belief that this girl or woman has seen better days; and if she has, a room to herself will be a necessity of her case, — poor thing!"

"I don't know," said my mother, hesitatingly, "I never wish to employ in my service those above their station, — they always make trouble; and there is something in this woman's air and manner and pronunciation that makes me feel as if she had been born and bred in cultivated society."

"Supposing she has," said I; "it's quite evident that she, for some reason, means to conform to this position. You seldom have a girl apply for work who comes dressed with such severe simplicity; her manner is retiring, and she seemed perfectly willing and desirous to undertake any of the things which you mentioned as among her daily tasks."

On the afternoon of that day our new assistant came, and my mother was delighted with the way she set herself

at work. The china-closet, desecrated and disordered in the preceding reigns of terror and confusion, immediately underwent a most quiet but thorough transformation. Everything was cleaned, brightened, and arranged with a system and thoroughness which showed, as my mother remarked, a good head; and all this was done so silently and quietly that it seemed like magic. By the time we came down to breakfast the next morning, we perceived that the reforms of our new prime-minister had extended everywhere. The dining-room was clean, cool, thoroughly dusted, and freshly aired; the table-cloth and napkins were smooth and clean; the glass glittered like crystal, and the silver wore a cheerful brightness. Added to this were some extra touches of refinement, which I should call table coquetry. The cold meat was laid out with green fringes of parsley; and a bunch of heliotrope, lemon verbena, and mignonette, with a fresh rose-bud, all culled from our little back-yard, stood in a wineglass on my mother's waiter.

"Well, Mary, you have done wonders," said my mother, as she took her place; "your arrangements restore appetite to all of us."

Mary received our praises with a gracious smile, yet with a composed gravity which somewhat puzzled me. She seemed perfectly obliging and amiable, yet there was a serious reticence about her that quite piqued my curiosity. I could not help recurring to the idea of a lady in disguise; though I scarcely knew to what circumstance about her I could attach the idea. So far from the least effort to play the lady, her dress was, in homely plainness, a perfect contrast to that of the girls who had preceded her. It consisted of strong dark-blue stuff, made perfectly plain to her figure, with a narrow band of white linen around her throat. Her dark-brown hair was brushed smoothly away from her face, and confined simply behind in a net; there was not the slightest pretension to coquetry in its arrangement; in fact, the object seemed



to be to get it snugly out of the way, rather than to make it a matter of ornament. Nevertheless, I could not help remarking that there was a good deal of it, and that it waved very prettily, notwithstanding the care that had been taken to brush the curl out of it.

She was apparently about twenty years of age. Her face was not handsome, but it was a refined and intelligent one. The skin had a sallown hue, which told of ill-health or of misfortune; there were lines of trouble about the eye; but the mouth and chin had that unmistakable look of firmness which speaks a person able and resolved to do a quiet battle with adverse fate, and to go through to the end with whatever is needed to be done, without fretfulness and without complaint. She had large, cool, gray eyes, attentive and thoughtful, and she met the look of any one who addressed her with an honest firmness; she seemed to be, in fact, simply and only interested to know and to do the work she had undertaken, — but what there might be behind and beyond that I could not conjecture.

One thing about her dress most in contrast with that of the other servants was that she evidently wore no crinoline. The exuberance of this article in the toilet of our domestics had become threatening of late, apparently requiring that the kitchens and pantries should be torn down and rebuilt. As matters were, our three girls never could be in our kitchen at one time without reefings and manœuvrings of their apparel which much impeded any other labor, and caused some loss of temper; and our china-closet was altogether too small for the officials who had to wash the china there, and they were constantly at odds with my mother for her firmness in resisting their tendency to carry our china and silver to the general *melée* of the kitchen sink. Moreover, our dining-room not having been constructed with an eye to modern expansions of the female toilet, it happened that, if our table was to be enlarged for guests, there arose seri-

ous questions of the waiter's crinoline to complicate the calculations; and for all these reasons, I was inclined to look with increasing wonder on a being in female form who could so far defy the tyranny of custom as to dress in a convenient and comfortable manner, adapted to the work which she undertook to perform. A good-looking girl without crinoline had a sort of unworldly freshness of air that really constituted a charm. If it had been a piece of refined coquetry, — as certainly it was not, — it could not have been better planned.

Nothing could be more perfectly proper than the demeanor of this girl in relation to all the proprieties of her position. She seemed to give her whole mind to it with an anxious exactness; but she appeared to desire no relations with the family other than those of a mere business character. It was impossible to draw her into conversation. If a good-natured remark was addressed to her on any subject such as in kindly disposed families is often extended as an invitation to a servant to talk a little with an employer, Mary met it with the briefest and gravest response that was compatible with propriety, and with a definite and marked respectfulness of demeanor which had precisely the effect of throwing us all at a distance, like ceremonious politeness in the intercourse of good society.

"I cannot make out our Mary," said I to my mother; "she is a perfect treasure, but who or what do you suppose she is?"

"I cannot tell you," said my mother. "All I know is, she understands her business perfectly, and does it exactly; but she no more belongs to the class of common servants than I do."

"Does she associate with the other girls?"

"Not at all — except at meal-times, and when about her work."

"I should think that would provoke the pride of sweet Erin," said I.

"One would think so," said my mother, "but she certainly has managed her relations with them with a curious kind

of tact. She always treats them with perfect consideration and politeness, talks with them during the times that they necessarily are thrown together in the most affable and cheerful manner, and never assumes any airs of supremacy with them. Her wanting a room to herself gave them at first an idea that she would hold herself aloof from them, and in fact, for the first few days, there was a subterranean fire in the kitchen ready to burst forth; but now all that is past, and in some way or other, without being in the least like any of them, she has contrived to make them her fast friends. I found her last night in the kitchen writing a letter for the cook, and the other day she was sitting in her room trimming a bonnet for Katy; and her opinion seems to be law in the kitchen. She seldom sits there, and spends most of her leisure in her own room, which is as tidy as a bee's cell."

"What is she doing there?"

"Reading, sewing, and writing, as far as I can see. There are a few books, and a portfolio, and a small inkstand there,—and a neat little work-basket. She is very nice with her needle, and obliging in putting her talents to the service of the other girls; but towards me she is the most perfectly silent and reserved being that one can conceive. I can't make conversation with her; she keeps me off by a most frigid respectfulness of demeanor which seems to say that she wants nothing from me but my orders. I feel that I could no more ask her a question about her private affairs, than I could ask one of Mrs. McGregor in the next street. But then it is a comfort to have some one so entirely trustworthy as she is in charge of all the nice little articles which require attention and delicate handling. She is the only girl I ever had whom I could trust to arrange a parlor and a table without any looking after. Her eye and hand, and her ideas, are certainly those of a lady, whatever her position may have been."

In time our Mary became quite a family institution for us, seeming to

fill a thousand little places in the domestic arrangement where a hand or an eye was needed. She was deft at mending glass and china, and equally so at mending all sorts of household things. She darned the napkins and table-cloths in a way that excited my mother's admiration, and was always so obliging and ready to offer her services, that, in time, a resort to Mary's work-basket and ever-ready needle became the most natural thing in the world to all of us. She seemed to have no acquaintance in the city, never went out visiting, received no letters,—in short, seemed to live a completely isolated life, and to dwell in her own thoughts in her solitary little room.

By that talent for systematic arrangement which she possessed, she secured for herself a good many hours to spend there. My mother, seeing her taste for reading, offered her the use of our books; and one volume after another spent its quiet week or fortnight in her room, and returned to our shelves in due time. They were mostly works of solid information,—history, travels,—and a geography and atlas which had formed part of the school outfit of one of the younger children she seemed interested to retain for some time. "It is my opinion," said my mother, "that she is studying,—perhaps with a view to get some better situation."

"Pray keep her with us," said I, "if you can. Why don't you raise her wages? You know that she does more than any other girl ever did before in her place, and is so trustworthy that she is invaluable to us. Persons of her class are worth higher wages than common uneducated servants."

My mother accordingly did make a handsome addition to Mary's wages, and by the time she had been with us a year the confidence which her quiet manner had inspired was such, that, if my mother wished to be gone for a day or two, the house, with all that was in it, was left trustingly in Mary's hands, as with a sort of housekeeper. She was charged with all the last directions, as well as the keys to the jel-

lies, cakes, and preserves, with discretionary power as to their use; and yet, for some reason, such was the ascendancy she contrived to keep over her Hibernian friends in the kitchen, all this confidence evidently seemed to them quite as proper as to us.

"She ain't quite like us," said Biddy one day, mysteriously, as she looked after her. "She's seen better days, or I'm mistaken; but she don't take airs on her. She knows how to take the bad luck quiet like, and do the best she can."

"Has she ever told you anything of herself, Biddy," said my mother.

"Me? No. It's a quiet tongue *she* keeps in her head. She is ready enough to do good turns for us, and to smooth out our ways, and hear our stories, but it's close in her own affairs she is. Maybe she don't like to be talkin', when talkin' does no good, — poor soul!"

Matters thus went on, and I amused myself now and then with speculating about Mary. I would sometimes go to her to ask some of those little charities of the needle which our sex are always needing from feminine hands; but never, in the course of any of these little transactions, could I establish the slightest degree of confidential communication. If she sewed on a shirt-button, she did it with as abstracted an air as if my arm were a post which she was required to handle, and not the arm of a good-looking youth of twenty-five, — as I fondly hoped I was. And certain remarks which I once addressed to her in regard to her studies and reading in her own apartment were met with that cool, wide-open gaze of her calm gray eyes, that seemed to say, "Pray, what is that to your purpose, sir?" and she merely answered, "Is there anything else that you would like me to do, sir?" with a marked deference that was really defiant.

But one day I fancied I had got hold of a clew. I was standing in our lower front hall, when I saw young McPherson, whom I used to know in New York, coming up the door-steps.

At the moment that he rung the door-bell, our Mary, who had seen him from the chamber window, suddenly grew pale, and said to my mother, "Please, ma'am, will you be so good as to excuse my going to the door? I feel faint."

My mother spoke over the banisters, and I opened the door, and let in McPherson.

He and I were jolly together, as old classmates are wont to be, and orders were given to lay a plate for him at dinner.

Mary prepared the service with her usual skill and care, but pleaded that her illness increased so that it would be impossible for her to wait on table. Now, nobody in the house thought there was anything peculiar about this but myself. My mother, indeed, had noticed that Mary's faintness had come on very suddenly, as she looked out on the street; but it was I who suggested to her that McPherson might have some connection with it.

"Depend upon it, mother, he is somebody whom she has known in her former life, and does n't wish to meet," said I.

"Nonsense, Tom; you are always getting up mysteries, and fancying romances."

Nevertheless, I took a vicious pleasure in experimenting on the subject; and therefore, a day or two after, when I had got Mary fairly within eye-range, as she waited on table, I remarked to my mother carelessly, "By the by, the McPhersons are coming to Boston to live."

There was a momentary jerk of Mary's hand, as she was filling a tumbler, and then I could see the restraint of self-command passing all over her. I had hit something, I knew; so I pursued my game.

"Yes," I continued, "Jim is here to look at houses; he is thinking strongly of one in the next block."

There was a look of repressed fear and distress on Mary's face as she hastily turned away, and made an errand into the china-closet.

"I have found a clew," I said to my mother, triumphantly, going to her room after dinner. "Did you notice Mary's agitation when I spoke of the McPhersons coming to Boston? By Jove! but the girl is plucky though; it was the least little start, and in a minute she had her visor down and her armor buckled. This certainly becomes interesting."

"Tom, I certainly must ask you what business it is of yours," said my mother, settling back into the hortatory attitude familiar to mothers. "Supposing the thing is as you think,—suppose that Mary is a girl of refinement and education, who, from some unfortunate reason, has no resource but her present position,—why should you hunt her out of it? If she is, as you think, a lady, there is the strongest reason why a gentleman should respect her feelings. I fear the result of all this restless prying and intermeddling of yours will be to drive her away; and really, now I have had her, I don't know how I ever could do without her. People talk of female curiosity," said my mother, with a slightly belligerent air. "I never found but men had fully as much curiosity as women. Now, what will become of us all if your restlessness about this should be the means of Mary's leaving us? You know the perfectly dreadful times we had before she came, and I don't know anybody who has less patience to bear such things than you."

In short, my mother was in that positive state of mind which is expressed by the colloquial phrase of being on her high horse. I—as the male part of creation always must in such cases—became very meek and retiring, and promised to close my eyes and ears, and not dream, or think, or want to know, anything which it was not agreeable to Mary and my mother that I should. I would not look towards the door-bell, nor utter a word about the McPhersons, who, by the by, decided to take the house in our neighborhood.

But though I was as exemplary as

one of the saints, it did no good. Mary, for some reasons known to herself, became fidgety, nervous, restless, and had frequent headaches and long crying spells in her own private apartment, after the manner of women when something is the matter with them.

My mother was, as she always is with every creature in her employ, maternal and sympathetic, and tried her very best to get into her confidence.

Mary only confessed to feeling a little unwell, and hinted obscurely that perhaps she should be obliged to leave the place. But it was quite evident that her leaving was connected with the near advent of the McPhersons in the next block; for I observed that she always showed some little, irrepressible signs of nervousness whenever that subject was incidentally alluded to. Finally, on the day that their furniture began to arrive, and to provide abundant material for gossip and comment to the other members of the kitchen cabinet, Mary's mind appeared suddenly made up. She came into my mother's room looking as a certain sort of women do when they have made a resolution which they mean to stand by,—very pale, very quiet, and very decided. She asked to see my mother alone, and in that interview she simply expressed gratitude for all her kindness to her, but said that circumstances would oblige her to go to New York.

My mother now tried her best to draw from her her history, whatever that might be. She spoke with tact and tenderness, and with the respect due from one human being to another; for my mother always held that every soul has its own inviolable private door which it has a right to keep closed, and at which even queens and duchesses, if they wish to enter, must knock humbly and reverently.

Mary was almost overcome by her kindness. She thanked her over and over; at times my mother said she looked at her wistfully, as if on the very point of speaking, and then, quiet-

ly gathering herself within herself, she remained silent. All that could be got from her was, that it was necessary for her hereafter to live in New York.

The servants in the kitchen, with the warm-heartedness of their race, broke out into a perfect Irish howl of sorrow; and at the last moment, Biddy, our fat cook, fell on her neck, and lifted up her voice and wept, almost smothering her with her tumultuous embraces; and the whole party of them would go with her to the New York station, one carrying her shawl, another her hand-bag and parasol, with emulous affection; and so our very pleasant and desirable second girl disappeared, and we saw her no more.

Six months after this, when our Mary had become only a memory of the past, I went to spend a week or two in Newport, and took, among other matters and things, a letter of introduction to Mrs. McIntyre, a Scotch lady, who had just bought a pretty cottage there, and, as my friend who gave it told me, would prove an interesting acquaintance.

"She has a pretty niece," said he, "who I'm told is heiress to her property, and is called a very nice girl."

So, at the proper time, I lounged in one morning, and found a very charming, cosey, home-like parlor, arranged with all those little refined touches and artistic effects by which people of certain tastes and habits at once recognize each other in all parts of the world, as by the tokens of freemasonry. I felt perfectly acquainted with Mrs. McIntyre from the first glance at her parlor,—where the books, the music, the birds, the flowers, and that everlasting variety of female small-work prepared me for a bright, chatty, easy-going, home-loving kind of body, such as I found Mrs. McIntyre to be. She was, as English and Scotch ladies are apt to be, very oddly dressed in very nice and choice articles. It takes the eye of the connoisseur to appreciate these oddly dressed Englishwomen. They are like antique china; but a discriminating eye soon sees the real

quality that underlies their quaint adornment. Mrs. McIntyre was scrupulously, exquisitely neat. All her articles of dress were of the choicest quality. The yellow and tumbled lace that was fussed about her neck and wrists might have been the heirloom of a countess; her satin gown, though very short and very scanty, was of a fabulous richness; and the rings that glittered on her withered hands were of the fashion of two centuries ago, but of wonderful brilliancy.

She was very gracious in her reception, as my letter was from an old friend, and said many obliging things of me; so I was taken at once to her friendship, with the frankness characteristic of people of her class when they make up their minds to know you at all.

"I must introduce you to my Mary," she said; "she has just gone into the garden to cut flowers for the vases."

In a moment more, "Mary" entered the room, with a little white apron full of flowers, and a fresh bloom on her cheeks; and I was—as the reader has already anticipated—to my undisguised amazement, formally introduced to Miss Mary McIntyre, our second girl.

Of all things for which I consider women admirable, there is no trait which fills me with such positive awe as their social tact and self-command. Evidently this meeting was quite as unexpected to Mary as to me; but except for a sudden flash of amused astonishment in the eyes, and a becoming flush of complexion, she met me as any thorough-bred young lady meets a young man properly presented by her maternal guardian.

For my part, I had one of those dreamy periods of existence in which people doubt whether they are awake or asleep. The world seemed all turning topsy-turvy. I was filled with curiosity, which I could with difficulty keep within the limits of conventional propriety.

"I see, Mr. Seymour, that you are very much astonished," said Mary to

me, when Mrs. McIntyre had left the room to give some directions to the servants.

"Upon my word," said I, "I never was more so; I feel as if I were in the midst of a fairy tale."

"Nothing so remarkable as that," she said. "But since I saw you a happy change, as I need not tell you now, has come over my life through the coming of my mother's sister to America. When my mother died, my aunt was in India. The letters that I addressed to her in Scotland were a long time in reaching her, and then it took a long time for her to wind up her affairs there, and find her way to this country."

"But," said I, "what could —"

"What could induce me to do as I did? Well, I knew your mother's character,—no matter how. I needed a support and protection, and I resolved for a time to put myself under her wing. I knew that in case of any real trouble I should find in her a true friend and a safe adviser, and I hoped to earn her esteem and confidence by steadily doing my duty. Some other time, perhaps, I will tell you more," she added.

The return of Mrs. McIntyre put an end to our private communication, but she insisted, with true old-world hospitality, on my remaining to dinner.

Here I was precipitated into a romance at once. Mary had just enough of that perverse feminine pleasure in teasing to keep my interest alive. The fact was, she saw me becoming entangled from day to day without any more misgivings of conscience than the celebrated spider of the poem felt when she invited the fly to walk into her parlor.

Mrs. McIntyre took me in a very marked way into her good graces, and I had every opportunity to ride, walk, sketch, and otherwise to attend upon Mary; and Mary was gracious also, but so quietly and discreetly mistress of herself that I could not for the life of me tell what to make of her. There

were all sorts of wonders and surmises boiling up within me. What was it about McPherson? Was there anything there? Was Mary engaged? Or was there any old affair? &c., &c. Not that it was any business of mine; but then a fellow likes to know his ground before — Before *what*? I thought to myself, and that unknown *WHAT* every day assumed new importance in my eyes. Mary had many admirers. Her quiet, easy, self-possessed manners, her perfect tact and grace, always made her a favorite; but I could not help hoping that between her and me there was that confidential sense of a mutually kept secret which it is delightful to share with the woman you wish to please.

Why won't women sometimes enlighten a fellow a little in this dark valley that lies between intimate acquaintance and the awful final proposal? To be sure there are kind souls who will come more than halfway to meet you, but they are always sure to be those you don't want to meet. The woman *you want* is always as reticent as a nut, and leaves you the whole work of this last dread scene without a bit of help on her part. To be sure, she smiles on you; but what of that? You see she smiles also on Tom, Dick, and Harry.

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike;  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

I fought out a battle of two or three weeks with my fair foe, trying to get in advance some hint from her as to what she would do with me if I put myself at her mercy. No use. Our sex may as well give up first as last before one of these quiet, resolved, little pieces of femininity, who are perfect mistresses of all the peculiar weapons, defensive and offensive, of womanhood. There was nothing for it but to surrender at discretion; but when I had done this, I was granted all the honors of war. Mrs. McIntyre received me with an old-fashioned maternal blessing, and all was as happy as possible.

"And now," said Mary, "I suppose,



sir, you will claim a right to know all about me."

"Something of the sort," I said complacently.

"I know you have been dying of curiosity ever since I was waiting behind your lordship's chair at your mother's. I knew you suspected something then,—confess now."

"But what could have led you there?"

"Just hear. My mother, who was Mrs. McIntyre's sister, had by a first marriage only myself. Shortly after my father's death, she married a widower with several children. As long as she lived, I never knew what want or care or trouble was; but just as I was entering upon my seventeenth year she died. A year after her death, my step-father, who was one of those men devoted to matrimony at all hazards, married another woman, by whom he had children.

"In a few years more, he died; and his affairs, on examination, proved to be in a very bad state; there was, in fact, scarcely anything for us to live on. Our step-mother had a settlement from her brother. The two other daughters of my father were married, and went to houses of their own; and I was left, related really to nobody, without property and without home.

"I suppose hundreds of young girls are from one reason or other left just in this way, and have, without any previous preparation in their education and habits, to face the question, *How can I get a living?*"

"I assure you it is a serious question for a young girl who has grown up in the easy manner in which I had. My step-father had always been a cheery, kindly, generous man, one of those who love to see people enjoy themselves, and to have things done handsomely, and had kept house in a free, abundant, hospitable manner; so that when I came to look myself over in relation to the great uses of life, I could make out very little besides expensive tastes and careless habits.

"I had been to the very best schools, but then I had studied, as most girls

in easy circumstances do, without a thought of using my knowledge for any practical purpose. I could speak very fair English; but how I did it, or why, I didn't know,—all the technical rules of grammar had passed from my head like a dream. I could play a little on the piano, and sing a few songs; but I did not know enough of music to venture to propose myself as a teacher; and so with every other study. All the situations of profit in the profession of teaching are now crowded and blocked by girls who have been studying for that express object,—and what could I hope among them?

"My mother-in-law was a smart, enterprising, driving woman of the world, who told all her acquaintance that, of course, she should give me a home, although I was no kind of relation to her, and who gave me to understand that I was under infinite obligations to her on this account, and must pay for the privilege by making myself generally useful. I soon found that this meant doing a servant's work without wages. During six months I filled, I may say, the place of a seamstress and nursery-governess to some very ungoverned children, varying with occasional weeks of servant's work, when either the table-girl or the cook left a place vacant. For all this I received my board, and some cast-off dresses and underclothes to make over for myself. I was tired of this, and begged my step-mother to find me some place where I could earn my own living. She was astonished and indignant at the demand. When Providence had provided me a good home, under respectable protection, she said, why should I ask to leave it? For her part, she thought the situation of a young lady making herself generally useful in domestic life, in the family of her near connections, was a delightful one. She had no words to say how much more respectable and proper it was thus to live in the circle of family usefulness and protection, than to go out in the world looking for employment.

"I did not suggest to her that the

chief difference in the cases would be, that in a hired situation I should have regular wages and regular work; whereas in my present position it was irregular work, and no wages.

"Her views on the subject were perhaps somewhat beclouded by the extreme convenience she found in being able to go into company, and to range about the city at all hours, unembarrassed by those family cares which generally fall to the mistress, but which her views of what constituted general usefulness devolved upon me.

"I had no retirement, no leisure, no fixed place anywhere. My bed was in the nursery, where the children felt always free to come and go; and even this I was occasionally requested to resign, to share the couch of the housemaid, when sickness in the family or a surplus of guests caused us to be crowded for room.

"I grew very unhappy, my health failed, and the demands upon me were entirely beyond my strength, and without any consideration. The doer of all the odds and ends in a family has altogether the most work and least praise of any, as I discovered to my cost. I found one thing after another falling into my long list of appointed duties, by a regular progress. Thus, first it would be, 'Mary, won't you see to the dusting of the parlors?' for Bridget is, &c., &c.; this would be the form for a week or two, and then, 'Mary, have you dusted the parlors?' and at last, 'Mary, why have you not dusted the parlors?'

"As I said, I never studied anything to practical advantage; and though I had been through arithmetic and algebra, I had never made any particular use of my knowledge. But now, under the influence of misfortune, my thoughts took an arithmetical turn. By inquiring among the servants, I found that, in different families in the neighborhood, girls were receiving three dollars a week for rendering just such services as mine. Here was a sum of a hundred and fifty-six dollars yearly, in ready money, put into their hands, be-

sides their board, the privilege of knowing their work exactly, and having a control of their own time when certain definite duties were performed. Compared with what I was doing and receiving, this was riches and ease and rest.

"After all, I thought to myself, why should not I find some respectable, superior, motherly woman, and put myself under her as a servant, make her my friend by good conduct, and have some regular hours and some definite income, instead of wearing out my life in service without pay? Nothing stood in my way but the traditionary shadow of gentility, and I resolved it should not stop me.

"Years before, when I was only eight or ten years old, I had met your mother with your family at the seaside, where my mother took me. I had seen a great deal of her, and knew all about her. I remembered well her habitual consideration for the nurses and servants in her employ. I knew her address in Boston, and I resolved to try to find a refuge in her family. And so there is my story. I left a note with my step-mother, saying that I was going to seek independent employment, and then went to Boston to your house. There I hoped to find a quiet asylum,—at least, till I could hear from my aunt in Scotland. The delay of hearing from her during those two years at your house often made me low-spirited."

"But what made you so afraid of McPherson?" said I, nervously. "I remember your faintness, and all that, the day he called."

"O, that? Why, it was merely this,—they were on intimate visiting terms with my mother-in-law, and I knew that it would be all up with my plans if they were to be often at the house."

"Why did n't you tell my mother?" said I.

"I did think of it, but then—" She gave me a curious glance.

"But what, Mary?"

"Well, I could see plainly enough

that there were no secrets between you and her, and I did not wish to take so fine a young gentleman into my confidence," said Mary. "You will observe I was not out seeking flirtations, but an honest independence."

My mother was apprised of our engagement in due form, and came to Newport, all innocence, to call on Miss McIntyre, her intended daughter-in-law. Her astonishment at the mo-

ment of introduction was quite satisfactory to me.

For the rest, Mary's talents in making a home agreeable have had since then many years of proof; and where any of the little domestic chasms appear which are formed by the shifting nature of the American working class, she always slides into the place with a quiet grace, and reminds me, with a humorous twinkle of the eye, that she is used to being second girl.

## OLDPORT WHARVES.

EVERY one who comes to a wharf feels an impulse to follow it down, and look from the end. There is a fascination about it. It is the point of contact between land and sea. A bridge evades the water, and unites land with land, as if there were no obstacle. But a wharf seeks the water, and lays its solid hand within its bed. It is the sign of a lasting friendship; once extended, there it remains; the water embraces it, takes it into its tumultuous bosom at high tide, leaves it in peace when the tide recedes, rushes back to it eagerly again, plays with it in sunshine, surges round it in storm, almost crushing the massive toy. But the pledge once given is never withdrawn. Buildings may rise and fall, but a solid wharf is almost indestructible. Even if it seems destroyed, its materials are all there. This shore might be swept away, these piers be submerged or dashed asunder, still every brick and stone would remain. Half the wharves of Oldport were ruined in the great storm of 1815. Yet not one of them has stirred from the place where it lay; its foundations have only spread more widely and firmly; they are a part of the very pavement of the harbor, submarine mountain ranges, on one of which yonder schooner now lies aground. Thus

the wild ocean only punished itself, and has been embarrassed for half a century, like many another mad profligate, by the wrecks of what it ruined.

Yet the surges are wont to deal very tenderly with these wharves. In summer the sea decks them with floating weeds, and studs them with an armor of shells. In the winter it surrounds them with a smoother mail of ice, and the detached piles stand white and gleaming, like the out-door palace of a Russian queen. How softly and eagerly this coming tide swirls round them! All day the fishes haunt their shadows; all night the phosphorescent water glimmers by them, and washes with long reflux waves along their sides, decking their blackness with a spray of stars.

Water is the natural outlet to every landscape, and when we have followed down this artificial promontory, and have seen the waves on three sides of us, we have taken the first step toward circumnavigating the globe. This is our last *terra firma*. One step farther, and there is but a deck, which tilts and totters beneath our feet. A wharf, therefore, is neutral ground for all. It is a silent hospitality, understood by all nations. It is in some sort a thing of universal ownership. Having once built it, you must grant

its use to all; it is no trespass to land upon any man's wharf.

The sea, like other beautiful savage creatures, derives most of its charm from its reserves of untamed power. When a wild animal is subdued to abjectness, all its interest is gone. The ocean is never thus humiliated. So slight an advance of its waves would overwhelm us, if only the restraining power once should fail, and the water keep on rising! Even here, in these safe haunts of commerce, we deal with the same salt tide which I myself have seen ascend above these piers, and which within half a century drowned a whole family in their home upon our Long Wharf. It is still the same ungoverned ocean which twice in every twenty-four hours reasserts its right of way, and stops only where it will. At Monckton, on the Bay of Fundy, the wharves are built forty feet high, and at ebb-tide you may look down on the schooner lying aground upon the mud below. In six hours they will be floating at your side. But the motions of the tide are as resistless whether its rise be six feet or forty; as in the lazy stretching of the caged lion's paw you can see all the terrors of his spring.

Our principal wharf, the oldest in the town, has lately been doubled in size, and quite transformed in shape, by an importation of broad acres from the country. It is now what is called "made land"; a manufacture which has grown so easy, that I daily expect to see some enterprising contractor set up endwise a bar of railroad iron, and construct a new planet at its summit, which shall presently go spinning off into space and be called an asteroid. There are some people whom it would be pleasant to colonize in that way; but meanwhile the unchanged southern side of the pier seems pleasant, with its boat-builders' shops, all facing sunward, — a cheerful haunt upon a winter's day. On the early maps this wharf appears as "Queen-Hithe," a name more graceful than its present cognomen. "Hithe" or "Hythe" signifies a small harbor, and is the final

syllable of many English names, as of Lambeth. Hythe is also one of those Cinque-Ports of which the Duke of Wellington was warden. This wharf was probably still familiarly called Queen - Hithe in 1781, when Washington and Rochambeau walked its length bareheaded between the ranks of French soldiers; and it doubtless bore that name when Dean Berkeley arrived in 1729, and the Rev. Mr. Honyman and all his flock closed hastily the church service, and hastened to the landing to receive their guest. But it had lost this name ere those days, yet remembered by aged men, when the Long Wharf became a market. Beeves were then driven thither and tethered, while each hungry applicant marked with a piece of chalk upon the creature's side the desired cut; when a sufficient portion had been thus secured, the sentence of death was issued. Fancy the chalk a live coal, or the beast endowed with human consciousness, and no Indian or inquisitorial tortures could have been more fearful.

To enter the strange little black warehouses which cover most of our smaller wharves appears like visiting the houses at Pompeii. They are so old and so small, it seems as if some race of pygmies must have built them. Though they are two or three stories high, with steep gambrel-roofs, and heavily timbered, their rooms are yet so low that a man six feet high can hardly stand upright beneath the great cross-beams. There is a row of these structures, for instance, described on a map of 1762 as "the old buildings on Lopez' Wharf," and to which another century has probably brought very little change. Lopez was a Portuguese Jew, who came to this place, with several hundred others, after the Lisbon earthquake of 1755. He is said to have owned eighty square-rigged vessels in this port, from which no such craft now sails. His little counting-room is in the second story; its wall-timbers are of oak, and are still sound; the few remaining planks are grained to resemble rosewood and mahogany;

the fragments of wall-paper are of English make. In the cross-beam, just above your head, are the pigeon-holes once devoted to different vessels, whose names are still recorded above them on faded paper, — "Ship Cleopatra," "Brig Juno," and the like. Many of these vessels measured less than two hundred tons, and it seems as if their owner had built his ships to match the size of his counting-room.

A sterner tradition clings around an old building on a remoter wharf; for men have but lately died who had seen slaves pass within its doors for confinement. The wharf in those days appertained to a distillery, a trade then constantly connected with the slave-trade, rum being sent to Africa, and human beings brought back. Occasionally a cargo was landed here, instead of being sent to the West Indies or to South Carolina, and this building was fitted up for their temporary storage. It is but some twenty-five feet square, and must be less than thirty feet in height, yet it is divided into three stories, of which the lowest was used for other purposes, and the two upper were reserved for slaves. There still are to be seen the barred partitions and latticed door, making half the second story into a sort of cage, while the agent's room appears to have occupied the other half. A similar latticed door — just such as I have seen in Southern slave-pens — secures the foot of the upper stairway. The whole small attic constitutes a single room, with a couple of windows, and two additional breathing-holes, two feet square, opening on the yard. It makes one sick to think of the poor creatures who may once have gripped those bars with their hands, or have glared with eager eyes between them; and it makes me recall with delight the day when I once wrenched away the stocks and chains from the floor of a pen like this, on the St. Mary's River. It is almost forty years since this distillery became a mill, and sixty since the slave-trade was abolished. The date "1803" is scrawled upon the door of the cage, — the very year when the port of Charles-

ton was reopened for slaves, just before the traffic ceased. A few years more, and such horrors will seem as remote a memory in South Carolina, thank God! as in Rhode Island.

Other wharves are occupied by mast-yards, places that seem like play-rooms for grown men, crammed fuller than any old garret with those odds and ends in which the youthful soul delights. There are planks and spars and timber, broken rudders, rusty anchors, coils of rope, bales of sail-cloth, heaps of blocks, piles of chain-cable, great iron tar-kettles like antique helmets, strange machines for steaming planks, inexplicable little chimneys, engines that seem like dwarf-locomotives, windlasses that apparently turn nothing, and incipient canals that lead nowhere. For in these yards there seems no particular difference between land and water; the tide comes and goes anywhere, and nobody minds it; boats are drawn up among burdocks and ambrosia, and the platform on which you stand suddenly proves to be something afloat. Vessels are hauled upon the ways, each side the wharf, their poor ribs pitifully unclothed, ready for a cumbrous mantua-making of oak and iron. On one side, within a floating boom, lies a fleet of masts and unhewn logs, tethered uneasily, like captured whales, and rocking in the ripples. A vast shed, that has doubtless looked ready to fall for these dozen years, spreads over half the entrance to the wharf, and is filled with spars, knee-timber, and planks of fragrant wood; its uprights are festooned with all manner of great hawsers and smaller ropes, and its dim loft is piled with empty casks and idle sails. The sun always seems to shine in a ship-yard; there are apt to be more loungers than laborers, and this gives a pleasant air of repose; the neighboring water softens all harsher sounds, the foot treads upon an elastic carpet of embedded chips, and pleasant resinous odors are in the air.

Then there are wharves quite abandoned by commerce, and given over to small tenements, filled with families

so abundant, that they might dispel the fears of those alarmists who suspect that children are ceasing to be born. Shrill voices resound there — American or Irish, as the case may be — through the summer noontides; and the domestic clothes-line forever stretches across the paths where imported slaves once trod, or rich merchandise lay piled. Some of these abodes are nestled in the corners of houses once stately, with large windows and carved doorways. Others occupy separate buildings, almost always of black, unpainted wood, sometimes with the long sloping roof of Massachusetts, oftener with the quaint “gambrel” of Rhode Island. From the busiest point of our main street, I can show you a single cottage, with low gables, projecting eaves, and sheltering sweetbrier, that seems as if it must have strayed hither, a century or two ago, out of some English lane.

Some of the more secluded wharves appear wholly deserted by men and women, and are tenanted alone by rats and boys, — two amphibious races; either can swim anywhere, or scramble and penetrate everywhere. The boys launch some abandoned skiff, and, with an oar for a sail and another for a rudder, pass from wharf to wharf; nor would it be surprising if these bright-eyed rats were to take similar passage on a shingle. Yet, after all, the human juveniles are the more sagacious brood. It is strange that people should go to Europe, and seek the society of potentates less imposing, when home can endow them with the occasional privilege of a nod from an American boy. In these sequestered haunts, I frequently meet some urchin three feet high, who carries with him an air of consummate worldly experience that completely overpowers me, and I seem to shrink to the dimensions of Tom Thumb. Before his calm and terrible glance all disguises fail. You may put on a bold and careless air, and affect to overlook him as you pass; but it is like assuming to ignore the existence of the Pope of Rome, or of the London Times. He knows better. Grown

men are never very formidable; they are shy and shamefaced themselves, usually preoccupied, and not very observing. If they see one loitering about, without visible aim, they class the interloper as a mild imbecile, and let him go; but boys are nature's detectives, and one does not so easily evade their scrutinizing eyes. I know full well that, while I study their ways, they are noting mine through a clearer lens, and are probably taking my measure far better than I take theirs. One instinctively shrinks from making a sketch or memorandum while they are by; and if caught in the act, one fondly hopes to pass for some harmless speculator in real estate, whose pencillings are only like those casual sums in compound interest which are usually to be found scrawled on the margins of the daily papers in Boston reading-rooms.

Our wharves are almost all connected by intricate by-ways among the buildings; and one almost wishes to be a pirate or a smuggler, for the pleasure of eluding the officers of justice through such seductive paths. It is perhaps to counteract this perilous fascination, that our new police-office has been established on a wharf. You will see its brick tower rising not ungracefully, as you enter the inner harbor; it looks the better for being almost windowless, though beauty was not the aim of the omission. A curious citizen is said to have asked one of our city fathers the reason of this peculiarity. “No use in windows,” said sadly the experienced official; “the boys would only break ’em.” It seems very unjust to assert that there is no subordination in our American society; the citizens are expected to show deference to the police, and the police to the boys.

The ancient aspect of these wharves extends itself sometimes to the vessels which lie moored beside them. At yonder pier, for instance, has lain for thirteen years a decaying bark, which was suspected of being engaged in the slave-trade. She was run ashore and abandoned on Block Island, in the



winter of 1854, and was afterwards brought in here. Her purchaser was offered eight thousand dollars for his bargain, but refused it; and here the vessel has remained, paying annual wharf dues and charges, till she is worthless. She lies chained at the wharf, and the tide rises and falls within her, thus furnishing a convenient bathing-house for the children, who also find a perpetual gymnasium in the broken shrouds that dangle from her masts. Turner, when he painted his "slave-ship," could have asked no better model. There is no name upon the stern, which exhibits merely a carved eagle with the wings clipped and the head knocked off. Only the lower masts remain, which are of a dismal black, as are the tops and mizen cross-trees. Within the bulwarks, on each side, stand rows of black blocks, to which the shrouds were once attached; these blocks are called by sailors "dead-eyes," and each stands in weird mockery, with its three ominous holes, like so many human skulls before some palace in Dahomey. Other blocks like these swing more ominously yet at the ends of the shrouds, that still hang suspended, waving and creaking and jostling in the wind. Each year the ropes decay, and soon the repulsive pendants will be gone. Not so with the iron belaying-pins, a few of which still stand around the mast, so rusted into the iron fife-rail that even the persevering industry of the children cannot wrench them out. It seems as if some guilty stain must cling to their sides, and hold them in. By one of those fitnesses which fortune often adjusts, but which seem incredible in art, the wharf is now used on one side for the storage of slate, and the hulk is approached through an avenue of gravestones. I never find myself in that neighborhood but my steps instinctively seek that condemned vessel, whether by day, when she makes a dark foreground for the white yachts and the summer waves, or by night, when the storm breaks over her desolate deck.

If we follow northward from "Queen-

Hithe" along the shore, we pass into a region where the ancient wharves of commerce, ruined in 1815, have never been rebuilt; and only slender pathways for pleasure voyagers now stretch above the submerged foundations. Once the court end of the town, then its commercial centre, it is now divided between the tenements of fishermen and the summer homes of city households. Still the great old houses remain, with mahogany stairways, carved wainscoting, and painted tiles; the sea has encroached upon their gardens, and only boats like mine approach where English dukes and French courtiers once landed. At the head of yonder private wharf, in that spacious and still cheerful abode, dwelt the beautiful Robinson sisterhood,—the three Quaker belles of Revolutionary days, the memory of whose loves might lend romance to this neighborhood forever. One of these maidens was asked in marriage by a captain in the English army, and was banished by her family to the Narragansett shore, under a flag of truce, to avoid him; her lover was afterward killed by a cannon-ball, in his tent, and she died unwedded. Another was sought by two aspirants, who came in the same ship to woo her, the one from Philadelphia, the other from New York. She refused them both, and they sailed southward together; but, the wind proving adverse, they returned, and one lingered till he won her hand. Still another lover was forced into a vessel by his friends, to tear him from the enchanted neighborhood; while sailing past the house, he suddenly threw himself into the water,—it must have been about where the end of the wharf now rests,—that he might be rescued and carried, a passive Leander, into yonder door. The house was first the head-quarters of the English commander, then of the French; and the sentinels of De Noailles once trod where now croquet-balls form the heaviest ordnance. Peaceful and untitled guests now throng in summer where St. Vincents and Northumberlands once rustled and glittered; and

there is nothing to recall those brilliant days except the painted tiles on the chimney, where there is a choice society of coquettes and beaux, priests and conjurers, beggars and dancers, and every wig and hoop dates back to the days of Queen Anne.

Sometimes when I stand upon this pier by night, and look across the calm black water, — so still, perhaps, that the starry reflections seem to drop through it in prolonged javelins of light instead of resting on the surface, and the opposite light-house spreads its cloth of gold across the bay, — I can imagine that I discern the French and English vessels just getting under way; I see De Lauzun and De Noailles embarking, and catch the last sheen upon their lace, and the last glitter of their swords. It vanishes, and I see only the light-house gleam, and the dark masts of a sunken ship across the neighboring island. Those motionless spars have, after all, a nearer interest, and, as I saw them sink, I will tell their tale.

That vessel came in here one day last August, a stately, full-sailed bark, nor was it known, till she had anchored, that she was a mass of imprisoned fire below. She was the "Trajan," from Rockland, bound to New Orleans with a cargo of lime, which took fire in a gale of wind, being wet with sea-water as the vessel rolled. The captain and crew retreated to the deck, and made the hatches fast, leaving even their clothing and provisions below. They remained on deck, after reaching this harbor, till it grew too hot beneath their feet, and the water came boiling from the pumps. Then the vessel was towed into a depth of five fathoms, to be scuttled and sunk. I watched her go down. Early impressions from "Peter Parley" had portrayed the sinking of a vessel as a frightful plunge, endangering all around, like a Maelstrom. The actual process was merely a subsidence so calm and gentle that a child might have stood upon the deck till it sank beneath him, and then have floated away. Instead of a convulsion, it

was something stately and very pathetic to the imagination. The bark remained almost level, the bows a little higher than the stern; and her breath appeared to be surrendered in a series of pulsations, as if every gasp of the lungs admitted more of the suffocating wave. After each long heave, she went visibly a few inches deeper, and then paused. The face of the benign Emperor, her namesake, was on the stern; first sank the carved beard, then the rather mutilated nose, then the white and staring eyes, that gazed blankly over the engulfing waves. The figure-head was Trajan again, at full length, with the costume of an Indian hunter and the face of a Roman sage; this image lingered longer, and then vanished, like Victor Hugo's Gilliatt, by cruel gradations. Meanwhile the gilded name upon the taffrail had slowly disappeared also; but even when the ripples began to meet across her deck, still the descent was calm. As the water gained, the hidden fire was extinguished, and the smoke, at first densely rising, grew rapidly less. Yet when it had stopped altogether, and all but the top of the cabin had disappeared, there came a new ebullition of steam, like a hot spring, throwing itself several feet in air, and then ceasing.

As the vessel went down, several beams and planks came springing endwise up the hatchway, like liberated men. But nothing had a stranger look than some great black casks which had been left on deck. These, as the water floated them, seemed to stir and wake, and become gifted with life, and then got into motion and wallowed heavily about the deck, like hippopotami or any unwieldy and bewildered beasts. At last the most enterprising of them got somehow to the bulwark, and, after several clumsy efforts, shouldered itself over; then others bounced out, eagerly following, as sheep leap a wall, and then they all went bobbing away, over the dancing waves. For the wind blew fresh meanwhile, and there were some twenty sail-boats lying-to with reefed sails by the wreck,

like so many sea-birds; and when the loose stuff began to be washed from the deck, they all took wing at once, to save whatever could be picked up,—since at such times, as at a conflagration on land, every little thing seems to assume a value,—and at last one young fellow steered boldly up to the sinking ship itself, and, as if resolved to be the last on board, sprang upon the vanishing taffrail for one instant, and then pushed off again. I never saw anything seem so extinguished out of the universe as that great vessel, which had towered so colossal above my little boat; it was impossible to imagine that she was all there yet, beneath the foaming and indifferent waves; the masts were still visible, but they seemed small and shrunk, for the topmasts and rigging were gone. Yet she drew too much water to sink far beyond her depth, and we could see by her masts when she careened seaward. No effort has yet been made to raise her; and a dead eagle seems to have more in common with the living bird than has now this submerged and decaying hulk with the white and winged creature that came sailing into our harbor on that summer day.

It shows what conversational resources are always at hand in a seaport town, that the boatman with whom I first happened to visit this burning vessel had been thrice at sea on ships similarly destroyed, and could give all the particulars of their fate. I know no class of uneducated men whose talk is so apt to be worth hearing as that of sailors. Even apart from their personal adventures and their glimpses at foreign lands, they have made observations of nature which are far more careful and more varied than those of farmers, because the very lives of sailors depend upon the habit of close observation. Their voyages have also made them sociable and fond of talk, while the pursuits of most men tend to make them silent. And their constant changes of scene, though not touching them very deeply, have really

given a certain enlargement to their minds. A quiet demeanor in a seaport town proves nothing; the most inconspicuous man may have the most thrilling career to look back upon. With what a superb familiarity do these men treat this habitable globe! Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope are in their phrase but the West Cape and the East Cape, merely two familiar portals of their wonted home. With what undisguised contempt they speak of the enthusiasm displayed over the ocean yacht-race! That any man should boast of crossing the Atlantic in a schooner of two hundred tons, in presence of those who have more than once reached the Indian Ocean in a fishing-smack of fifty, and have beaten in the homeward race the ships in whose company they sailed! It is not many years since there was here a fishing-skipper, whose surname was "Daredevil," and who sailed from this port to all parts of the world, on sealing voyages, in a sloop so small that she was popularly said to go under water when she got outside the lights, and never to reappear until she reached her port.

And not only those who sail on long voyages, but even our local pilots and fishermen, still lead an adventurous and untamed life, less softened than any other by the appliances of modern days. In their undecked boats they hover day and night along these stormy coasts, and at any hour the beating of the long-roll upon the beach may call their full manhood into action. Cowardice is sifted and crushed out from among them by such a life; and they are withal truthful and steady in their ways, with few vices and many virtues. They are born poor, and remain poor, for their work is hard, with more blanks than prizes; but their life is life for a man, and though it makes them prematurely old, yet their old age comes peacefully and well. In almost all pursuits the advance of years brings something forlorn. It is not merely that the body decays, but that men grow isolated and are pushed aside; there is no common interest between age and

youth. The old farmer leads a lonely life, and ceases to meet his compeers except on Sunday; nobody consults him; his experience has been monotonous, and his age is apt to grow unsocial. The old mechanic finds his tools and his methods superseded by those of younger men. But the superannuated fisherman graduates into an oracle; the longer he lives, the greater the dignity of his experience; he re-

members the great storm, the great tide, the great catch, the great shipwreck; and on all emergencies his counsel has weight. He still busies himself about the boats too, and still sails on sunny days to show the youngsters the best fishing-ground. When too infirm for even this, he can at least sun himself beside the landing, and, dreaming over inexhaustible memories, watch the bark of his own life go down.

### THE LATE PRESIDENT WAYLAND.\*

THE last Sunday of October, 1823, dripped a chill farewell on the streets of Boston. The papers had given notice of a sermon to be preached before the Baptist Foreign Mission Society; yet few were found, punctual to the hour, wending their way along the wet plank walk, and down the narrow alley, to the unsightly wooden meeting-house at the North End where the service had been appointed. Nor did the interior of the little sanctuary seem much more inviting. So cheerless was it that the preacher shivered through his duties buttoned in a stout surtout; in his case, fortunately, a slight impediment to oratorical display, since he profited little in any bodily exercise, save as he now and then drew one hand from his pocket to turn a leaf. So he stood, a young man of seven-and-twenty, with stooping shoulders, and spare, ungainly frame; his sallow complexion casting into more marked relief his dark, deep-set eyes, and his strangely arched eyebrows. Neither fame nor influence enforced his words. Son of an English currier, who in the latter part of the preceding century had settled in New York, and afterwards forsook a profitable trade to become a Baptist preacher, he had breathed from birth an air charged with sturdy religious

principle. With inherited fidelity to his convictions, after completing his course at Union College he abandoned the profession for which he was in part prepared, and followed the example of his father. A single year at Andover—where his means were so straitened that he had once to choose between a coat and a copy of Schleusner's Lexicon—summed up his study of theology, yet he had made such diligent use of his time, that, when the call was given him to become pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, Moses Stuart urged him to accept, for the reason "that his society in Boston was the best place in this country to begin the cure of that malady that reigned among his brethren on the subject of educating preachers." The consciousness that he had been thus put forward to promote the combined interests "of Evangelical religion and literature among the Baptists" naturally led the young minister to cultivate a style of preaching which most of his hearers neither relished nor approved; and as he delivered himself, the evening already mentioned, of one and another of his stately and sonorous periods, it is not unlikely that the catastrophe at Troas might have been repeated, had the crowded condition of the pews forced any of the congregation to seek accommodation

\* A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, by his Sons. New York: Sheldon & Co.

in the windows. To say the least, the discourse kindled no enthusiasm; and, with pardonable chagrin, the preacher next morning flung himself upon a lounge in the study of a friend, exclaiming, "It was a complete failure, — it fell perfectly dead." It chanced, however, that among the hearers was a shrewd printer, withal a deacon in the church, who insisted that the sermon should be put to press. "I was brought," said the author, "seemingly by accident, into a position in which I was obliged, really against my will, to publish it." Never was author's judgment more happily overruled. The first edition, which made its appearance in December, was at once exhausted. A second and a third directly followed. The discourse on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise" marks, indeed, an era in the history of modern missions. It struck a chord that sounded far beyond the confines of sect or country. A leading Presbyterian magazine, published in Virginia, reviewed it with high praise; it was reprinted in England, where it passed through many editions; and Robert Hall, whose splendid faculties disease had not yet clouded, is said, on reading it, to have predicted still greater distinction for the preacher. And three years later, the Presidency of Brown University becoming vacant by the resignation of Dr. Messer, Francis Wayland was elected to the office almost by acclamation.

When near the close of his career, and when physical infirmity and the seeming failure of some favorite schemes had perhaps imbibed his more recent recollections, Dr. Wayland expressed the feeling that he had erred in relinquishing his parish. "With my present judgment," he writes, in an autobiographical sketch with which he solaced the leisure of some of his later days, "I should have remained where I was." But who will be found to echo this opinion? Who will refuse to count those fates propitious that called him to the shores of the Narragansett? Though not a Rhode-Islander after the flesh, he yet belonged to the true

spiritual seed of Roger Williams. For him the difference between Providence and Boston was not in latitude alone. Had he remained in Massachusetts, the straight lines of sect would have still enclosed him; in his new home, he came into contact with broader interests, and breathed a freer air. In the organization of the College, described in its charter as "catholic and liberal," four distinct forms of faith were recognized; and the most intimate associate of the new President, an associate whose genial contact may be traced in his whole subsequent development, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal communion. Who can doubt that Dr. Wayland was more a man for the change he made? We reconcile ourselves to the loss of a few sermons on the evils of infant baptism, for the sake of the most vigorous assault upon utilitarian ethics that has appeared in the present century. We can never regret a step which, at a time when the sophisms of the Protective system were held in New England as hardly less sacred than the injunctions of the decalogue, gave us, in one of our chief seats of learning, a bold advocate of correct principles of trade.

Two sons of President Wayland have just discharged a sacred debt, and at the same time rendered a most valuable service, in tracing the successive stages of his long and useful career. The record is full, yet there is little in it that one could wish away. The volumes will be widely read, and we spare ourselves any analysis of their impressive chapters. A life of heroic strain, sedulously devoted to all highest interests, it still invigorates with its stern resolve and unselfish mood. The leading aspects are, of course, familiar. How he poured into a languishing institution the power of his own life, placing it, by his untiring energy, in the front ranks of New England colleges; how he kindled such enthusiasm, and enforced such mental discipline, that his pupils, like those of Dr. Arnold, soon came to be recognized as a distinct and peculiar race; how he suggested changes in the

method of academic study that our leading universities are now hastening to adopt,— need not be repeated here. He left his mark on the college system of America, and posterity will yield him the praise that he never received while living. But it is not the career of the college president so much as the inner history of the man, that gives these volumes their peculiar interest. To many readers they must reveal him in an aspect altogether new; for while his imperial qualities of mind and will were patent to all, his great, tender, and loving heart revealed itself only to those who knew him best. The genial features are wisely left by his biographers to stand forth in lines of his own projecting. The little journal, for example, of household incidents, that he kept for his sick and absent child, telling the exploits of Ned the terrier, and recording the death of the top-knot pullet, pictures the man better than a dozen *Essays on the Limitations of Human Responsibility*.

Yet who, after all, that knew Dr. Wayland, will be likely to accept any biography of him as satisfactory? No analysis of his intellectual qualities, no summary of his personal characteristics, could set him forth. What power in his very presence, defying all description, as the most speaking faces defy the art of the photographer! What reserved force, sleeping in silent depths till stirred by great occasion! Such as know him only from his writings have gained no adequate impression of the man. There are works that seem vitalized with a writer's personality. In the vascular sentences of the immortal *Essais* we clasp hands, across the chasm of three centuries, with the owner of that quaint tower that still looks down the valley of the Dordogne; and in the pensive periods of the *Sketch-Book* we almost catch the beat of Irving's heart. But what suggestion of flesh and blood was ever associated with a text-book of Moral Science or of Political Economy? Who would infer the uproarious fun of Luther from his *Commentary on the Epistle to the*

Galatians, or trace in the pages of "The Wealth of Nations" the winsome traits of Adam Smith? Not even in his printed sermons is Dr. Wayland presented with entire accuracy, for, much as he commended an "unlearned ministry," he somehow himself selected for publication his more ornate and elaborate productions. He appears in some of these as he used to appear, arrayed in cap and gown, in the stately ceremonial of Commencement-day; or as he will appear to posterity in the stiff full-length portrait, hanging in Rhode Island Hall, which as an achievement of high art in wood is only equalled by a work of the same artist,— the picture of Mr. Webster in his reply to Hayne, that usurps so undue a share of Faneuil Hall. How little does all this resemble the image so vividly recalled as we turn the pages of these volumes! That little, ill-lighted chapel, long since numbered among the things that were, with its wide gallery, its narrow dais, its benches carved all over with the images and superscriptions of successive generations, in painful compliance with the monkish maxim, that to labor is to pray! How distinct, even now, sounds that heavy tread along the narrow hall! with what emphasis that burly form bursts through the door and up the steps! with what terrific frown that brow at once is clouded as impatient Sophomores beat, with their heels, an unseemly march! with what utter disregard of conventional proprieties, yet with what genuine and awful sense of divine sanctities, the voice rolls out the strains of Hebrew David, and anon melts in humble, fervent prayer!

Never did Dr. Wayland seem so grand, one might almost say inspired, as in those unbidden gushes of emotion that would sometimes convulsively shake his great frame and choke his utterance. The finest paragraph in his missionary sermon would not compare for eloquence with some of those pungent appeals that at times electrified the students at their Wednesday-evening prayer-meeting. How the chapel would be hushed with the stillness of death



itself, as, in tremulous accents, and voice sinking to a whisper, he would dwell on the dread responsibilities of the soul! There was never any cant of stereotyped exhortation, never any attempt to rouse a superficial emotion, but always direct appeal to conscience and to all the highest instincts of youthful hearts. In this most difficult task of dealing with young men at the crises of their spiritual history, Dr. Wayland was unsurpassed. How wise and tender his counsels at such a time! How many who have timidly stolen to his study door, their souls burdened with strange thoughts, and bewildered with unaccustomed questionings, remember with what instant appreciation of their errand the green shade was lifted from the eye, the volume thrown aside, and with what genuine, hearty interest that whole countenance would beam. At such an interview he would often read the parable of the returning prodigal; and who that heard can ever forget the pathos with which he would dwell upon the words, "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him"? These were the moments when the springs of his nature were revealed.

Sometimes in ordinary social intercourse he would burst forth in the same unpremeditated strain. I recall an evening passed with him not very long before his death, when in the course of conversation some question was raised respecting the sincerity of Cromwell, always one of his favorite heroes. Taking up a volume of Carlyle's "Life and Letters" that lay on the table, he read aloud the prayer that the Protector uttered when dying, and with such solemnity, such feeling, such unction, that one might almost fancy that it was the voice itself of the great Puritan, wrestling with the last enemy. "Then," said he, throwing the volume down, "tell me that man was a hypocrite!" Nothing was more marked in Dr. Wayland than the naturalness with which he would glide from common topics to grave and high discourse,

Those who have heard of Dr. Wayland, for almost a generation, as the head of a literary institution, or who are familiar with the glowing traditions of his lecture-room, will be surprised to learn that he never regarded himself as possessing any special aptitude for teaching. "I may here observe," are his own words, "that I have never considered myself in any manner peculiarly adapted to the work of an instructor. It seemed my duty to undertake the labor, and I honestly attempted to discharge that duty as well as I knew how. When, however, I compare myself with Pestalozzi, Dr. Arnold, and other teachers, who have apparently been endowed with every faculty needed for their calling, and with an intense love for it, I am compelled to feel and confess my vast deficiency." The place to which he always looked with greatest reverence was a seat upon the bench. Thus, after he had resigned the Presidency, he writes to a friend: "The only position the world could offer me which I have thought I should like, is that of a judge of a court whose decisions involved grave questions of right."

Nor will this surprise those who, acquainted with his mental tendencies, recall some of his favorite illustrations. We find him, as a child, puzzling his brain with legal phrases. He delighted in the biography of great lawyers, and was always holding up the examples of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Samuel Romilly, and, in this country, of Chief Justice Marshall, Alexander Hamilton, and Jeremiah Mason. The speeches of Erskine, which he had almost by heart, he regarded as the most consummate models of forensic reasoning in the English language. When in England, he was nowhere so profoundly impressed as in Westminster Hall. The Queen's procession to Parliament he sets down as a "slipshod affair"; but in describing the courts of law he kindles into real eloquence. "Before me," says he, "on every bench, were the lights of the world."

Dr. Wayland was never distinctively a literary man, but only a man of powerful intellect, determined by circumstances to a literary career. He agreed, with the author of "Christian Morals," that "they do most by books, who could do much without them; and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself is the substantial man." In cast of mind he was English, or, what means nearly the same thing, insular. Had he been born within sound of Bow-bells he could not have written more ludicrous criticisms upon French character than his journal shows. The results of German speculation he regarded with the same incredulity with which Dugald Stewart viewed the literature of the Hindoos; although the study of Kant would have shown him how one of his own favorite maxims—that logic should not transgress the limits of finite truth—involved a principle of which the "Critique of Pure Reason" was simply the expansion. To his relative, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, he confesses, "I have never read any of Calvin's works." He always had respect to practical ends: "We do well," said he, in an address at Norwich, in 1856, "to revere the genius of Milton, and Dante, and Goethe. But there is talent in a cotton-mill as well as in an epic."

While in his ethical theories he followed Butler, in his vigor and clearness of expression and love of axiomatic statements he not unfrequently reminds us of a writer whose views were the reverse of Butler's,—Thomas Hobbes. Sentences might be picked from the "Leviathan" that strikingly resemble some in the "Moral Science." "Every man has a right to himself," says the Rhode Island President. "Every man has a right to everything," says the philosopher of Malmesbury. Both held in suspicion all attempts at "declining the force of true reason by verbal forks." The vigorous line which Cowley addressed to Hobbes might with equal force be applied to Wayland,—

"The mighty limbs of thy gigantic Sense."

Few men, in fact, equalled Dr. Way-

land in terse and pregnant utterance. "In a ten minutes' off-hand speech," writes the accomplished President of the Cornell University, "he did more to shape my plans of life than any other person has ever done." How forcibly he describes himself! "I am built railroad fashion. I can go forwards, and, if necessary, back; but I can't go sideways."

A nature so energetic and abounding could be confined in no single channel. Dr. Wayland was always vastly more than a mere college president. While, during his official career, he refused, on principle, to take any part in political contests, he irrepressibly overflowed into all social and philanthropic enterprises. For wellnigh forty years no important step was taken to promote the public good, in which he did not powerfully co-operate. He gave his voice and his purse to every charity in Providence, from the humble Fuel Society to the stately Hospital whose towers are the chief architectural adornment of the city. Even Massachusetts owes to him the suggestion of her splendid system of public libraries. And although he held no civil office save that of Inspector of the Prison, in which capacity some of his most untiring and affecting labors were performed, yet by common consent he was viewed by the community as its foremost citizen. Of this estimation a most impressive proof was furnished. It was on that dreadful day, when treason had done its worst, and when the nation was reeling with the blow that had smitten its elected chief. A hurried notice was posted in the afternoon, that such citizens as felt disposed would wait on Dr. Wayland, for words of comfort in the appalling sorrow. Night came, and with it rain. On such a night had the young preacher faced his scanty congregation so many years before. But what mattered rain and darkness now? On thronged the vast and silent column, led by a band, whose measured dirge wailed up the steep hill and along the awe-struck street. Should Rhode Island ever erect a statue to

the noblest Roman whose name is written in her history, let the cunning hand of the sculptor chisel him as he stood that night, and by his own door, his gray locks waving in the wind, but with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, bidding his fellow-citizens

be of good cheer, for the Lord on high was mightier than the noise of many waters,—his words finding fit response in the solemn burden of the psalm that swelled through the leafless branches against the overhanging blackness of the heavens.

## BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

### A VISIT TO THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

#### II.

THE same spacious omnibus and span of dun-colored ponies which had taken me to Valdemosa came to carry me across the island. As there is an excellent highway, and the distance to Alcudia is not more than ten leagues, I could easily have made the journey in a day; but I purposely divided it, in order to secure a quiet, unhurried enjoyment of the scenery of the interior. It had rained violently all night, and the morning of my departure from Palma was cold and overcast. The coachman informed me that four months had elapsed since a drop of rain had fallen, and that for two years past the island had suffered from drought. I therefore wrapped myself in my cloak, contented with the raw air and threatening sky, since the dry *acequias* would now flow with new streams, and the empty tanks of the farmers be filled.

It was like a rainy day in the tropics. There was a gray veil all over the sky, deepening into blackness where the mountains drew down the showers. The soil, yesterday as dry as a cinder, already looked soggy and drenched; and in place of white, impalpable dust, puddles of water covered the road. For the first two leagues we drove over a dead level, seeing nothing but fig, olive, and almond trees, with an occasional palm or cactus, fading out of sight in the rain. Majorca is in

reality the orchard of the Mediterranean. All its accessible surface is not only covered with fruit-trees, but the fruit is of the most exquisite quality. The apricots are not dry and insipid, but full of juice, and with a flavor as perfect as that of a peach. The oranges and figs seemed to me the finest I had ever tasted; even the date-palm matures its fruit, and the banana grows in the same garden with the cherry and apple. The valley of Soler, the only port on the western side of the mountains, was described to me as one unbroken orchard of superb orange-trees, a league or two in length. The difficulty of transportation has hitherto robbed the people of the profits of their production, and a new prosperity has come with the recent improvement of their roads. Within a league of Palma an entire village has been built within the last five years; and most of the older towns are in rapid process of enlargement.

After the second league, the country became undulating, the trees were loftier and more luxuriant, and woods of picturesque Italian pine covered the rocky crests of the hills. The mountains on the left assumed very bold and violent forms, rising through the dim atmosphere like so many detached towers and fortresses. There were two dominant peaks, which in the sheer escarpment of their summits resembled

the crags of Königstein and Lilienstein in Saxony. They were the Torrella and the Puig (Peak) Major, — grand, naked, almost inaccessible mountains, which shed the rain like a roof. The watercourses which came down from them were no longer dry hollows, but filled to the brim with swift, roaring, turbid floods. These peaks appeared to be detached nearly to the base, and between their steep abutments the mouths of dim, folding gorges gave promise of rare and original scenery within their recesses.

We passed Santa Maria, a beautiful little village of two streets, at the intersection of which rises a fine square belfry, connected with the buildings of a defunct monastery. The picture was so pleasant that I brought its outlines away with me. In spite of the rain, the people were at work in the fields, turning the red soil about the roots of the olive-trees. The flowing trousers were no longer to be seen; even the old men here wore the *gilet*. Others, with the words *Peon caminero* on their caps, were breaking stones by the roadside. I received a friendly *Bon di!* from each and all. Both robbery and beggary are unknown in Majorca; they have no place in a land of so much material order and cheerful industry.

Beyond Santa Maria the road again became quite level, and the courses of the streams pointed to the northern shore. The fruit-trees temporarily gave place to vineyards so luxuriant that the shoots, unsupported by stake or trellis, threw their tendrils around each other, and hid the soil under a deluge of green. The wine of Benisalem (Arabic *beni-salaam*, "the children of peace") is considered the best on the island. It is a fiery, golden-brown vintage, resembling ripe old Malaga in flavor.

We were within a league of Inca, — my destination, — when the rain, which had already blotted out the mountains, began to drive over the plain. A fine spray beat through the canvas cover of the omnibus, condemning me to a

blind, silent, and cheerless half-hour of travel. Then, between garden-walls, over which the lemon-trees hung great boughs breaking with fruit, and under clumps of rustling and dripping palms, I entered Inca. My equipage drew up before the door of a new *fonda* in a narrow old street. There were billiards and coffee on the ground-floor; over them a long hall, out of which all the doors and staircases issued, served as a dining-room. The floors were tiled, the walls white-washed and decorated with the lithographed histories of Mazeppa and Hernan Cortez, and the heavy pine joists of the ceiling were fresh and unpainted. There was an inconsiderate waste of space in the disposition of the rooms and passages which was pleasant to behold. Contrary to the usual habit of travellers, I ventured into the kitchen, and found it — as it ought to be — the most cheerful and attractive part of the house. The landlord brought a glass of the wine of Benisalem to stay my hunger; but I was not obliged to wait overlong for the excellent meal of eggs, kid with pepper-sauce, and an exquisite dish of lobster stewed with leeks and tomatoes, which I tasted for the first time.

Towards evening the rain subsided, and I went forth to view the place, finding a picture at every turn. First, a group of boys burning shavings before a church-door; then a gable embowered with one enormous grape-vine, and touched with sunshine, while beneath, in the gloom of a large arch, the family ate their supper; then a guitar-player in the door of a barber's shop, with a group around him, or a company of women, filling their jars at a fountain. The town is built upon an irregular hill, overlooking the finest orchards of Majorca. The clusters of palm-trees which spring from its topmost gardens are far more beautiful than its church-towers. Nothing can be more picturesque than the narrow valleys on either side, which slope sufficiently to bring out in sumptuous contrast the foliage of the terraced gardens. The people

looked at me curiously, but with no unfriendly air, as I followed the winding streets into the country, or loitered through some country lane back into the town. Only two persons spoke to me, — the letter-carrier, and a boy who was trying to knock down swallows with a long pole. The latter made a remark which I did not understand, but it was evidently witty, for we both laughed. The workmen at their avocations sang with all their force, and very dismally. It was difficult to say which were the more insignificant, — the melodies or the words of their songs. One specimen of the latter will suffice to give an idea of both: —

"On Sundays the young girls you may view,  
(Since they nothing better have then to do,)  
Watering their pots of carnations sweet;  
Saying, Drink, my dears, for you cannot eat!"

When I returned to the fonda, the landlord took me into a part of his house which was built like a tower above the level of the city roofs. A thunderous mass of clouds still hung over the Puig Major, but between its rifts the low sun cast long lines of brassy radiance over the wide landscape. Westward rose the torn and shattered mountains; eastward the great orchard-plain stretched away into purple dimness, only broken by the chapel-crowned peak of Santa Maddalena, near at hand, and the signal-mountain of Felaniche in the distance. Inca, under my feet, resounded with wailing noises, which, nevertheless, expressed the cheerfulness and content of the inhabitants. Through the lanes dividing the rich vegetation, the laborers were flocking homeward from their fields; rude *tartanas* rattled along the broad white highway; and the chimes of vesper presently floated over the scene in slow, soothing vibrations. "You see how beautiful the country is!" said the landlord; "I suppose there is nothing finer in the world. You will think so too, when you have been to the cemetery, and have seen the new monument. It is wonderful! A basket full of flowers, and if they were not all white, you would take them to

be real. They say it cost an immense amount of money."

When I asked for *jucuos* (eggs) for my supper, the landlady shook her head, until somebody suggested *jaños*! with a sound like the whistling of wind through a keyhole. They were then speedily forthcoming, with another dish of the lobster and leeks, and a bottle of excellent wine. I was kept awake for a long time, that night, by the thrumming of guitars and the click of billiard-balls in the café below; and when sleep finally came, it was suddenly broken by the bursting open of the doors and windows of my room. The house seemed to rock under the stress of the hurricane; the lightning played through the torrents of rain in rapid flashes of transparent silver, accompanied with peals like the crashing down of all the *Puigs* in the mountain-chain. But at sunrise, when I went upon the roof, I found the island sparkling under the purest of morning skies, every leaf washed, every outline of the landscape recut, and all its colors bright as if newly dyed. A bracing north-wind blew over the fields, and there was an expression of joy in the very dance of the boughs and the waving of the vines.

When we set out for Alcudia, the coachman first drove to a fountain at the foot of the hill, and watered his horses. There was a throng about the place, — old women with huge earthen amphoræ, young girls with jars which they carried on the hip, donkeys laden with casks, and children carrying all sorts of smaller vessels. The water is brought from the mountains to this fountain, which never fails in its supply. It is shaded by grand old plane and carob trees, which throw a network of light and gloom over the great stone tanks and the picturesque moving crowds. Rising out of the glen where it stands, I saw the mountains bare in the morning sun, every crevice and jag of their rocky fronts painted with a pre-Raphaelite pencil. Past the foot of the solitary mountain of Santa Maddalena ran our road, and then north-

ward over a second plain, even richer than that of Palma.

The olive and almond trees by the roadside had been washed clean of dust, but they hissed in the breeze as dryly as if they had never known rain. The very colors of the olive, ilex, and myrtle express aridity. Their dry leaves seem to repel moisture, even as the mellow, sappy green of the North seems to attract it. But their soft grays relieve the keen, strong tints of soil, sea, and sky, and we could ill spare them from these landscapes. As accessories to sun-browned houses, or masses of ruined architecture, they are invaluable. They belong naturally to an atmosphere of age and repose, while fresh turf and deciduous trees perpetually reproduce the youth of Nature. Something of Attica always comes to me with the olive, something of Tusculum and the Sabine Farm with the ilex. The box, I know not why, suggests the Euphrates; and the myrtle in bloom, the Garden of Eden.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the road slowly fell to the northward; and I beheld in the distance fields of a green so dazzling that the hackneyed term "emerald" seems much too dull to express it. It positively *burned* in the sun, drawing into itself the lustre of the sky, the distant sea, and the leagues of glittering foliage. Over it rose, as a completer foil, the gray mountains of the peninsula dividing the bays of Pollenza and Alcudia. I was at a loss to guess what plant could give such an indescribable color; and not until we were within a stone's throw did I recognize the leaves of hemp. An open, marshy plain, entirely bare of trees, borders the bay at this point. The splendid orchards ceased; the road crossed some low hills overgrown with ilex and pine, a turbid, roaring stream, with poplars on its banks; and then a glimmer of the sea on either hand showed that we had reached the peninsula. There were Moorish *atalayas*, or watch-towers, on the summits nearest the sea, and a large ruined fortress of the Middle

Ages on a hill inland. Alcudia, with its yellow walls, its cypress and palm trees, now appeared at the foot of the barren heights, Oriental in every feature. It was a picture from the Syrian coast, needing only the old Majorcan costume for the laborers in the fields to be perfect.

Contrasted with those parts of the island which I had seen, the country appeared singularly lonely and deserted. Few persons met us on the road, and we passed none on their way to the town. Grass grew on the huge walls of defence, the stones were slipping from the arch of the gateway, and we passed into a silent street without seeing a living thing. My coachman stopped before a mean-looking house, with no sign or other indication of its character, and informed me that it was the only *fonda* in the place. A woman who came to the door confirmed this statement, modestly adding, "We are not very fine, but we will give you what we have." A narrow room on the ground-floor was at once entrance-hall, dining-room, and kitchen; it contained one table, three chairs, much dirt, and very nimble insects. The inmates were two women, and a small dog with a bell on his neck, which, whenever he scratched his head with his hind foot, rang a peal of alarm through the house. Feeling the need of consolation, I summoned a boy from the street, and gave him some money to bring me cigars from the *estanco*; but the hostess, taking the coin, cried out in great excitement: "Don't send that! Holy Mother, don't send that! You'll lose a '*chavo*' on it!" The coachman burst into a laugh, repeating, "Lose a '*chavo*'!"—which is about the eighth part of a cent; but the woman was so horrified at the idea that I gave the boy another coin.

While the eggs and tough scraps of beef destined for my meal were simmering in pans of strong oil, the hostess conducted me into a room above, which contained a large and very ancient bed, five blue chests, and twenty-three pictures of saints. "There!"



she exclaimed, with a wave of the arm and a look of triumph, "my own room, but you shall have it! We may not be very fine, but we give what we have." Whatever my thoughts may have been, it was quite impossible to avoid expressing my entire satisfaction.

I took my books, went outside the walls to a tower which I had noticed on the ridge, and there found the very view of the town, the mountains, and the bay which a stranger would desire to take home with him. In the full noonday sunshine, there was scarcely shadow enough to relieve the clear golden tints of the landscape; but the place was entirely deserted, which was a better fortune than I enjoyed at Valdemosa. Three peasants were reaping wheat in a little field behind the tower; now and then a donkey and rider jogged slowly along the distant highway; but no one seemed to notice the mysterious stranger. I had an undisturbed dream of two hours, for the forms before me, half borrowed from my memories of Oriental life, half drawn from those landscapes which rise in our minds as we read the stories of the Middle Ages, satisfied both the eye and the fancy. Some scenes suggest the sound of a flute and Theocritan idyls; others, horns and trumpets, and fragments of epic poetry; but here the only accompaniment was cymbals, the only poems suggested were "Fatima" and "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli."

In the afternoon I walked around the city walls, climbed upon them, visited the deserted monastery of San Diego, and wandered at will through its picturesque ruins. The place is surrounded by double walls of great strength, divided by a moat cut out of the solid rock. The caper-plant, the ivy, and the wild fig-tree have taken possession of the parapet and the rifts between the stones, goats browse in the bottom of the moat, and children's faces peep forth from the watch-towers on the ramparts. Outside the principal gate, I came upon a Gothic cross, resting on an octagonal base, so very old and weather-beaten that it must certainly have been

erected during the first years of the conquest. The walls of the city are said to be Saracenic; but the people are poor authority on this or any other historical point. It is certain, at least, that Alcudia was formerly much more important than now. Its bay was a naval station, whence expeditions were sent out to Africa or the Levant; and there were times when the kings of Spain built whole fleets from the forests of the island.

Of late, a little fresh life has begun to flow into the silent old town. On the shore of the bay, a few miles off, an English company has undertaken agricultural operations on a grand scale. Many square leagues of the former useless, pestiferous marshes have been drained, steam-engines erected to supply water for irrigation, and an attempt made to cultivate cotton. Concerning the success of the undertaking I heard the most contradictory accounts. The people could only tell me of the immense sums expended,—sums which appeared almost fabulous to them. The agents, of course, claimed to be entirely successful, notwithstanding the cotton-plants, this year, will scarcely produce enough to pay for the seed. Last year, I was informed, the yield was very fine; the staple being equal to that of our Sea-Island cotton. The intention of the English capitalists was probably to produce a similar article, and it cannot be denied that they have shrewdly chosen the spot for the experiment.

When the afternoon shadow filled the street, I seated myself at the door of the fonda, and amused myself with the movements of some carpenters in an opposite shop. Two lusty apprentices were engaged in the slow labor of sawing beams into boards, while the master fitted together the parts of a door. The former used an upright saw, one standing on a frame overhead, and the other on the floor below; they were just an hour and a half in sawing five boards from a beam a foot wide and sixteen feet long. Whenever a neighbor dropped in to gossip with the

master the saw stopped, and the apprentices took an active part in the conversation. There was also a boy of twelve years old, who did no work except in the way of singing. With his head thrown back, and his mouth open to its fullest extent, he poured forth an endless succession of piercing cries, recommencing, at the end of each lamentable close of the measure, with a fury and frenzy which nearly drove me wild. The little dog in the fonda, from time to time, rang a suggestive peal upon his bell, and echoes from other streets, and distant bells from other tormented dogs, filled up the pauses of the performance.

At sunset the other inmates of the fonda began to collect. First, there arrived two French workmen, of mean aspect; then a Spanish cavalier, who was evidently a person of some importance, for he invited nobody to partake of his supper. He was a large, olive-colored man, with a loud voice and opaque gray eyes, in which, as he fixed them upon my face, I read the question, "Are you not going to salute me?" I returned the look, and my eyes answered, "Who art thou, that I should salute thee?" After these remarks, which both understood, we spoke no more. Several natives came during the evening, to be paid for some service; but they received no money. The two Frenchmen supped with the hostess and her family, but the important Spaniard and myself had our meals apart. Finally the comedy became tiresome, and I went to bed.

Not to sleep, alas! The little dog's bell was silent through the night, but had there been one around my neck it would have chimed the quarter-hours without a single failure. The steamer for Minorca was expected in the bay at sunrise; so I arose with the first stir in the house, and found two gentlemen who had come from Palma during the night, and three man-of-war's men, waiting in the street for an omnibus which was to carry us to the mole. We all waited together an hour, took chocolate, and then, after another half-

hour, were requested to climb into a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a single horse. The hostess said to me, "We are not very fine, and I don't know how much you ought to pay, but I will take what you think right,"—which she did, with honest thanks, and then we clattered out of the gate.

A descent of two miles between fields of wheat and olives brought us to the mole, where we found only a few lazy boatmen lying upon heaps of iron castings, which were waiting, apparently, for the English engineers. Shoals of young sardines sprinkled the clear green depths of the sea with a million points of light, and some dead flounders lay like lozenges of silver among the dark weeds of the bottom. A new fish-crate, floating beside the pier, was a mild evidence of enterprise. The passengers sat in the sun until it became too powerful, then in the shade, and so another hour and a half rolled away. With the first appearance of the steamer, we got into a boat, and slowly floated out between two crystal atmospheres (so transparent is the sea) into the roadstead.

The extent of the Bay of Alcudia cannot be less than fifteen miles, for our deliberate steamer was nearly two hours in getting its southern headland abeam. Once outside, the eastern coast of Majorca opened finely with a long, diminishing group of mountains, and the dim, nearly level outline of Minorca appeared in front. The sea was like a mirror, broken only at times by a floating turtle or the leap of a dolphin. I found the Mahonese on board to be a very different class of persons from the Majorcans in whose company I had left Barcelona. Port Mahon was for twenty years our Mediterranean naval station; and although for twenty years it has ceased to be so, there are still traces of intelligence, of sympathy, of language, and of blood, which our quasi-occupation has left behind. Two of the passengers had visited America, one had an American wife in Minorca, and all became friendly and communicative when my nationality was an-

nounced. They had faithfully followed the history of our navy through the war, and took especial pains to claim Admiral Farragut as a countryman. His father, they said, was a Minorcan, and the farm in the interior of the island upon which he once lived still bears the family name. I was brought back suddenly from the times of Tancréd (which had faded out of sight with the walls of Alcudia) to our stormy politics and the new names they have given to history.

All the afternoon we skirted the southern coast of Minorca. The town of Ciudadela, at its western extremity, showed like a faint white mark in the distance; then some groups of hills interrupted the level table of the island, and, farther eastward, the solitary mountain of El Toro. The two gentlemen of Palma, neither of whom had ever before made a journey, went below and slept the sleep of indifference. Many of the Mahonese followed their example; and, the quarter-deck being left clear, I stretched myself out over the cabin skylight, and quietly watched the moving shore, as if it were some immense diorama unrolled for my eyes only. The white cliffs along the sea, the tawny harvest-fields, the gray olives embosoming villages and country-houses, and the occasional shafts of cypress or palm, slowly photographed themselves upon my consciousness, and became enduring pictures. Had I climbed and hammered the cliffs as a geologist, scoured the fields as a botanist, analyzed the soil, or even measured its undulations, I could not have obtained a completer impression of Minorca.

El Toro was drifting astern, and the island of Ayre showed its light-house in front, when the sound of a guitar disturbed my comfortable process of absorption, and brought the sleepy passengers upon deck. The performer was a blind Spaniard, a coarse-featured, clumsy man, whose life and soul had gone into his instrument, separating light, beauty, and refinement from earthy darkness. When he played, the guitar really seemed to be the man, and his

body a mere holder, or music-stand. The Mahonese, I was glad to see, not only appreciated the performance, but were very liberal in their contributions.

The island of Ayre lies off the south-eastern extremity of Minorca. In the intervening strait, the sea was so wonderfully transparent that the alternations of bare limestone floor and fields of seaweed far below our keel changed the color of the water from a turquoise so dazzling that I can only call it blue fire to an emerald gloom pierced with golden lightnings. Even that Southern temperament which cares so little for Nature was aroused by the sight of these splendors. The passengers hung over the railing with cries of admiration, and the blind minstrel was left to soliloquize on his guitar. Against a headland in front, the smooth sea suddenly rose in a crest of foam, behind which a gleam of darker sapphire denoted the mouth of a harbor. In a few minutes more we were abreast of the entrance to Port Mahon, with a great ascending slope of new fortifications on the north. Hundreds of men are now employed on defences which the new developments in naval warfare have rendered useless; and the officials conceal with the most jealous fear the plan of a system of forts and batteries which no other nation need care to know.

The lower ground, on the southern side of the entrance to the inner harbor, is entirely covered with the ruins of the immense fortress of San Felipe, built by the English during their occupation of Minorca from 1708 to 1802. The fate of Admiral Byng, executed for a naval victory over the French, gives a tragic interest to these ruins, which, in their extent, resemble those of a city. All governments (our own included) know how to make their individual servants the scapegoats for their blunders or their incapacity; but I know not, in all history, of a case so flagrant as that of Byng. The destruction of Fort San Felipe cost nearly half a million of dollars, and yet it appears to be only partial.

On passing the channel between the fort and Cape Mola, we found ourselves in the port, but only at its entrance; the city was not yet visible. A bright white town crowned the low cliffs of the southern shore,—the former Georgetown of the English, the present Villa Carlos of the Spaniards. Opposite to it, the long quarantine island divided the intensely blue water; and my fellow-passengers claimed with pride that it was capable of accommodating a whole fleet. Beyond this island the harbor bends southward, shutting out of sight the sea entrance; it becomes a still lake, enclosed by bare, bright hills. The Isle of the King, with a splendid military hospital; the ship-yard, with a vessel of a thousand tons on the stocks, and various other public constructions, appeared successively on our right. The nearer southern shore, a wall of dark gray rock, broken by deep gashes in which houses were hidden and steep roads climbed to the summit, increased in height; as we approached the end of the harbor, quays along the water, and a fresh, many-colored, glittering town on the rocks, showed that we had reached Port Mahon. Nature has made this basin as picturesque as it is secure. The wild cliffs of the coast here pierce inland, but they are draped with splendid gardens; fields of wheat climb the hills, and orchards of olive clothe their feet; over the table-land of the island rises in the distance the purple peak of El Toro; and the city before you, raised on a pedestal a hundred feet in height, seems to be one of the most beautiful of the Mediterranean. "Did you ever see a place like that?" asked a Mahonese at my elbow. "Captain —, of your navy, used to say that there were only three good harbors in the Mediterranean,—the months of July and August, and Port Mahon!" Captain —, however, as my friend perhaps did not know, borrowed the remark from Admiral Andrea Doria, who made it centuries ago.

The "Fonda del Oriente" looked down upon me invitingly from the top of the rock, which was made accessible

by a road carried up in steep, zigzag ramps. At the door of the hotel I was received by a stout old man with a cosmopolitan face, who, throwing his head on one shoulder, inspected me for a few moments with a remarkably knowing air. Then, with a nod of satisfaction at his own acuteness, he said, "Walk in, sir; how do you find yourself?" Ushering me into a chamber furnished with an old mahogany secretary, heavy arm-chairs, and antiquated prints,—the atmosphere of Portsmouth or Gravesend hanging over everything,—he continued, after another critical survey, "Mr. Alexander, I believe?"

"That is not my name," I said.

"Not Alexander! Then it must be Sykes; they are brothers-in-law, you know," persisted the stout old man.

I answered him with a scrutinizing stare, and the words, "Your name is Bunsby, I think?"

"O no!" he exclaimed; "I am Antonio. You can't be Mr. Sykes, either, or you'd know me."

"You are talking of Englishmen; I am not English."

"Not English?" he cried. "H'm, well, that's queer; but, to be sure, you must be American. I know all the American officers that ever were here, and they know me. Ask Commodore — and — if they don't know Antonio! The greatest mistake I ever made was that I did n't move to Spezia with the squadron."

"Can you give me dinner?" I asked, cutting off the coming yarn.

"Stop!" he said; "don't tell me; I can guess what you want. A beef-steak rare, hey? and mixed pickles, hey? and potatoes with their jackets on, hey? But it's too late to make a pudding, and there's no Stilton cheese! Never mind! let me alone; nobody in Port Mahon can come nearer the real thing than I can."

In vain I declared my willingness to take the Minorcan dishes. Such a taste had probably never before been expressed in all Antonio's experience of English and Americans; and my meals then and thenceforth were a se-

ries of struggles to reproduce Portsmouth or Gravesend. But the hotel was large, airy, and perfectly clean. Antonio honestly endeavored to make me comfortable; he knew a great many of my naval friends, and I had no complaint to make with his reckoning at the close of my stay. He was, moreover, a man of progress; he corned beef, and cured hams, and introduced the making of butter (not very successfully), and taught the people how to cook potatoes. He even despatched a cheese, as a present, to Marshal Serrano, before I left Port Mahon.

Refreshed by a long sleep, which was not disturbed by any little dog with a bell on his neck, or that which the sound of the latter suggested, I sallied forth in the morning without any objective point. The city must first be seen, because it lay between me and the country. I was delighted to find wide, well-paved streets as compared with those of Palma, clean, cheerful houses, and an irregularity sufficient for picturesque effect, without being bewildering to a stranger. Very few of the buildings appeared to be older than the last century; there was nothing characteristic in their architecture; but the city, from end to end, was gay, sunny, full of color, *riante*, and without a trace of the usual Spanish indolence and uncleanness. It has somewhat fallen from its former estate. Grass grows in many of the streets, and there is less noise and movement than one would look for with the actual population, — some fifteen thousand. Three or four small craft in the harbor did not indicate an active commerce, and I presume the place is kept alive mainly by the visits of foreign men-of-war. A great many of the common people speak a few words of English, and you may even read "Adams, Sastre," over the door of a native tailor!

The climate, although considered harsh by the Spaniards, seemed to me perfect. The sun of June shone in a cloudless sky, flooding the sharp, clear colors of the town with a deluge of light; yet a bracing wind blew from the

north, and the people in the fields and gardens worked as steadily as Connecticut farmers. I saw no loafers upon the island; and I doubt whether there are enough of them to form a class among the native population. While there was evidently a great deal of poverty, I encountered no beggars. I felt, as in Majorca, that I was among a simple-minded, ignorant, but thoroughly honest and industrious people.

The street I had chosen gradually rose as I proceeded inland; walled gardens succeeded to the houses, and then fields of wheat or vines, separated by huge agglomerations of stones. I looked over an undulating table-land, covered with such lines and mounds of rocky *débris*, that they seemed to be the ruins of a city. Every patch of grain or fruit was enclosed by a cannon-proof fortification; and the higher ridges terminated in bald parapets, whereupon the dark mounds of box and ilex held fast and flourished without any appearance of soil. At the foot of these wild growths the fig-tree grew with wonderful luxuriance, and very often the foliage of the untamable rock was mingled with that of the gardens. Here every foot of ground had been won by the rudest, the most patient toil. Even the fields conquered centuries ago are not yet completely manageable; hundreds of stony fangs still protrude from the surface, and the laborer is obliged to follow the plough with hoe and spade. Thus, in spite of the almost incredible triumphs of agriculture with which the island is covered, its general aspect is that of a barren, torn, hopeless wilderness. Without broad or grand features of landscape, it is crowded with startling contrasts and picturesque details.

I wandered southward between the high, loose walls, towards a mound which promised me a wider inland view; but on approaching it, the road entered an impenetrable shade, and passed beyond. There was no gate or entrance of any kind into the fields, so I took advantage of a jagged corner of

the wall, and climbed to the top. On the other side there was a wheat-field, in which three men were reaping. I now saw that what I had taken for a mound was a circular tower, the top of which had been torn down, forming a slope around its base, which was covered with rank thickets of mastic and myrtle. I asked the men, who had stopped work, and were curiously regarding me, whether I might cross their field and visit the ruin. "Certainly, Señor," said the master; "come down, and walk about where you please." He then called, in a loud voice, "Miguel!" and presently a small boy came to light from behind a pile of rocks. "Miguel," said he, "go with the Señor to the *atalaya*, and show him the steps."

I clambered down into the little field, which, sunken between enormous walls of stone, somewhat resembled a volcanic crater. Miguel piloted me silently across the stubble, between solid mounds of ilex, which seemed no less ancient and indestructible than the rocks upon which they grew, and by a gap in an outer wall into the bed of a dry moat around the tower. The latter, though only ten feet wide, stood thick with ripe wheat; but it was bridged in one place by a line of stones, and we thus crossed without trampling down the precious stalks. There were no steps to the tower, but a zigzag path had been trampled among the ruins, at the foot of which I dismissed Miguel, and then mounted to the summit. I first looked abroad upon the bright, busy, wild, savage, wonderfully cultivated fields and gardens, the white towers and tiled roofs of the city behind me, and a single blue fragment of the sea (like a piece chipped out of the edge of a bowl) in the east. The characteristics of Minorcan scenery, which I have already described, gave the view a character so novel and so remarkable, that I studied them for a long time before examining more closely the ruin upon which I stood.

The farmer had called it an *atalaya*,

and the tower was clearly of Moorish construction. Its height must have been originally much greater, or it could not have answered its purpose of watching the sea. The hollow interior is entirely filled with the fragments, so that nothing of the structure remains except its circular form. Outside of the dry moat there is a massive pentangular wall, with a lozenge-shaped pile of solid masonry at each corner; the whole evidently designed for defence, and of later date than the tower itself. Such quantities of stones had been heaped upon the old foundations by the farmers, in clearing spaces for their crops, that very little of the masonry was to be seen. To be of service, however, the walls must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. Many of the stones have no doubt been carried away for buildings, and there are still huge piles of them in the adjacent fields. Towering out of one of these piles I caught a glimpse of another relic of a still remoter past,—an object so unexpected that I first took it for an accidental disposition of the stones. I descended to the moat, clambered over the outer wall, and made my way to the spot.

It was a Celtic *tor*, or altar,—a large upright block of gray limestone, supporting a horizontal block about ten feet in length. The pillar was so buried in fragments which had been piled about it, that I could not ascertain its height; but the character of the monument was too distinctly marked to admit of a question. After returning to Port Mahon, I found that its existence was well known. In fact, the first question asked me was, "Have you seen the Phœnician altar?" When and by whom these remarkable monuments—which are found in all the Mediterranean islands between Greece and Gibraltar—were erected, is a point which I will leave antiquarians to discuss. It pleased me, as I sat under a fig-tree which shot up through the stones, to fancy that the remains of three memorable phases in the history of man were before me,—of the Dru-



ids in the crumbling altar, of the Saracens in the watch-tower, and of the house of Aragon or Castile in the fortress enclosing it.

According to Strabo, the Balearic Islands were colonized by the Rhodians; but Strabo probably knew less about the matter than any respectable antiquarian of our own day. The people of Minorca firmly believe that Magon, the brother of Hannibal, founded Port Mahon, and they attribute the Druidic stones and the Cyclopean constructions (which are here found side by side) to the Phœnicians. The English occupation, which left at least a good map behind it, led to no historic investigations; and I cannot learn that any detailed account of the antiquities of the island has ever been published. Those remains which we call Druidic are very numerous; some of the upright monoliths are more than twenty feet in height, supporting horizontal stones of nearly equal dimensions. Nothing but the lack of archæological knowledge prevented me from making a journey through the interior for the purpose of examining the other monuments.

I made use of my brief visit, however, to test the truth of another story, which is among the permanent traditions of the American navy. Every one has read the account of a captain's son leaping from the main-truck of a frigate; and in the days when Morris was popular, his verses commencing

"Old Ironsides at anchor lay  
In the harbor of Mahon,"

went the rounds of all the country newspapers. There was a melodramatic air about the incident which made me suspicious. I suppose the lines recalled themselves to my mind from the fact that Port Mahon is nowhere else embalmed in poetry. The Consul, who kindly seconded my curiosity in a matter of so little importance, went to an old Mahonese, who has had the greatest experience of our vessels and officers, and questioned him, taking care not to suggest the story in advance. But the old man instantly

said: "O yes! I remember all about it. Fifty years ago, or more, when the Constitution frigate was here, a boy climbed to the very top of the main-mast, and was obliged to jump into the harbor, as there was no other way of getting down. Not many persons saw the act, but it was much talked about, and nobody doubted that the boy had done it." Whether the captain forced his son to take the terrible leap by threatening to shoot him with a rifle, the old man could not tell.

The next morning the Consul accompanied me on another excursion into the country. We passed through the town, and descended to an alameda which skirts the harbor to its western end, where the highway to Ciudadela strikes off towards the centre of the island. The harbor once penetrated a mile deeper into the country than at present, so the people say; but it must have been a shallow, marshy basin, as the hills around could not possibly spare enough soil to fill up and make fruitful the valley which one now enters after leaving the harbor-wall. This valley is the largest tract of unbroken garden land which I saw in Minorca. Its productiveness is apparently unlimited. Maize, cabbages, sweet potatoes, hemp, vines, vegetables of all kinds, covered the surface; date-palms and orange-trees, so overwhelmed with fruit that scarcely a green leaf showed through the dazzling gold, turned it into a garden of the tropics; while precipitous walls of limestone, resting on rough natural vaults and arches, shut out the rocky upper plateau from view. The laborers were planting new crops in the place of the old; so valuable is this rich basin that no part of its surface is allowed to lie fallow for a day.

On the left, the enclosing walls were broken by the mouth of a glen, the sides of which—regular terraces of rock, resting on arched foundations—seemed at first sight to be the work of art. Here, in the shade of a group of poplars and sycamores, stood the chapel of San Juan, white, cool, and

solitary. A fountain, issuing from the base of the rocks near it, formed a little pool, in which some women were washing clothes. The picture was Oriental in every feature, — so much so that I was surprised not to hear "Taba' el-kheyr!" when the women said to us, "Bón di' tenga!"

Entering the glen behind the chapel, a few paces brought us into a different world. Except upon some painfully constructed shelf of soil, built up or rescued in some way from the rocks, there was no cultivation. Our path was a natural pavement, torn by the occasional rains; bare cliffs of gray limestone, vaulted at the base, overhung us on either side; and the mounds of box on the summit sparkled against the sky. Every feature of the scenery bore the marks of convulsion. Enormous blocks had been hurled from above; the walls were split with deep, irregular crevices; and even the stubborn evergreen growths took fantastic shapes of horns, fluttering wings, tufts of hair, or torn garments. Now and then a dry-leaved ilex rustled and rattled in the breeze; and the glen, notwithstanding it brimmed over with intensest sunshine, would have seemed very drear and desolate but for the incessant songs of the nightingales. While I crept under a rock to sketch a singularly picturesque combination of those crag-forms, — every one of which was a study, — the joyous birds made the place ring with their pæans. The *day-song* of the nightingale is as cheerful as that of the lark; its passion and sorrow is kept for the night.

If I had been an artist, I should have spent a fortnight in the glen of San Juan; but as it was, having only another day in Minorca, I could not linger there beyond an hour. At the point where I sat it divides into two branches, which gradually rise, as they wind, to the level of the table-land; and the great stone-heaps commence immediately behind the topmost fringe of box. The island, in fact, is a single rock, upon the level portions of which a little soil has lodged. Wherever one may travel in

the interior, it presents the same appearance. The distance from Port Mahon to the old town of Ciudadela, at the western extremity of Minorca, is about twenty-five miles; and the Consul informed me that I should find the same landscapes all the way. There is nothing remarkable in Ciudadela except a cathedral of the thirteenth century, and some Saracenic walls. On the way are the three other principal towns of the island, — Alayor, Mercadal, and Ferrerías, — all of which are rudely built, and have an equal air of poverty. It was for a moment a question with me whether I should employ my little remaining time in a rapid journey to Ciudadela and back, or in strolling leisurely through the country around Port Mahon, and setting down my observations as typical of all Minorca. The reports of the Consul justified me in adopting the latter and easier course.

In the afternoon we walked to the village of San Luis, about four miles distant, and recently made accessible by a superb highway. The great drought which has prevailed in all the Balearic Islands during the past two years has seriously injured the crops, and there is much suffering in Minorca, which is so much less favored by nature than its larger sister island. I heard of families of five persons living for months on less than twenty-five cents a day. Agriculture is profitable in good seasons, on account of the excellent quality of the wheat, oil, and oranges; but the deposit of soil, as I have already explained, is very shallow, there is no sheltering range of mountains as in Majorca, no supply of water for irrigation, and the average production is therefore much less certain. The price of land is high, for the reason that the proprietors are satisfied if it yields them annually two per cent of its value. Shoemaking is one of the principal branches of industry in Port Mahon; but of late the foreign market has been disturbed, and the profits are so slight — whether through slow and imperfect labor or the sharpness of contractors I did not ascertain — that

any check in the trade brings immediate suffering. The people, nevertheless, are very patient; they invariably prefer work to mendicancy, and are cheerful and contented so long as they succeed in clothing and feeding themselves.

The Minorcans seemed to me even more independent and original in character than the Majorcans. There is still less of the Spaniard, but also less of the Moor, about them. I should guess their blood to be mostly Vandal, but I stand ready to be corrected by any ethnologist who knows better. They have a rugged, sturdy air, little grace and elegance, either of body or of manner, and a simplicity which does not exclude shrewdness or cunning. It is considered almost an insult if the stranger speaks of them as Spaniards. The Governor of the island said to Marshal Serrano, the other day, when the latter was in Port Mahon in temporary exile: "The Minorcans are a curious people. You probably find that they do not take off their hats to you in the street, as you are accustomed to be saluted in Madrid?" "Yes," answered the Marshal, "I have already learned that they care nothing whatever for either you or me." The older people look back on the English occupation with regret; the younger generation would be exceedingly well satisfied if Spain would sell the island to the United States for a naval station. But all unite in calling themselves Minorcans, or Mahonese, and in drawing a very broad line between themselves and the Spaniards of the Peninsula.

The Consul confirmed my first impressions of the honesty of the people. "You may walk on any road in the island," said he, "at any hour of the day or night, with the most perfect security." He also gave them the highest praise for cleanliness and order in their domestic life, which are certainly not Spanish qualities. The young men and women who are betrothed save every penny of their earnings, and invest them in the articles of

furniture necessary to the establishment of a household. Simple as are these latter, many years often elapse before they are all procured and the nuptials may be celebrated, the parties remaining steadfastly constant to each other during the long time of waiting. They are a people in whom almost any honest system of education, any possible sound ideas of progress, would take immediate root; but under the combined shadow of Spain and Rome what progress *is* possible?

I have never seen Broek, in Holland, but I think San Luis must be the cleanest village in Europe. I attributed its amazing brightness, as we approached, to the keen semi-African sun and the perfectly clear air; but I found that all the houses had been whitewashed that very afternoon, as they regularly are every Saturday. The street was swept so conscientiously that we might have seated ourselves and taken our dinner anywhere, without getting more than each man's inevitable proportion of dust in the dishes. In the open doors, as I passed, I saw floors of shining tiles, clean wooden furniture, women in threadbare but decent dresses, and children—no, the children *were* dirty, and I confess I should not have been pleased to see them otherwise. The sand and fig-stains on those little faces and hands were only health-marks, and they made the brightness of the little village endurable. It would else have seemed to be struck with an unusual disease. We went into a house where two old women—very, very poor they were, but uncomplaining—received us with simple, unaffected friendliness. I spoke in Spanish and they in Minorcan, so that the conversation was not very intelligible; but the visit gave me a fleeting impression of the sterling qualities of the people, inasmuch as it harmonized with all that I had previously seen and heard.

The Consul conducted me to a little *casino*, where refreshments, limited in character, were to be procured. The *maestro*, a stout fellow, with the air of a Bowery butcher, opened his heart on

learning that we were Americans. He had served a year on board one of our men-of-war, and repeated, over and over again, "The way things were managed there satisfied me, — it corresponded with my own ideas!" He made me read, around a spiral pillar, the words, "Casino del Progreso," saying, "That 's what I go for!" There was a church nearly opposite, and from its architecture a man with half an eye could see that the Jesuits had had a hand in building it. This I sketched, and the progressive host, leaning over my shoulder, interpreted the drawing correctly. His extravagant admiration made me feel that I had done well, and we parted mutually satisfied. Indeed, this little village interested me even more than Port Mahon, because it was more purely Minorcan in character.

The quantities of the fig-bearing cactus about the country-houses surprised me, until I learned that the fleshy leaves are used during the dry season as food for the mules and asses. The fruit, which is said to be remarkably fine on the island, is eaten by the inhabitants, and must form, in times of want, an important article of their food; yet so much space would not be given to the plant, or rather tree, if the animals had not been taught to subsist upon it. I have never before heard, in any part of the world, of the cactus being utilized in this way. Its huge, grotesque masses are an inseparable part of every landscape on the island.

We walked back to Port Mahon in the face of a north-wind which was almost cold, which blew away the rich color from the sunset sky, leaving it pale, clear, and melancholy in tone; yet thunder and violent rain followed in the night. I spent my last evening with the Consul and his agreeable family, and embarked on the steamer for Barcelona in the morning. As we passed out of the harbor, Antonio's daughter waved her handkerchief from the window high above, on the cliff. The salute was not intended for me, but for her husband, who was bound for Madrid, carrying with him the cheese for Marshal Serrano. Rocked on a rough sea, and with a keen wind blowing, we again coasted along the southern shore of Minorca, crossed the strait, touched at Alcudia, and then, passing the mouth of the Bay of Pollenza, reached the northern headland of Majorca at sunset. Here the mountain-chain falls off in perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height, the bases of which are worn into caverns and immense echoing vaults. The coast-forms are as grand and wonderful as those of Norway. Point after point, each more abrupt and distorted than the last, came into view as we cleared the headland, — all growing luminous in the mist and the orange light of the setting sun.

Then the light faded; the wild mountain-forms were fused together in a cold gray mass above the sea; the stars came out, and my last Balearic day was at an end.

## ASPECTS OF CULTURE.\*

WE meet to-day under happy omens to our ancient society, to the commonwealth of letters, to the country, and to mankind. No good citizen but shares the wonderful prosperity of the Federal Union. The heart still beats with the public pulse of joy, that the country has withstood the rude trial which threatened its existence, and thrills with the vast augmentation of strength which it draws from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is a crown of honor and a pledge of strength to the ship. We may be well contented with our fair inheritance. Was ever such coincidence of advantages in time and place as in America to-day?—the fusion of races and religions; the hungry cry which goes up from the wide continent for men; the answering facility of immigration, permitting every wanderer to choose his climate and government. Men come hither by nations. Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology, to fly with them over the sea, and to send their messages under it. They come from crowded, antiquated kingdoms to the easy sharing of our simple forms. Land without price is offered to the settler, cheap education to his children. The temper of our people delights in this whirl of life. Who would live in the stone age, or the bronze, or the iron, or the lacustrine? Who does not prefer the age of steel, of gold, of coal, petroleum, cotton, steam, electricity, and the spectroscopic?

\* *Prisca juveni alios, ego me nunc denique natum  
Gratulor.*"

All this activity has added to the value of life, and to the scope of the intellect. I will not say that American institutions have given a new enlargement to our idea of a finished man, but they have added important features to the sketch.

Observe the marked ethical quality of the innovations urged or adopted.

The new claim of woman to a political status is itself an honorable testimony to the civilization which has given her a civil status new in history. Now that, by the increased humanity of law, she controls her property, she inevitably takes the next step to her share in power.

The war gave us the abolition of slavery, the success of the Sanitary Commission and of the Freedmen's Bureau. Add to these the new scope of social science; the abolition of capital punishment and of imprisonment for debt; the improvement of prisons; the efforts for the suppression of intemperance; the search for just rules affecting labor; the co-operative societies; the insurance of life and limb; the free-trade league; the improved almshouses; the enlarged scale of charities to relieve local famine, or burned towns, or the suffering Greeks; the incipient series of international congresses,—all, one may say, in a high degree revolutionary,—teaching nations the taking of government into their own hands, and superseding kings.

The spirit is new. A silent revolution has impelled, step by step, all this activity. A great many full-blown conceits have burst. The coxcomb goes to the wall. To his astonishment he has found that this country and this age belong to the most liberal persuasion; that the day of ruling by scorn and sneers is past; that good sense is now in power, and *that* resting on a vast constituency of intelligent labor, and, better yet, on convictions less and less dim of laws the most sublime. Men are now to be astonished by seeing acts of good-nature, common civility, and Christian charity proposed by statesmen, and executed by justices of the peace,—by policemen and the constable. The fop is unable to cut the patriot in the street; nay, he lies at his mercy in the ballot of the club.

\* Address read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July, 1867.

Mark, too, the large resources of a statesman, of a socialist, of a scholar, in this age. The peace of the world is always kept by striking a new note, when classes are exasperated against each other. Instantly the units part, and form in a new order, and those who were opposed are now side by side. In this country, the prodigious mass of work that must be done has either made new divisions of labor, or created new professions. Consider, at this time, what variety of issues, of enterprises public and private, what heroes, what inventors, what genius of science, what of administration, what of practical skill, what masters, each in his several province, the railroad, the telegraph, the mines, the inland and marine explorations, the novel and powerful philanthropies, as well as agriculture, the foreign trade and the home trade (whose circuits in this country are as spacious as the foreign), manufactures, the very inventions, all on a national scale too, have evoked! It is the appearance of superior men, the rapid addition to our society of a class of true nobles, by which the self-respect of each town and State is enriched.

Take as a type the boundless freedom here in Massachusetts. People have in all countries been burned and stoned for saying things which are commonplaces at all our breakfast-tables. Every one who was in Italy twenty-five years ago will remember the caution with which his host or guest, in any house there, looked around him, if a political topic were broached. Here the tongue is free, and the hand; and the freedom of action goes to the brink, if not over the brink, of license.

A controlling influence of the times has been the wide and successful study of Natural Science. Steffens said, "The religious opinions of men rest on their views of nature." Great strides have been made within the present century. Geology, astronomy, chemistry, optics, have yielded grand results. The correlation of forces and

the polarization of light have carried us to sublime generalizations, — have affected an imaginative race like poetic inspirations. We have been taught to tread familiarly on giddy heights of thought, and to wont ourselves to daring conjectures. The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his church shrivel like dried leaves at the door of the observatory, and a new and healthful air regenerates the human mind, and imparts a sympathetic enlargement to its own inventions and method.

That cosmical west wind which, meteorologists tell us, constitutes, by the revolution of the globe, the upper current, is alone broad enough to carry to every city and suburb — to the farmer's house, the miner's shanty, and the fisher's boat — the inspirations of this new hope of mankind. Now, if any one say we have had enough of these boastful recitals, then I say, Happy is the land wherein benefits like these have grown trite and commonplace.

We confess that in America everything looks new and recent. Our towns are still rude, — the make-shifts of emigrants, — and the whole architecture tent-like, when compared with the monumental solidity of mediæval and primeval remains in Europe and Asia. But geology has effaced these distinctions. Geology, a science of forty or fifty summers, has had the effect to throw an air of novelty and mushroom speed over entire history. The oldest empires, — what we called venerable antiquity, — now that we have true measures of duration, show like creations of yesterday; and our millenniums, and stones, and bones of Copts and Kelts, are the first experimental pullulations and transitional meliorations of the chimpanzee. 'T is yet quite too early to draw sound conclusions. The old six thousand years of chronology become a kitchen clock, — no more a measure of time than an hour-glass or an egg-glass, — since the duration of geologic periods has come into view. Geology itself is only



chemistry with the element of time added; and the rocks of Nahant or the dikes of the White Hills disclose that the world is a crystal, and the soil of the valleys and plains a continual decomposition and recomposition. Nothing is old but the mind.

But I find not only this equality between new and old countries, as seen by the eye of science, but also a certain equivalence of the ages of history; and as the infant child is in his playthings working incessantly at studies of natural philosophy, — working as hard and as successfully as Newton, — so it were ignorance not to see that each nation and period has done its full part to make up the result of existing civility. We are all agreed that we have not on the instant better men to show than Plutarch's heroes. The world is always equal to itself. We cannot yet afford to drop Homer, nor *Æschylus*, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Archimedes.

Later, each European nation, after the breaking up of the Roman Empire, had its romantic era, and the productions of that era in each rose to about the same height. Take for an example in literature the Romance of Arthur, in Britain, or in the opposite province of Brittany; the *Chansons de Roland*, in France; the Chronicle of the Cid, in Spain; the *Nibelungen Lied*, in Germany; the Norse Sagas, in Scandinavia; and, I may add, the Arabian Nights, on the African coast. But if these works still survive and multiply, what shall we say of names more distant, or hidden through their very superiority to their coevals, — names of men who have left remains that certify a height of genius in their several directions not since surpassed, and which men in proportion to their wisdom still cherish, — as Zoroaster, Confucius, and the grand scriptures, only recently known to Western nations, of the Indian Vedas, the Institutes of Menu, the Puranas, the poems of the Mahabarat and the Ramayana?

In modern Europe, the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares

to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. 'T is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred and Wickliffe and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting, — are the delight and tuition of ours. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes, and the necessity of reform in the calendar; — looking over how many horizons as far as into Liverpool and New York, announced that machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do, nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer; carriages, to move with incredible speed, without aid of animals; and machines to fly into the air like birds. Even the races that we still call savage, or semi-savage, and which preserve their arts from immemorial traditions, vindicate their faculty by the skill with which they make their yam-cloths, pipes, bows, boats, and carved war-clubs. The war-proa of the Malays in the Japanese waters struck Commodore Perry by its close resemblance to the yacht America.

As we find thus a certain equivalence in the ages, there is also an equipollence of individual genius to the nation which it represents. It is a curious fact, that a certain enormity of culture makes a man invisible to his contemporaries. 'T is always hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with cheap performance, you will not easily arrive at better. If they know what is good, and require it, you will aspire and burn until you achieve it. But, from time to time, in history, men are born a whole age too soon. The founders of nations, the wise men and inventors, who shine afterwards as their gods, were probably martyrs in their own time. All the transcendent writers and artists of the world, — 't is doubtful who they were, — they are lifted so fast into mythology, — Homer,

Menu, Viasa, Dædalus, Hermes, Zo-roaster, even Swedenborg and Shakespeare. The early names are too typical; — Homer, or the blind man; Menu, or man; Viasa, the compiler; Dædalus, the cunning; Hermes, the interpreter; and so on. Probably, the men were so great, so self-fed, that the recognition of them by others was not necessary to them. And every one has heard the remark (too often, I fear, politely made), that the philosopher was above his audience. I think I have seen two or three great men who, for that reason, were of no account among scholars.

But Jove is in his reserves. The truth, the hope of any time, must always be sought in the minorities. Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now; but in his own days, his friends were few; and you would have had to hunt him in a conventicle with the Methodists of the era; namely, Savonarola, Vittoria Colonna, Contarini, Pole, Occhino, — superior souls, the religious of that day, drawn to each other, and under some cloud with the rest of the world, — reformers, the radicals of the hour, banded against the corruptions of Rome, and as lonely and as hated as Dante before them.

I find the single mind equipollent to a multitude of minds, say to a nation of minds, as a drop of water balances the sea; and under this view the problem of culture assumes wonderful interest. Culture is all that which gives the mind possession of its own powers; as languages to the critic, telescope to the astronomer. Culture alters the political status of an individual. It raises a rival royalty in a monarchy. 'T is king against king. It is ever the romance of history in all dynasties, — the co-presence of the revolutionary force in intellect. It creates a personal independence which the monarch cannot look down, and to which he must often succumb. If a man know the laws of nature better than other men, his nation cannot spare him; nor if he know the power of numbers, the secret

of geometry, of algebra, on which the computations of astronomy, of navigation, of machinery, rest. If he can converse better than any other, he rules the minds of men wherever he goes; if he has imagination, he intoxicates men; — how often has poetry been inestimable as a lonely protest against atheism in a bad age! If he has wit, he tempers despotism by epigrams: a song, a satire, a sentence, has played its part in great events. Eloquence a hundred times has turned the scale of war and peace at will. The history of Greece is at one time reduced to two persons, — Philip, or the successor of Philip, on one side, and Demosthenes, a private citizen, on the other. If he has a military genius, like Belisarius, or administrative faculty, like Chatham or Bismarck, he is the king's king. If a theologian of deep convictions and strong understanding carries his country with him, like Luther, the state becomes Lutheran, in spite of the Emperor, as Thomas à Becket overpowered the English Henry. Wit has a great charter. Popes and kings and Councils of Ten are very sharp with their censorships and inquisitions, but it is on dull people. Some Dante or Angelo, Rabelais, Hafiz, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Béranger, Bettine von Arnim, or whatever genuine wit of the old inimitable class, is always allowed. Kings feel that this is that which they themselves represent; this is no red-kerchiefed, red-shirted rebel, but loyalty, kingship. This is real kingship, and their own only titular. Even manners are a distinction, which, we sometimes see, are not to be overborne by rank or official power, or even by other eminent talents, since they too proceed from a certain deep, innate perception of fit and fair.

It is too plain, that a cultivated laborer is worth many untaught laborers; that a scientific engineer, with instruments and steam, is worth many hundred men, many thousands; that Archimedes or Napoleon is worth for labor a thousand thousands; and that in every wise and genial soul we have England, Greece,

Italy, walking, and can dispense with populations of navvies.

Literary history and all history is a record of the power of minorities, and of minorities of one. Every book is written with a constant secret reference to the few intelligent persons whom the writer believes to exist in the million. The artist has always the masters in his eye, though he affect to flout them. Michel Angelo is thinking of Da Vinci, and Raffaele is thinking of Michel Angelo. Tennyson would give his fame for a verdict in his favor from Wordsworth. Agassiz and Owen and Huxley affect to address the American and English people, but are really writing to each other. Everett dreamed of Webster. McKay, the shipbuilder, thinks of George Steers; and Steers, of Pook, the naval constructor. The names of the masters at the head of each department of science, art, or function are often little known to the world, but are always known to the adepts; as Robert Brown in botany, and Gauss in mathematics. Often the master is a hidden man, but not to the true student; invisible to all the rest, resplendent to him. All his own work and culture form the eye to see the master. In politics, mark the importance of minorities of one, as of Phocion, Cato, Lafayette, Arago. The importance of the one person who has the truth over nations who have it not, is because power obeys reality, and not appearance; power is according to quality, and not quantity. How much more are men than nations! the wise and good souls — Socrates in Athens, Jesus in Judæa, the stoic, the saint, Alfred the king, Shakespeare the poet, Newton the philosopher, the perceiver and obeyer of truth — than the foolish and sensual millions around them! so that, wherever a true man appears, everything usually reckoned great dwarfs itself; he is the only great event, and it is easy to lift him into a mythological personage.

Then the next step in the series is the equivalence of the soul to nature. I said that one of the distinctions of

our century has been the devotion of cultivated men to natural science. The benefits thence derived to the arts and to civilization are signal and immense. They are felt in navigation, in agriculture, in manufactures, in astronomy, in mining, and in war. But over all their utilities, I must hold their chief value to be metaphysical. The chief value is not the useful powers he obtained, but the test it has been of the scholar. He has accosted this immeasurable nature, and got clear answers. He understood what he read. He found agreement with himself. It taught him anew the reach of the human mind, and that it was citizen of the universe. As the child in his toys is studying the alphabet of natural philosophy, so the man in his dealings with the material world learns the alphabet of the spiritual.

The first quality we know in matter is centrality, — we call it gravity, — which holds the universe together, which remains pure and indestructible in each mote, as in masses and planets, and from each atom rays out illimitable influence. To this material essence answers Truth, in the intellectual world, — Truth, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere, whose existence we cannot disimagine, — the soundness and health of things, against which no blow can be struck but it recoils on the striker, — Truth, which we cannot wound, and on whose side we always heartily are. And the first measure of a mind is its centrality, its veracity, its capacity of truth, and its adhesion to it.

When the correlation of the sciences was announced by Oersted and his colleagues, it was no surprise; we were found already prepared for it. The fact stated accorded with the auguries or divinations of the human mind. Thus, if we should analyze Newton's discovery, we should say, that, if it had not been anticipated by him, it would not have been found. We are told, that, in posting his books, after the French had measured on the earth a degree of the meridian, when he saw that his theoretic results were approxim-

ing that empirical one, his hand shook, the figures danced, and he was so agitated that he was forced to call in an assistant to finish the computation. Why agitated, but because when he saw, in the fall of an apple to the ground, the fall of the earth to the sun, of the sun and of all suns to the centre, that perception was accompanied by a spasm of delight by which the intellect greets a fact more immense still, a fact really universal, — holding in intellect as in matter, in morals as in intellect, — that atom draws to atom throughout nature, and truth to truth throughout spirit? His law was only a particular of the more universal law of centrality. Every law in nature, as gravity, centripetence, repulsion, polarity, undulation, has a counterpart in the intellect. The laws above are sisters of the laws below. Shall we study the mathematics of the sphere, and not its casual essence also? Nature is a fable, whose moral blazes through it. There is no use in Copernicus, if the robust periodicity of the solar system does not show its equal perfection in the mental sphere, — the periodicity, the compensatory errors, the grand reactions. I shall never believe that centrifugence and centripetence balance, unless mind heats and meliorates, as well as the surface and soil of the globe.

On this power, this all-dissolving unity, the emphasis of heaven and earth is laid. Nature is brute but as this soul quickens it; Nature is only a language, a noun for this poet; Nature always the effect, mind the flowing cause. Nature, we find, is ever as is our sensibility; it is hostile to ignorance, — plastic, transparent, delightful, to knowledge. Mind carries the law; history is the slow and atomic unfolding. All things admit of this extended sense, and the universe at last is only prophetic, or, shall we say, symptomatic, of vaster interpretation and results.

Nature an enormous system, but in mass and in particle curiously available to the humblest need of the little creature that walks on the earth! The im-

measurableness of Nature is not more astounding than his power to gather all her omnipotence into a manageable rod or wedge, bringing it to a hair-point for the eye and hand of the philosopher.

Here stretches out of sight, out of conception even, this vast Nature, daunting, bewildering, but all penetrable, all self-similar, — an unbroken unity, — and the mind of man is a key to the whole. He finds that the universe, as Newton said, "was made at one cast"; the mass is like the atom, — the same chemistry, gravity, and conditions. The asteroids are the chips of an old star, and a meteoric stone is a chip of an asteroid. As language is in the alphabet, so is entire Nature — the play of all its laws — in one atom. The good wit finds the law from a single observation, — the law, and its limitations, and its correspondences, — as the farmer finds his cattle by a footprint. "State the sun, and you state the planets, and conversely."

Whilst its power is offered to his hand, its laws to his science, not less its beauty speaks to his taste, imagination, and sentiment. Nature is sanative, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets, and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love. Look out into the July night, and see the broad belt of silver flame which flashes up the half of heaven, fresh and delicate as the bonfires of the meadow-flies. Yet the powers of numbers cannot compute its enormous age, — lasting as space and time, — embosomed in time and space. And what are they, time and space? Our first problems, which we ponder all our lives through, and leave where we found them; whose outrunning immensity, the old Greeks believed, astonished the gods themselves; of whose dizzy vastitudes all the worlds of God are a mere dot on the margin; impossible to deny, impossible to believe. Yet the moral element in man counterpoises this dis-

may ing immensity, and bereaves it of terror. The highest flight to which the muse of Horace ascended was in that pair of lines in which he described the souls which can calmly confront the sublimity of nature:—

"Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis  
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla  
Imbuti spectant."

The sublime point of experience is the value of a sufficient man. Cube this value, by the meeting of two such, — of two or more such, — who understand and support each other, and you have organized victory. At any time, it only needs the contemporaneous appearance of a few superior and attractive men to give a new and noble turn to the public mind.

The benefactors we have indicated were exceptional men, and great because exceptional. The question which the present age urges with increasing emphasis, day by day, is, whether the high qualities which distinguished them can be imparted? The poet Wordsworth asked, "What one is, why may not millions be?" Why not? Knowledge exists to be imparted. Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret. The inquisitiveness of the child to hear runs to meet the eagerness of the parent to explain. The air does not rush to fill a vacuum with such speed as the mind to catch the expected fact. Every artist was first an amateur. The ear outgrows the tongue, is sooner ripe and perfect; but the tongue is always learning to say what the ear has taught it, and the hand obeys the same lesson.

There is anything but humiliation in the homage men pay to a great man; it is sympathy, love of the same things, effort to reach them, — the expression of their hope of what they shall become, when the obstructions of their malformation and mal-education shall be trained away. Great men shall not impoverish, but enrich us. Great men, — the age goes on their credit; but all the rest, when their wires are continued, and not cut, can do as signal things, and in new parts of nature. "No an-

gel in his heart acknowledges any one superior to himself but the Lord alone." There is not a person here present to whom omens that should astonish have not predicted his future, have not uncovered his past. The dreams of the night supplement by their divination the imperfect experiments of the day. Every soliciting instinct is only a hint of a coming fact, as the air and water that hang invisibly around us hasten to become solid in the oak and the animal. But the recurrence to high sources is rare. In our daily intercourse, we go with the crowd, lend ourselves to low fears and hopes, become the victims of our own arts and implements, and disuse our resort to the Divine oracle. It is only in the sleep of the soul that we help ourselves by so many ingenious crutches and machineries. What is the use of telegraphs? What of newspapers? To know in each social crisis how men feel in Kansas, in California, the truly wise man waits for no mails, reads no telegrams. He asks his own heart. If they are made as he is, if they breathe the like air, eat of the same wheat, have wives and children, he knows that their joy or resentment rises to the same point as his own. The inviolate soul is in perpetual telegraphic communication with the Source of events, has earlier information, a private despatch, which relieves him of the terror which presses on the rest of the community.

The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment. This is the fountain of power, preserves its eternal newness, draws its own rent out of every novelty in science. Science corrects the old creeds; sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms; and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses. Yet it does not surprise the moral sentiment. That was older, and awaited expectant these larger insights.

The affections are the wings by which the intellect launches on the

void, and is borne across it. Great love is the inventor and expander of the frozen powers, the feathers frozen to our sides. It was the conviction of Plato, of Van Helmont, of Pascal, of Swedenborg, that piety is an essential condition of science, that great thoughts come from the heart. It happens sometimes that poets do not believe their own poetry, but great men are sincere. Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. No hope so bright but is the beginning of its own fulfilment. Every generalization shows the way to a larger. Men say, 'Ah! if a man could impart his talent, instead of his performance, what mountains of guineas would not be paid!' Yes, but in the measure of his absolute veracity he does. When he does not play a part, does not wish to shine, when he talks to men with the unrestrained frankness which children use with each other, he communicates himself, and not his vanity. All vigor is contagious, and when we see creation we also begin to create. Depth of character, height of genius, can only find nourishment in this soil. The miracles of genius always rest on profound convictions, which refuse to be analyzed. Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning, not to be measured by the horse-power of the understanding. Hope never spreads her golden wings but on unfathomable seas. The same law holds for the intellect as for the will. When the will is absolutely surrendered to the moral sentiment, that is virtue; when the wit is surrendered to intellectual truth, that is genius. Talent for talent's sake is a bawble and a show. Talent working with joy in the cause of universal truth lifts the possessor to new power as a benefactor. I know well to what assembly of educated, reflecting, successful, and powerful persons I speak. Yours is the part of those who have received much. It is an old legend of just men, *Noblesse oblige*; or, superior advantages bind you to larger generosity. Now I conceive,

that, in this economical world, where every drop and every crumb is husbanded, the transcendent powers of mind were not meant to be misused. The Divine Nature carries on its administration by good men. Here you are set down, scholars and idealists, as in a barbarous age; amidst insanity, to calm and guide it; amidst fools and blind, to see the right done; among violent proprietors, to check self-interest stone-blind and stone-deaf by considerations of humanity to the workman and to his child; amongst angry politicians swelling with self-esteem, pledged to parties, pledged to clients, you are to make valid the large considerations of equity and good sense; under bad governments, to force on them, by your persistence, good laws. Around that immovable persistency of yours, statesmen, legislatures, must revolve, denying you, but not less forced to obey.

We wish to put the ideal rules into practice, to offer liberty instead of chains, and see whether liberty will not disclose its proper checks; believing that a free press will prove safer than the censorship; to ordain free trade, and believe that it will not bankrupt us; universal suffrage, believing that it will not carry us to mobs, or back to kings again. I believe that the checks are as sure as the springs. It is thus that men are great, and have great allies. And who are the allies? Rude opposition, apathy, slander, — even these. Difficulties exist to be surmounted. The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success hard, than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. It was walled round with iron tube with that purpose, to give it irresistible force in one direction. A strenuous soul hates cheap successes. It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender. The great are not tender at being obscure, despised, insulted. Such only feel themselves in adverse fortune. Strong men like war, tempest, hard times, which search till they find re-



sistance and bottom. They wish, as Pindar said, "to tread the floors of hell, with necessities as hard as iron." Periodicity, reaction, are laws of mind as well as of matter. Bad kings and governors help us, if only they are bad enough. In England, 't is the game-laws which exasperate the farmers to carry the Reform Bill. 'T is what we call plantation manners which drove peaceable, forgiving New England to emancipation without phrase. In the Rebellion, who were our best allies? Always the enemy. The community of scholars do not know their own power, and dishearten each other by tolerating political baseness in their members. Now, nobody doubts the power of manners, or that, wherever high society exists, it is very well able to exclude pretenders. The intruder finds himself uncomfortable, and quickly departs to his own gang. It has been our misfortune that the politics of America have been often immoral. It has had the worst effect on character. We are a complaisant, forgiving people, presuming, perhaps, on a feeling of strength. But it is not by easy virtue, where the public is concerned, that heroic results are obtained. We have suffered our young men of ambition to play the game of politics and take the immoral side without loss of caste, to come and go without rebuke. But that kind of loose association does not leave a man his own master. He cannot go from the good to the evil at pleasure, and then back again to the good. There is a text in Swedenborg, which tells in figure the plain truth. He saw in vision the angels and the devils; but these two companies stood not face to face and hand to hand, but

foot to foot,—these perpendicular up, and those perpendicular down.

Gentlemen, I draw new hope from the atmosphere we breathe to-day, from the healthy sentiment of the American people, and from the avowed aims and tendencies of the educated class. The age has new convictions. We know that in certain historic periods there have been times of negation,—a decay of thought, and a consequent national decline; that in France, at one time, there was almost a repudiation of the moral sentiment, in what is called, by distinction, society,—not a believer within the Church, and almost not a theist out of it. In England, the like spiritual disease affected the upper class in the time of Charles II., and down into the reign of the Georges. But it honorably distinguishes the educated class here, that they believe in the succor which the heart yields to the intellect, and draw greatness from the inspirations. And when I say the educated class, I know what a benignant breadth that word has,—new in the world,—reaching millions instead of hundreds. And more, when I look around me, and consider the sound material of which the cultivated class here is made up,—what high personal worth, what love of men, what hope, is joined with rich information and practical power, and that the most distinguished by genius and culture are in this class of benefactors,—I cannot distrust this great knighthood of virtue, or doubt that the interests of science, of letters, of politics and humanity, are safe. I think their hands are strong enough to hold up the Republic. I read the promise of better times and of greater men.

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

MEN say the sullen instrument  
That, from the Master's bow,  
With pangs of joy or woe,  
Feels music's soul through every fibre sent,  
Whispers the ravished strings  
More than he knew or meant.  
Old summers in its memory glow;  
The secrets of the wind it sings;  
It hears the April-loosened springs,  
And mixes with its mood  
All it learned when it stood  
In the murmurous pine-wood  
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then  
Steeped every bough and cone;  
The roar of the brook in the glen  
Came dim from the distance blown;  
The wind through its glooms sang low,  
And it swayed to and fro,  
Full of dreams, as it stood  
In the wonderful wood  
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons  
That only said live and rejoice?  
That asked not for causes and reasons,  
But made us all feeling and voice?  
When we went with the winds in their blowing,  
When nature and we were peers,  
And our days seemed to share in the flowing  
Of the inexhaustible years?  
Have we not from the earth drawn juices  
Too fine for Earth's sordid uses?  
Have I heard, have I seen,  
All I feel and I know?  
Doth my heart overween?  
Or could it have been  
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,  
An odor from dreamland sent,  
That makes the ghost seem nigh me  
Of a splendor that came and went,—  
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not  
In what diviner sphere,—  
Of memories that stay not and go not,  
Like music heard once by an ear

That cannot forget or reclaim it,—  
 A something so shy, it would shame it  
     To make it a show,  
 A something too vague, could I name it,  
     For others to know,  
 As if I had lived it or dreamed it,  
 As if I had acted or schemed it,  
     Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,  
     This life that stirs in my brain,  
 Could I be both maiden and lover,  
 Moon and tide, bee and clover,  
     As I seem to have been, once again,—  
 Could I but speak it and show it,  
 This pleasure more sharp than pain,  
     That baffles and lures me so,—  
 The world should not lack a poet  
 Such as it had in the ages glad  
     Long ago!

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### MRS. JOHNSON.

IT was on a morning of the lovely New England May that we left the horse-car, and, spreading our umbrellas, walked down the street to our new home in Charlesbridge, through a storm of snow and rain so finely blent by the influences of this fortunate climate, that no flake knew itself from its sister drop, or could be better identified by the people against whom they beat in unison. A vernal gale from the east fanned our cheeks and pierced our marrow and chilled our blood, while the raw, cold green of the adventurous grass on the borders of the sopping sidewalks gave, as it peered through its veil of melting snow and freezing rain, a peculiar cheerfulness to the landscape. Here and there in the vacant lots abandoned hoop-skirts defied decay; and near the half-finished wooden houses, empty mortar-beds, and bits of lath and slate strewn over the scarred and mutilated ground, added their interest to the scene. A shaggy drift hung upon the trees before our own house, (which had been built

some years earlier,) while its swollen eaves wept silently and incessantly upon the embankments lifting its base several feet above the common level.

This heavenly weather, which the Pilgrim Fathers, with the idea of turning their thoughts effectually from earthly pleasures, came so far to discover, continued with slight amelioration throughout the month of May and far into June; and it was a matter of constant amazement with one who had known less austere climates to behold how vegetable life struggled with the hostile skies, and, in an atmosphere as chill and damp as that of a cellar, shot forth the buds and blossoms upon the pear-trees, called out the sour Puritan courage of the currant-bushes, taught a reckless native grape-vine to wander and wanton over the southern side of the fence, and decked the banks with violets as fearless and as fragile as New England girls; so that about the end of June, when the heavens relented and the sun blazed out

at last, there was little for him to do but to redden and darken the daring fruits that had attained almost their full growth without his countenance.

Then, indeed, Charlesbridge appeared to us a kind of Paradise. The wind blew all day from the southwest, and all day in the grove across the way the orioles sang to their nestlings. The butcher's wagon rattled merrily up to our gate every morning; and if we had kept no other reckoning, we should have known it was Thursday by the grocer. We were living in the country with the conveniences and luxuries of the city about us. The house was almost new and in perfect repair; and, better than all, the kitchen had as yet given no signs of unrest in those volcanic agencies which are constantly at work there, and which, with sudden explosion, make Herculaneums and Pompeiis of so many smiling households. Breakfast, dinner, and tea came up with illusive regularity, and were all the most perfect of their kind; and we laughed and feasted in our vain security. We had out from the city to banquet with us the friends we loved, and we were inexpressibly proud before them of the Help, who first wrought miracles of cookery in our honor, and then appeared in a clean white apron, and the glossiest black hair, to wait upon the table. She was young, and certainly very pretty; she was as gay as a lark, and was courted by a young man whose clothes would have been a credit, if they had not been a reproach, to our lowly basement. She joyfully assented to the idea of staying with us till she married.

In fact, there was much that was extremely pleasant about the little place when the warm weather came, and it was not wonderful to us that Jenny was willing to remain. It was very quiet; we called one another to the window if a large dog went by our door; and whole days passed without the movement of any wheels but the butcher's upon our street, which flourished in ragweed and buttercups and daisies, and in the autumn burned, like the borders of nearly all the streets in

Charlesbridge, with the pallid azure flame of the succory. The neighborhood was in all things a frontier between city and country. The horse-cars, the type of such civilization — full of imposture, discomfort, and sublime possibility — as we yet possess, went by the head of our street, and might, perhaps, be available to one skilled in calculating the movements of comets; while two minutes' walk would take us into a wood so wild and thick that no roof was visible through the trees. We learned, like innocent pastoral people of the golden age, to know the several voices of the cows pastured in the vacant lots, and, like engine-drivers of the iron age, to distinguish the different whistles of the locomotives passing on the neighboring railroad. The trains shook the house as they thundered along, and at night were a kind of company, while by day we had the society of the innumerable birds. Now and then, also, the little ragged boys in charge of the cows — which, tied by long ropes to trees, forever wound themselves tight up against the trunks, and had to be unwound with great ado of hooting and hammering — came and peered lustfully through the gate at our ripening pears. All round us carpenters were at work building new houses; but so far from troubling us, the strokes of their hammers fell softly upon the sense, like one's heart-beats upon one's own consciousness in the lapse from all fear of pain under the blessed charm of an anæsthetic.

We played a little at gardening, of course, and planted tomatoes, which the chickens seemed to like, for they ate them up as fast as they ripened; and we watched with pride the growth of our Lawton blackberries, which, after attaining the most stalworth proportions, were still as bitter as the scrubbiest of their savage brethren, and which, when by advice left on the vines for a week after they turned black, were silently gorged by secret and gluttonous flocks of robins and orioles. As for our grapes, the frost cut them off in the hour of their triumph.

So, as I have hinted, we were not surprised that Jenny should be willing to remain with us, and were as little prepared for her desertion as for any other change of our mortal state. But one day in September she came to her nominal mistress with tears in her beautiful eyes and protestations of unexampled devotion upon her tongue, and said that she was afraid she must leave us. She liked the place, and she never had worked for any one that was more of a lady, but she had made up her mind to go into the city. All this, so far, was quite in the manner of domestics who, in ghost-stories, give warning to the occupants of haunted houses; and Jenny's mistress listened in suspense for the motive of her desertion, expecting to hear no less than that it was something which walked up and down the stairs and dragged iron links after it, or something that came and groaned at the front door, like populace dissatisfied with a political candidate. But it was in fact nothing of this kind; simply, there were no lamps upon our street, and Jenny, after spending Sunday evening with friends in East Charlesbridge, was always alarmed, on her return, in walking from the horse-car to our door. The case was hopeless, and Jenny and our household parted with respect and regret.

We had not before this thought it a grave disadvantage that our street was unlighted. Our street was not drained nor graded; no municipal cart ever came to carry away our ashes; there was not a water-butt within half a mile to save us from fire, nor more than the one thousandth part of a policeman to protect us from theft. Yet, as I paid a heavy tax, I somehow felt that we enjoyed the benefits of city government, and never looked upon Charlesbridge as in any way undesirable for residence. But when it became necessary to find help in Jenny's place, the frosty welcome given to application at the intelligence offices renewed a painful doubt awakened by her departure. To be sure, the heads of the offices were polite enough; but when

the young housekeeper had stated her case at the first to which she applied, and the *Intelligencer* had called out to the invisible expectants in the adjoining room, "Anny wan wants to do giner'l housewark in Charlsbridge?" there came from the maids invoked so loud, so fierce, so full a "No!" as shook the lady's heart with an indescribable shame and dread. The name that, with an innocent pride in its literary and historical associations, she had written at the heads of her letters, was suddenly become a matter of reproach to her; and she was almost tempted to conceal thereafter that she lived in Charlesbridge, and to pretend that she dwelt upon some wretched little street in Boston. "You see," said the head of the office, "the gairls does n't like to live so far away from the city. Now if it was on'y in the Port . . ."

This pen is not graphic enough to give the remote reader an idea of the affront offered to an inhabitant of Old Charlesbridge in these closing words. Neither am I of sufficiently tragic mood to report here all the sufferings undergone by an unhappy family in finding servants, or to tell how the winter was passed with miserable makeshifts. Alas! is it not the history of a thousand experiences? Any one who looks upon this page could match it with a tale as full of heartbreak and disaster, while I conceive that, in hastening to speak of Mrs. Johnson, I approach a subject of unique interest.

The winter that ensued after Jenny's departure was the true sister of the bitter and shrewish spring of the same year. But indeed it is always with a secret shiver that one must think of winter in our regrettable climate. It is a terrible potency, robbing us of half our lives, and threatening or desolating the moiety left us with rheumatisms and catarrhs. There is a much vaster sum of enjoyment possible to man in the more generous latitudes; and I have sometimes doubted whether even the energy characteristic of ours is altogether to be praised, seeing that it has its spring not so much in pure aspiration

as in the instinct of self-preservation. Egyptian, Greek, Roman energy was an inner impulse; but ours is too often the sting of cold, the spur of famine. We must endure our winter, but let us not be guilty of the hypocrisy of pretending that we like it. Let us caress it with no more vain compliments, but use it with something of its own rude and savage sincerity.

I say, our last Irish girl went with the last snow, and on one of those midsummer days that sometimes fall in early April to our yet bleak and desolate zone, our hearts sang of Africa and golden joys. A Lybian longing took us, and we would have chosen, if we could, to bear a strand of grotesque beads, or a handful of brazen gauds, and traffic them for some sable maid with crisped locks, whom, uncoffing from the captive train beside the desert, we should make to do our general housework forever, through the right of lawful purchase. But we knew that this was impossible, and that, if we desired colored help, we must seek it at the intelligence office, which is in one of those streets chiefly inhabited by the orphaned children and grandchildren of slavery. To tell the truth these orphans do not seem to grieve much for their bereavement, but lead a life of joyous and rather indolent oblivion in their quarter of the city. They are often to be seen sauntering up and down the street by which the Charles-bridge cars arrive,—the young with a harmless swagger, and the old with the generic limp which our Autocrat has already noted as attending advanced years in their race. They seem the natural human interest of a street so largely devoted to old clothes; and the thoughtful may see a felicity in their presence where the pawnbrokers' windows display the forfeited pledges of improvidence, and subtly remind us that we have yet to redeem a whole race, pawned in our needy and reckless national youth, and still held against us by the Uncle of Injustice, who is also the Father of Lies. How gayly are the young ladies of this race attired, as

they trip up and down the sidewalks, and in and out through the pendent garments at the shop doors! They are the black pansies and marigolds and dark-blooded dahlias among womankind. They try to assume something of our colder race's demeanor, but even the passer on the horse-car can see that it is not native with them, and is better pleased when they forget us, and ungenteelly laugh in encountering friends, letting their white teeth glitter through the generous lips that open to their ears. In the streets branching upwards from this avenue, very little colored men and maids play with broken or enfeebled toys, or sport on the wooden pavements of the entrances to the inner courts. Now and then a colored soldier or sailor—looking strange in his uniform, even after the custom of several years—emerges from those passages; or, more rarely, a black gentleman, stricken in years, and cased in shining broadcloth, walks solidly down the brick sidewalk, cane in hand,—a vision of serene self-complacency, and so plainly the expression of virtuous public sentiment that the great colored louts, innocent enough till then in their idleness, are taken with a sudden sense of depravity, and loaf guiltily up against the house-walls. At the same moment, perhaps, a young damsel, amorously scuffling with an admirer through one of the low open windows, suspends the strife, and bids him, "Go along now, do!" More rarely yet than the gentleman described, one may see a white girl among the dark neighbors, whose frowzy head is uncovered, and whose sleeves are rolled up to her elbows, and who, though no doubt quite at home, looks as strange there as that pale anomaly which may sometimes be seen among a crew of blackbirds.

An air not so much of decay as of unthrift, and yet hardly of unthrift, seems to prevail in the neighborhood, which has none of the aggressive and impudent squalor of an Irish quarter, and none of the surly wickedness of a low American street. A gayety not



born of the things that bring its serious joy to the true New England heart—a ragged gayety, which comes of summer in the blood, and not in the pocket or the conscience, and which affects the countenance and the whole demeanor, setting the feet to some inward music, and at times bursting into a line of song or a childlike and irresponsible laugh—gives tone to the visible life, and wakens a very friendly spirit in the passer, who somehow thinks there of a milder climate, and is half persuaded that the orange-peel on the sidewalks came from fruit grown in the soft atmosphere of those back courts.

It was in this quarter, then, that we heard of Mrs. Johnson, and it was from a colored boarding-house there that she came out to Charlesbridge to look at us, bringing her daughter of twelve years with her. She was a matron of mature age and portly figure, with a complexion like coffee soothed with the richest cream; and her manners were so full of a certain tranquillity and grace, that she charmed away all our will to ask for references. It was only her barbaric laughter and her lawless eye that betrayed how slightly her New England birth and breeding covered her ancestral traits, and bridged the gulf of a thousand years of civilization that lay between her race and ours. In fact, she was doubly estranged by descent; for, as we learned later, a sylvan wildness mixed with that of the desert in her veins; her grandfather was an Indian, and her ancestors on this side had probably sold their lands for the same value in trinkets that bought the original African pair on the other side.

The first day that Mrs. Johnson descended into our kitchen, she conjured from the malicious disorder in which it had been left by the flitting Irish kobold a dinner that revealed the inspirations of genius, and was quite different from a dinner of mere routine and laborious talent. Something original and authentic mingled with the accustomed flavors, and though vague reminiscences of canal-boat travel and woodland camps arose from the relish of certain of the

dishes, there was yet the assurance of such power in the preparation of the whole, that we knew her to be merely running over the chords of our appetite with preliminary savors, as a musician acquaints his touch with the keys of an unfamiliar piano before breaking into brilliant and triumphant execution. Within a week she had mastered her instrument, and thereafter there was no faltering in her performances, which she varied constantly, through inspiration or from suggestion. She was so quick to receive new ideas in her art, that when the Roman statuary who stayed a few weeks with us explained the mystery of various purely Latin dishes, she caught their principle at once; and visions of the great white cathedral, the Coliseum, and the "dome of Brunelleschi" floated before us in the exhalations of the Milanese *risotto*, Roman *stufadino*, and Florentine *stracotto* that smoked upon our board. But, after all, it was in puddings that Mrs. Johnson chiefly excelled. She was one of those cooks—rare as men of genius in literature—who love their own dishes; and she had, in her personally childlike simplicity of taste, and the inherited appetites of her savage forefathers, a dominant passion for sweets. So far as we could learn, she subsisted principally upon puddings and tea. Through the same primitive instincts, no doubt, she loved praise. She openly exulted in our artless flatteries of her skill; she waited jealously at the head of the kitchen stairs to hear what was said of her work, especially if there were guests, and she was never too weary to attempt emprises of cookery.

While engaged in these, she wore a species of slightly handkerchief like a turban upon her head, and about her person those mystical swathings in which old ladies of the African race delight. But she most pleased our sense of beauty and moral fitness when, after the last pan was washed and the last pot was scraped, she lighted a potent pipe, and, taking her stand at the kitchen door, laded the soft evening air with its pungent odors. If we surprised

her at these supreme moments, she took the pipe from her lips, and put it behind her, with a low, mellow chuckle, and a look of half-defiant consciousness, never guessing that none of her merits took us half so much as the cheerful vice which she only feigned to conceal.

Some things she could not do so perfectly as cooking, because of her failing eyesight; and we persuaded her that spectacles would both become and befriend a lady of her years, and so bought her a pair of steel-bowed glasses. She wore them in some great emergencies at first, but had clearly no pride in them. Before long she laid them aside altogether, and they had passed from our thoughts, when one day we heard her mellow note of laughter and her daughter's harsher cackle outside our door, and, opening it, beheld Mrs. Johnson in gold-bowed spectacles of massive frame. We then learned that their purchase was in fulfilment of a vow made long ago, in the lifetime of Mr. Johnson, that, if ever she wore glasses, they should be gold-bowed; and I hope the manes of the dead were half as happy in these votive spectacles as the simple soul that offered them.

She and her late partner were the parents of eleven children, some of whom were dead, and some of whom were wanderers in unknown parts. During his lifetime she had kept a little shop in her native town; and it was only within a few years that she had gone into service. She cherished a natural haughtiness of spirit, and resented control, although disposed to do all she could of her own motion. Being told to say when she wanted an afternoon, she explained that when she wanted an afternoon she always took it without asking, but always planned so as not to discommode the ladies with whom she lived. These, she said, had numbered twenty-seven within three years, which made us doubt the success of her system in all cases, though she merely held out the fact as an assurance of her faith in the future, and a proof of the ease with which places were to be found. She contended,

moreover, that a lady who had for thirty years had a house of her own, was in no wise bound to ask permission to receive visits from friends where she might be living, but that they ought freely to come and go like other guests. In this spirit she once invited her son-in-law, Professor Jones of Providence, to dine with her; and her defied mistress, on entering the dining-room, found the Professor at pudding and tea there,—an impressively respectable figure in black clothes, with a black face rendered yet more effective by a pair of green goggles. It appeared that this dark professor was a light of phrenology in Rhode Island, and that he was believed to have uncommon virtue in his science by reason of being blind as well as black.

I am loath to confess that Mrs. Johnson had not a flattering opinion of the Caucasian race in all respects. In fact, she had very good philosophical and Scriptural reasons for looking upon us as an upstart people of new blood, who had come into their whiteness by no creditable or pleasant process. The late Mr. Johnson, who had died in the West Indies, whither he voyaged for his health in quality of cook upon a Down-East schooner, was a man of letters, and had written a book to show the superiority of the black over the white branches of the human family. In this he held that, as all islands have been at their discovery found peopled by blacks, we must needs believe that humanity was first created of that color. Mrs. Johnson could not show us her husband's work (a sole copy in the library of an English gentleman at Port au Prince is not to be bought for money), but she often developed its arguments to the lady of the house, and one day, with a great show of reluctance, and many protests that no personal slight was meant, let fall the fact that Mr. Johnson believed the white race descended from Gehazi the leper, upon whom the leprosy of Naaman fell when the latter returned by Divine favor to his original blackness. "And he went out from his presence a leper as white

as snow," said Mrs. Johnson, quoting irrefutable Scripture. "Leprosy, leprosy," she added thoughtfully,—"nothing but leprosy bleached you out."

It seems to me much in her praise that she did not exult in our taint and degradation, as some white philosophers have done in the opposite idea that a part of the human family were cursed to lasting blackness and slavery in Ham and his children, but even told us of a remarkable approach to whiteness in many of her own offspring. In a kindred spirit of charity, no doubt, she refused ever to attend church with people of her elder and wholesomer blood. When she went to church, she said, she always went to a white church, though while with us I am bound to say she never went to any. She professed to read her Bible in her bedroom on Sundays; but we suspected, from certain sounds and odors which used to steal out of this sanctuary, that her piety more commonly found expression in dozing and smoking.

I would not make a wanton jest here of Mrs. Johnson's anxiety to claim honor for the African color, while denying the color in many of her own family. It afforded a glimpse of the pain which all her people must endure, however proudly they hide it or lightly forget it, from the despite and contumely to which they are guiltlessly born; and when I thought how irreparable was this disgrace and calamity of a black skin, and how irreparable it must be for ages yet, in this world where every other shame and all manner of wilful guilt and wickedness may hope for covert and pardon, I had little heart to laugh. Indeed, it was so pathetic to hear this poor old soul talk of her dead and lost ones, and try, in spite of all Mr. Johnson's theories and her own arrogant generalizations, to establish their whiteness, that we must have been very cruel and silly people to turn her sacred fables even into matter of question. I have no doubt that her Antoinette Anastasia and her Thomas Jefferson Wilberforce—it is impossible to give a full idea of the

splendor and scope of the baptismal names in Mrs. Johnson's family—have as light skins and as golden hair in heaven as her reverend maternal fancy painted for them in our world. There, certainly, they would not be subject to tanning, which had ruined the delicate complexion, and knotted into black woolly tangles the once wavy blond locks of our little maid-servant Naomi; and I would fain believe that Toussaint Washington Johnson, who ran away to sea so many years ago, has found some fortunate zone where his hair and skin keep the same sunny and rosy tints they wore to his mother's eyes in infancy. But I have no means of knowing this, or of telling whether he was the prodigy of intellect that he was declared to be. Naomi could no more be taken in proof of the one assertion than of the other. When she came to us, it was agreed that she should go to school; but she overruled her mother in this as in everything else, and never went. Except Sunday-school lessons she had no other instruction than that her mistress gave her in the evenings, when a heavy day's play and the natural influences of the hour conspired with original causes to render her powerless before words of one syllable.

The first week of her service she was obedient and faithful to her duties, but relaxing in the atmosphere of a house which seems to demoralize all menials, she shortly fell into disorderly ways of lying in wait for callers out of doors, and, when people rang, of running up the front steps, and letting them in from the outside. As the season expanded, and the fine weather became confirmed, she modified even this form of service, and spent her time in the fields, appearing at the house only when nature importunately craved molasses. She had a parrot-like quickness, so far as music was concerned, and learned from the Roman statuary to make the groves and half-finished houses resound,

"Camicia rossa,  
Ove t'ascondi?  
T'appella Italia,—  
Tu non rispondi!"

She taught the Garibaldi song, moreover, to all the neighboring children, so that I sometimes wondered if our street were not about to march upon Rome in a body.

In her untamable disobedience, Naomi alone betrayed her sylvan blood, for she was in all other respects negro and not Indian. But it was of her aboriginal ancestry that Mrs. Johnson chiefly boasted, — when not engaged in argument to maintain the superiority of the African race. She loved to descant upon it as the cause and explanation of her own arrogant habit of feeling; and she seemed indeed to have inherited something of the Indian's hauteur along with the Ethiop's supple cunning and abundant amiability. She gave many instances in which her pride had met and overcome the insolence of employers, and the kindly old creature was by no means singular in her pride of being reputed proud.

She could never have been a woman of strong logical faculties, but she had in some things a very surprising and awful astuteness. She seldom introduced any purpose directly, but bore all about it, and then suddenly sprung it upon her unprepared antagonist. At other times she obscurely hinted a reason, and left a conclusion to be inferred; as when she warded off reproach for some delinquency by saying in a general way that she had lived with ladies who used to come scolding into the kitchen after they had taken their bitters. "Quality ladies took their bitters regular," she added, to remove any sting of personality from her remark; for, from many things she had let fall, we knew that she did not regard us as quality. On the contrary, she often tried to overbear us with the gentility of her former places; and would tell the lady over whom she reigned, that she had lived with folks worth their three and four hundred thousand dollars, who never complained as she did of the ironing. Yet she had a sufficient regard for the literary occupations of the family, Mr. Johnson having been an author. She even professed to have

herself written a book, which was still in manuscript, and preserved somewhere among her best clothes.

It was well, on many accounts, to be in contact with a mind so original and suggestive as Mrs. Johnson's. We loved to trace its intricate, yet often transparent operations, and were perhaps too fond of explaining its peculiarities by facts of ancestry, — of finding hints of the Powwow or the Grand Custom in each grotesque development. We were conscious of something warmer in this old soul than in ourselves, and something wilder, and we chose to think it the tropic and the untracked forest. She had scarcely any being apart from her affection; she had no morality, but was good because she neither hated nor envied; and she might have been a saint far more easily than far more civilized people.

There was that also in her sinuous yet malleable nature, so full of guile and so full of goodness, that reminded us pleasantly of lowly folk in elder lands, where relaxing oppressions have lifted the restraints of fear between master and servant, without disturbing the familiarity of their relation. She advised freely with us upon all household matters, and took a motherly interest in whatever concerned us. She could be flattered or caressed into almost any service, but no threat or command could move her. When she erred, she never acknowledged her wrong in words, but handsomely expressed her regrets in a pudding, or sent up her apologies in a favorite dish secretly prepared. We grew so well used to this form of exculpation, that, whenever Mrs. Johnson took an afternoon at an inconvenient season, we knew that for a week afterwards we should be feasted like princes. She owned frankly that she loved us, that she never had done half so much for people before, and that she never had been nearly so well suited in any other place; and for a brief and happy time we thought that we never should part.

One day, however, our dividing destiny appeared in the basement, and was

presented to us as Hippolyto Thucydides, the son of Mrs. Johnson, who had just arrived on a visit to his mother from the State of New Hampshire. He was a heavy and loutish youth, standing upon the borders of boyhood, and looking forward to the future with a vacant and listless eye. I mean that this was his figurative attitude; his actual manner, as he lolled upon a chair beside the kitchen window, was so eccentric, that we felt a little uncertain how to regard him, and Mrs. Johnson openly described him as peculiar. He was so deeply tanned by the fervid suns of the New Hampshire winter, and his hair had so far suffered from the example of the sheep lately under his charge, that he could not be classed by any stretch of compassion with the blond and straight-haired members of Mrs. Johnson's family.

He remained with us all the first day until late in the afternoon, when his mother took him out to get him a boarding-house. Then he departed in the van of her and Naomi, pausing at the gate to collect his spirits, and, after he had sufficiently animated himself by clapping his palms together, starting off down the street at a hand-gallop, to the manifest terror of the cows in the pastures, and the confusion of the less demonstrative people of our household. Other characteristic traits appeared in Hippolyto Thucydides within no very long period of time, and he ran away from his lodgings so often during the summer that he might be said to board round among the outlying corn-fields and turnip-patches of Charlesbridge. As a check upon this habit, Mrs. Johnson seemed to have invited him to spend his whole time in our basement; for whenever we went below we found him there, balanced—perhaps in homage to us, and perhaps as a token of extreme sensibility in himself—upon the low window-sill, the bottoms of his boots touching the floor inside, and his face buried in the grass without.

We could formulate no very tenable objection to all this, and yet the presence of Thucydides in our kitchen

unaccountably oppressed our imaginations. We beheld him all over the house, a monstrous eidolon, balanced upon every window-sill; and he certainly attracted unpleasant notice to our place, no less by his furtive and hang-dog manner of arrival than by the bold displays with which he celebrated his departures. We hinted this to Mrs. Johnson, but she could not enter into our feeling. Indeed, all the wild poetry of her maternal and primitive nature seemed to cast itself about this hapless boy; and if we had listened to her we should have believed there was no one so agreeable in society, or so quick-witted in affairs, as Hippolyto, when he chose. She used to rehearse us long epics concerning his industry, his courage, and his talent; and she put fine speeches in his mouth with no more regard to the truth than if she had been an historian, and not a poet. Perhaps she believed that he really said and did the things she attributed to him: it is the destiny of those who repeatedly tell great things either of themselves or others; and I think we may readily forgive the illusion to her zeal and fondness. In fact, she was not a wise woman, and she spoiled her children as if she had been a rich one.

At last, when we said positively that Thucydides should come to us no more, and then qualified the prohibition by allowing him to come every Sunday, she answered that she never would hurt the child's feelings by telling him not to come where his mother was; that people who did not love her children did not love her; and that, if Hippy went, she went. We thought it a master-stroke of firmness to rejoin that Hippolyto must go in any event; but I am bound to own that he did not go, and that his mother stayed, and so fed us with every cunning propitiatory dainty, that we must have been Pagans to renew our threat. In fact, we begged Mrs. Johnson to go into the country with us, and she, after long reluctance on Hippy's account, consented, agreeing to send him away to friends during her absence.

We made every preparation, and on the eve of our departure Mrs. Johnson went into the city to engage her son's passage to Bangor, while we awaited her return in untroubled security.

But she did not appear till midnight, and then responded with but a sad "Well, sah!" to the cheerful "Well, Mrs. Johnson!" that greeted her.

"All right, Mrs. Johnson?"

Mrs. Johnson made a strange noise, half chuckle and half death-rattle, in her throat. "All wrong, sah. Hippy's

run off again; and I've ben all over the city after him."

"Then you can't go with us in the morning?"

"How *can* I, sah?"

Mrs. Johnson went sadly out of the room. Then she came back to the door again, and, opening it, uttered, for the first time in our service, words of apology and regret: "I hope I ha'n't put you out any. I *wanted* to go with you, but I ought to *knowed* I could n't. All is, I loved you too much."

## HAWTHORNE IN THE BOSTON CUSTOM-HOUSE.

[EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE LETTERS.]

BOSTON, *July 3, 1839.*—I do not mean to imply that I am unhappy or discontented; for this is not the case. My life only is a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man, and mine is a healthy weariness, such as needs only a night's sleep to remove it. But henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them; seeing that I likewise have risen at the dawn, and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide. Years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom.

*August 27.*—I have been stationed all day at the end of Long Wharf, and I rather think that I had the most eligible situation of anybody in Boston. I was aware that it must be intensely hot in the midst of the city; but there was only a short space of uncomfortable heat in my region, half-way towards the centre of the harbor; and almost all the time there was a pure and delightful breeze, fluttering and palpitating, sometimes shyly kissing

my brow, then dying away, and then rushing upon me in livelier sport, so that I was fain to settle my straw hat more tightly upon my head. Late in the afternoon there was a sunny shower, which came down so like a benediction, that it seemed ungrateful to take shelter in the cabin or to put up an umbrella. Then there was a rainbow, or a large segment of one, so exceedingly brilliant, and of such long endurance, that I almost fancied it was stained into the sky, and would continue there permanently. And there were clouds floating all about, great clouds and small, of all glorious and lovely hues (save that imperial crimson which was revealed to our united gaze),—so glorious, indeed, and so lovely, that I had a fantasy of heaven's being broken into fleecy fragments and dispersed through space, with its blest inhabitants dwelling blissfully upon those scattered islands.

*February 7, 1840.*—What beautiful weather this is!—beautiful, at least, so far as sun, sky, and atmosphere are concerned, though a poor, wingless biped is sometimes constrained to wish that he could raise himself a little







above the earth. How much mud and mire, how many pools of unclean water, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided, if we could but tread six inches above the crust of this world! Physically, we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles and other discomforts of the soul's pathway.

*February 11.* — I have been measuring coal all day on board of a black little British schooner, in a dismal dock at the north end of the city. Most of the time, I paced the deck to keep myself warm, for the wind (northeast, I believe) blew up through the dock as if it had been the pipe of a pair of bellows. The vessel lying deep between two wharves, there was no more delightful prospect on the right hand and on the left than the posts and timbers, half immersed in the water, and covered with ice which the rising and falling of successive tides had left upon them, so that they looked like immense icicles. Across the water, however, not more than half a mile off, appeared the Bunker Hill Monument; and, what interested me considerably more, a church-steeple, with the dial of a clock upon it, whereby I was enabled to measure the march of the weary hours. Sometimes I descended into the dirty little cabin of the schooner, and warmed myself by a red-hot stove, among biscuit barrels, pots, and kettles, sea-chests, and innumerable lumber of all sorts, — my olfactories, meanwhile, being greatly refreshed by the odor of a pipe which the captain or some one of his crew was smoking. But at last came the sunset, with delicate clouds, and a purple light upon the islands; and I blessed it, because it was the signal of my release.

*February 12.* — All day long again have I been engaged in a very black business, — as black as a coal, — and though my face and hands have undergone a thorough purification, I feel not

altogether fit to hold communion with doves. Methinks my profession is somewhat akin to that of a chimney-sweeper; but the latter has the advantage over me, because, after climbing up through the darksome flue of the chimney, he emerges into the midst of the golden air, and sings out his melodies far over the heads of the whole tribe of weary earth-plodders. My toil to-day has been cold and dull enough; nevertheless, I was neither cold nor dull.

*March 15.* — I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest Custom-House; for it is a very grievous thralldom. I do detest all offices, — all, at least, that are held on a political tenure. And I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away, and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to India-rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom-House experience, — to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature.

*March 28.* — I do think that it is the doom laid upon me of murdering so many of the brightest hours of the day at the Custom-House, that makes such havoc with my wits; for here I am again trying to write worthily, . . . yet with a sense as if all the noblest part of man had been left out of my composition, or had decayed out of it, since my nature was given to my own keeping. . . . Never comes any bird of Paradise into that dismal region. A salt, or even a coal ship, is ten million times preferable; for there the sky is above me, and the fresh breeze around me, and my thoughts, having hardly anything to do with my occupation, are as free as air.

Nevertheless, you are not to fancy that the above paragraph gives a cor-

rect idea of my mental and spiritual state. . . . It is only once in a while that the image and desire of a better and happier life makes me feel the iron of my chain; for, after all, a human spirit may find no insufficiency of food fit for it, even in the Custom-House. And with such materials as these, I do think and feel and learn things that are worth knowing, and which I should not know unless I had learned them there, so that the present portion of my life shall not be quite left out of the sum of my real existence. . . . It is good for me, on many accounts, that my life has had this passage in it. I know much more than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men. I have gained worldly wisdom, and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world. And when I quit this earthly cavern where I am now buried, nothing will cling to me that ought to be left behind. Men will not perceive, I trust, by my look, or the tenor of my thoughts and feelings, that I have been a custom-house officer.

*April 7.*—It appears to me to have been the most uncomfortable day that ever was inflicted on poor mortals. . . . Besides the bleak, unkindly air, I have been plagued by *two* sets of coal-shovellers at the same time, and have been obliged to keep two separate tallies simultaneously. But I was conscious that all this was merely a vision and a fantasy, and that, in reality, I was not half frozen by the bitter blast, nor tormented by those grimy coal-heavers, but that I was basking quietly in the sunshine of eternity. . . . Any sort of bodily and earthly torment may serve to make us sensible that we have a soul that is not within the jurisdiction of such shadowy demons,—it separates the immortal within us from the mortal. But the wind has blown my brains into such confusion that I cannot philosophize now.

*April 19.* . . . What a beautiful day was yesterday. My spirit rebelled

against being confined in my darksome dungeon at the Custom-House. It seemed a sin,—a murder of the joyful young day,—a quenching of the sunshine. Nevertheless, there I was kept a prisoner till it was too late to fling myself on a gentle wind, and be blown away into the country. . . . When I shall be again free, I will enjoy all things with the fresh simplicity of a child of five years old. I shall grow young again, made all over anew. I will go forth and stand in a summer shower, and all the worldly dust that has collected on me shall be washed away at once, and my heart will be like a bank of fresh flowers for the weary to rest upon. . . .

*6 P. M.*—I went out to walk about an hour ago, and found it very pleasant, though there was a somewhat cool wind. I went round and across the Common, and stood on the highest point of it, where I could see miles and miles into the country. Blessed be God for this green tract, and the view which it affords, whereby we poor citizens may be put in mind, sometimes, that all His earth is not composed of blocks of brick houses, and of stone or wooden pavements! Blessed be God for the sky, too, though the smoke of the city may somewhat change its aspect; but still it is better than if each street were covered over with a roof. There were a good many people walking on the Mall,—mechanics apparently, and shopkeepers' clerks, with their wives; and boys were rolling on the grass, and I would have liked to lie down and roll too.

*April 30.* . . . I arose this morning, feeling more elastic than I have throughout the winter; for the breathing of the ocean air has wrought a very beneficial effect. . . . What a beautiful, most beautiful afternoon this has been! It was a real happiness to live. If I had been merely a vegetable,—a hawthorn-bush, for instance,—I must have been happy in such an air and sunshine; but having a mind and a soul, . . . I enjoyed somewhat more than

mere vegetable happiness. . . . The footsteps of May can be traced upon the islands in the harbor, and I have been watching the tints of green upon them, gradually deepening, till now they are almost as beautiful as they ever can be.

*May 19.* . . . Lights and shadows are continually flitting across my inward sky, and I know neither whence they come nor whither they go; nor do I inquire too closely into them. It is dangerous to look too minutely into such phenomena. It is apt to create a substance where at first there was a mere shadow. . . . If at any time there should seem to be an expression unintelligible from one soul to another, it is best not to strive to interpret it in earthly language, but to wait for the soul to make itself understood; and were we to wait a thousand years, we need deem it no more time than we can spare. . . . It is not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it, and because I have often felt that words may be a thick and darksome veil of mystery between the soul and the truth which it seeks. Wretched were we, indeed, if we had no better means of communicating ourselves, no fairer garb in which to array our essential being, than these poor rags and tatters of Babel. Yet words are not without their use, even for purposes of explanation; but merely for explaining outward acts and all sorts of external things, leaving the soul's life and action to explain itself in its own way.

What a musty disquisition I have scribbled! I would not read it over for sixpence.

*May 29.* — Rejoice with me, for I am free from a load of coal, which has been pressing upon my shoulders throughout all the hot weather. I am convinced that Christian's burden consisted of coal; and no wonder he felt so much relieved when it fell off, and rolled into the sepulchre. His load, however, at the utmost, could not have been more

than a few bushels; whereas mine was exactly one hundred and thirty-five chaldrons and seven tubs.

*May 30.* . . . On board my salt vessels and colliers there are many things happening, many pictures which in future years, when I am again busy at the loom of fiction, I could weave in; but my fancy is rendered so torpid by my ungenial way of life, that I cannot sketch off the scenes and portraits that interest me, and I am forced to trust them to my memory, with the hope of recalling them at some more favorable period. For these three or four days I have been observing a little Mediterranean boy, from Malaga, not more than ten or eleven years old, but who is already a citizen of the world, and seems to be just as gay and contented on the deck of a Yankee coal-vessel as he could be while playing beside his mother's door. It is really touching to see how free and happy he is,—how the little fellow takes the whole wide world for his home, and all mankind for his family. He talks Spanish,—at least, that is his native tongue; but he is also very intelligible in English, and perhaps he likewise has smatterings of the speech of other countries, whither the winds may have wafted this little sea-bird. He is a Catholic, and, yesterday being Friday, he caught some fish and fried them for his dinner, in sweet oil; and really they looked so delicate, that I almost wished he would invite me to partake. Every once in a while he undresses himself and leaps overboard, plunging down beneath the waves, as if the sea were as native to him as the earth. Then he runs up the rigging of the vessel, as if he meant to fly away through the air. I must remember this little boy, and perhaps I may make something more beautiful of him than these rough and imperfect touches would promise.

*June 11.* . . . I could wish that the east wind would blow every day from ten o'clock till five; for there

is great refreshment in it to us poor mortals that toil beneath the sun. We must not think too unkindly even of the east wind. It is not, perhaps, a wind to be loved, even in its benignant moods; but there are seasons when I delight to feel its breath upon my cheek, though it be never advisable to throw open my bosom and take it into my heart, as I would its gentle sisters of the South and West. To-day, if I had been on the wharves, the slight chill of an east wind would have been a blessing, like the chill of death to a world-weary man. . . . But this has been one of the idlest days that I ever spent in Boston. . . . In the morning, soon after breakfast, I went to the Athenæum gallery; and during the hour or two that I stayed, not a single visitor came in. Some people were putting up paintings in one division of the room; but I had the other all to myself. There are two pictures there by our friend Sarah Clarke, — scenes in Kentucky.

From the picture gallery I went to the reading-room of the Athenæum, and there read the magazines till nearly twelve, thence to the Custom-House, and soon afterwards to dinner with Colonel Hall, then back to the Custom-House, but only for a little while. There was nothing in the world to do, and so, at two o'clock, I came home and lay down, with the "Faery Queene" in my hand.

*August 21.* — Last night I slept like a child of five years old, and had no dreams at all, — unless just before it was time to rise, and I have forgotten what those dreams were. After I was fairly awake this morning I felt very bright and airy, and was glad that I had been compelled to snatch two additional hours of existence from annihilation. The sun's disc was but half above the ocean's verge when I ascended the ship's side. These early morning hours are very lightsome and quiet. Almost the whole day I have been in the shade, reclining on a pile of sails, so that the life and spirit are

not entirely worn out of me. . . . The wind has been east this afternoon, — perhaps in the forenoon too, — and I could not help feeling refreshed when the gentle chill of its breath stole over my cheek. I would fain abominate the east wind, . . . but it persists in doing me kindly offices now and then. What a perverse wind it is! Its refreshment is but another mode of torment.

*Salem, October 4.* — Union Street [Family Mansion]. . . . Here I sit, in my old, accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . Here I have written many tales, — many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy, — at least, as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, — not indeed with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice; and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had



sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think that I could imagine all pas-

sions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . Indeed, we are but shadows—we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us,—then we begin to be,—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.

### THE OLD MASTERS IN THE LOUVRE, AND MODERN ART.

EACH generation has to cultivate anew an appreciation of the great works of the past. It is not enough that the masters of art and of life were crowned in their time; it is not enough that they won the best appreciation of the best spirits of the last century,—not enough that the critics, the intellectual testers, the careful assayers for the last generation, found them good: The living public of the present hour, looking with fresh eyes, curiously questions the great men, and demands a re-examination of the grounds of their splendid reputation.

Our fathers read Byron, and called him great; we read him, and call him boyish, moody, energetic, and but for the eloquence of his discontent would hardly read the poetry of a mind without tenderness, subtilty, or sweetness. In like manner we have fallen heirs to the critical estimates of the old masters; and all the general terms of art-appreciation have been employed to express the transcendent worth of their works. But the American mind is so remote from the habitual state of feeling and being that gave birth to the works of the old masters, that with many an enthusiasm regarding their merits is either forced and hypocritical, or the result of total ignorance of the meaning and value of art. With men who hold a true and vital relation to art, admiration, not to say love, of the

old masters is not a sudden and spontaneous thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, anything but dormant in his appreciation of art, confessed to a feeling of disappointment on first entering the Vatican.

My reason for writing of a subject that has engaged the first literary and artistic talent of every age since the revival of art is that it is not enough for our public that the old masters have been well appreciated by great writers and acute critics. Ruskin has proved that the question of the value of the great works of the dead masters is not closed; he has even taught us that the question itself may be changed in its form. The truth is that the old masters judged by Continental critics according to the precedents established by the old masters themselves, and the old masters judged from the standpoint of a modern man in America, with nothing but nature and the present examples of great *modern* art, lead to very different conclusions, and evolve very antagonistic thoughts.

A change has come over the world of art; it is no more the thing it was to the great Venetian and Florentine masters,—it is no more the thing it was to the Greeks. The modern world is not artistic, but scientific; it cares more for knowledge, and the reasons of things, than for enjoyment and perception. But without going into any

tedious examination of the causes of this change before we know well the thing itself, I propose you shall go with me to the Square Gallery of the Louvre, rich in characteristic and remarkable works of the greatest men of the greatest epoch of Italian and Flemish art. If you are a lover of art, I think you will go to the Louvre the first day you arrive in Paris. If you are a nervous enthusiast, you will be conscious of great mental excitement at the mere thought that, after years of waiting and dreaming, at last, and in a few minutes, you shall stand before the forms and colors that have made the world sound with the great names of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Raphael, and Tintoretto. You will hurry across the Seine, you will pass the Swiss guard with his amazing legs and gold braid, you will go up the broad steps of the palace, and in a few minutes stand breathless before Gericault's terrible picture of "The Wreck," so full of marvellous energy and dramatic force, — a picture expressive of the terror of death, and the tenacity of hope in the midst of despair, — in a word, the terrible picture of a suicide; for poor, unhappy, forlorn Gericault at last succumbed to the horrible fascination of his idea of death.

While you take breath before Gericault's great canvas, let me tell you that you stand before the last of the old and the beginning of the new in art. But let us move on.

We are now in the Salon of Apollo, — perhaps the most splendid interior in Paris. Stop one moment; you are under Delacroix's famous picture of Apollo slaying the Python.

Is it not a superb mass of color? Apollo himself seems bursting in light over your head; and the Python twists his horrid length, in mortal agony, along the heaving sea. Yes, you are under Delacroix's picture, — his great picture! What color! What richness of effect! What energy! What largeness and affluence of conception! You are under the *plafond* of Delacroix, —

the *greatest* of modern painters, — the man great enough in his work and style as a painter to rank with the first of the old masters; noble and sad and profound enough in his subject to belong to the modern epoch, — the epoch of revolt, the twilight of the old, the dawn of the new, — the time just before science and travel had exacted a new development, — before both had given art a new direction, made it less imperial, made it commonplace and instructive instead of original and moving.

But pass on; Delacroix is only the last effort of the genius of Painting, as that genius was known in the day of its glory. To know what that genius meant, and what was its glory, separated from all modern elements, we must enter the Square Gallery of the Louvre.

Before we look at the great examples of painting, I wish you to examine what I hold to be the first example of *expression* in art, and I may say the most remarkable picture in the world. I mean Leonardo da Vinci's strange, haunting face of Mona Lisa, the Florentine wife. This head is an exceptional thing; it is without its counterpart from any hand but that of Da Vinci's. But I am convinced that it is of that order of excellence, and of a strange charm, which are not perceived by most men. It is both subtle and intense; and a limited, frank, straightforward mind, a mind purely prosaic and objective in its habits of thought and in its perceptions, would simply wonder with a child's wonder or a man's chagrin that any one could see anything to admire, much less frequently reflect upon, in the mere portrait study of Mona Lisa. Yet one famous English critic called it the "mighty portrait of Leonardo"; and the cleverest, if not the ablest, of living French critics, twelve years ago, wrote the most enthusiastic words, which to-day in his grave maturity he reprints, and declares that they render faithfully his impression.

The color has evidently flown from Leonardo's picture. The lips are col-

orless; the face, a pale olive, also colorless; and the background is quite worthless, though not obtrusive. The face is an exquisite piece of modelling and manipulation. The forehead is very high and broad; the eyes are of a soft brown, penetrating without being bright or sharp; the nose is thin and delicate; the mouth very small, and with a smile, ironical and sweet, yet lingering about it. The face is oval, the hair brown, the drapery a dull olive. One hand, an exquisite piece of drawing and painting, highly finished, perfectly beautiful in form, and expressive of repose of nature, rests over the other.

Leonardo was a painter of hidden things. He reached the inner life. Purely objective, frank, open minds, and simple out-of-door natures, like Troyon's, the animal-painter, for example, or with the addition of princely traits, as we find in Veronese, rarely understand, much less appreciate, the work and character of such a man as Leonardo. You will best understand what *La Mona Lisa del Giocondo* is by its effect upon a clear, brilliant spirit, like Théophile Gautier.

"*La Joconde!* sphinx of beauty, who smiles so mysteriously in the frame of Leonardo da Vinci, and seems to propose to the admiration of ages an enigma by them not yet solved, an invincible attraction brings every one back to thee! Who has not remained long hours before that head, bathed in twilight half-tints, enveloped in transparent gauze, and whose features, melodiously drowned in a violet vapor, appear like the creation of a dream, through the floating blackness of sleep! From what planet is fallen in the midst of an azure landscape that strange being, with her glance which promises unknown voluptuousness, and her expression divinely ironical? Leonardo gives to his faces such an imprint of superiority that one feels disturbed in their presence. The lids of her profound eyes hide secrets interdicted to the profane; and the curve of her mocking lips suit the gods, who know everything and gently despise human vulgar-

ities. What unquieting fixedness, and what superhuman sardonic meaning in those sombre pupils, in those lips undulating like the bow of love after it has hurled the arrow. Should you not say that the *Joconde* is the *Isis* of a cryptic religion, who, believing herself alone, half opens the folds of her veil, even if the imprudent one who surprises her become insane and die for it? Never has the feminine ideal been invested with forms more deliciously seductive. Believe that, if Don Juan had met *Mona Lisa*, he would have spared himself the trouble of writing down the names of three thousand women; he would have found but one; and the wings of his desire would have refused to carry him further. They would have drooped and become unfeathered before the black sun of these eyes. We have seen her very often, that adorable *Joconde*, but our declaration of love does not appear to us too burning. She is ever there, smiling with a mocking voluptuousness upon her numberless lovers. Upon her brow reposes that serenity of a woman sure of being eternally beautiful, and who feels herself superior to the ideal of all poets and of all artists."

It is well that we have two orders of men of genius in the world. And it is important that we understand the two great types. I take Paul Veronese as the type of the frank, open, princely mind. His is a genius that looks at nature and life to simplify both,—to use them as a master. I take Leonardo as a subtle and profound mind; a nature brooding and involved. He readily sees that the bold, happy generalizer misses a great deal; that he is devoid of a sense of the mystery of things, and does not know the greatness of little things. The immediate honor is won by such men as Veronese, who are nearer to the public; the lasting honors are won by such men as Leonardo. He paints a single head, he devotes four years to it; that one head is a masterpiece for all time, and incites more thought than the splendid canvas of Veronese, gorgeous with color, natural, simple, vigorous.

But, for myself, I go from the blare of trumpets, and the noise of festivals, and the pomp of color of Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," to the profound, the silent, subtle head of Mona Lisa, the Florentine wife, on the opposite wall. What a personality is placed before us! Not strictly speaking what you would call a beautiful woman, yet a woman fascinating, charming,—all that Gautier tries to tell with a language meant to seduce the mind.

There is something tragic in Leonardo's head of Mona Lisa,—something that makes the sweetness a terrible sweetness. It is a face to mask the enigma of the Sphinx. Why is it so sad, so haunting? Why does it exercise such an undying fascination? The mouth is positively smiling, and sweet as childhood in expression. Why then is it so sad, so tragic?—hidden tragedy I should say. I call it the saddest, sweetest, most living, most feminine face,—the face most intense and expressive of a soul of anything that I have ever looked upon. It is the work of one of the greatest and most variously gifted of the splendid men of the sixteenth century, and I know of nothing comparable to it in modern art.

Not far from Leonardo's wonderful portrait-study is placed a fine example of Titian,—a girl at her toilet, known as "Titian and his Mistress." How golden and beautiful! cheerful as sunshine; no hidden meanings; open like the day, and of an ample character. The arms seem, perhaps, too large; but how fine the color! how luminous! and what a healthy type of physical beauty! But you are not to stop before this work to make the acquaintance of Titian. You are to pass on until you reach that most impressive picture, "The Entombment of Christ." You must look well at Titian's work,—the most perfect artist of the three great men,—Veronese, Leonardo, and Titian. Titian was as great a painter as Veronese, and a more perfect designer, certainly a man of more subtlety and poetry of mind, of more profound feeling. The "Entombment"

may be taken as the most perfect, as well as the noblest, example of art in the collection of the old masters at the Louvre. The work is grandly composed,—the lines, forms, and colors are large and simple. The color is expressive of the very sentiment of the subject,—the tones solemn and rich, the grouping perfect. The mind of the master was evidently imbued with the poetic and pictorial elements of the subject. His was no mind for festivals and music and pomp, and all the splendid externals of life, as was that of the bright and joyous Paul Veronese, but a reflective and contemplative mind, without the excess of introspectiveness of the great and perhaps morbid Leonardo. Titian's mind was admirably balanced between reflection and action.

But you are before Titian's great picture. Look at it well. I know you feel its impressiveness. You feel its dignity and mournfulness. You do not ask whether the actors in that sad drama are Oriental; you do not ask how much local truth is in the representation; you do not consider any question of detail or of imitation. You are simply preoccupied with the great leading facts of the subject, "The Burial of Christ." In my judgment there is no man living capable of painting anything so large, natural, simple, true in feeling, as is this work of the free Venetian. Millet, the peasant painter of France, would be as profound and as grand, but perhaps not so beautiful in his treatment of the theme. All the modern men embarrass themselves and the spectator with the minor conditions of their subject. Titian first *felt* its mournfulness and dignity; after that he saw it as painter should see his subject,—that is, as a contrast of color and a harmony of lines,—"a white body, livid, dead, carried by sanguine men, and wept, in a morning which makes them still more beautiful, by tall Lombard women with auburn hair."

It is worth some emphasis of attention that there is but one figure painter living who understands nature and his

subject in the simple way of the old masters; and that painter is the peasant painter of France, François Millet. You will observe that this Titian is not painted to set before you the beauty of the minor facts of nature, — the "lovely detail," the piddling truths that make certain examples of contemporary art everything but works of art, — everything but pictures as pictures were understood by the great painters of the sixteenth century.

Look at those draperies; they are simply rich stuffs. Look at those figures; you see the forms are all large, no part delineated as if looked at very close, but as if seen from a distance. It is just here that the tendency of modern art as seen in the English Pre-Raphaelites is most antagonistic to the example of the old masters. They as well as the realists look at every object very close, or imagine themselves very close to their subject; hence their deficiency in rendering the effect of masses, and also their general awkwardness in giving the forms of things. They may be said to see everything in sections, in parts, whereas the great Italian and Flemish masters educated themselves to see things as wholes.

But let these general considerations go for the present. Again turn to some particular work of the great age of painting. The Louvre is rich in examples of Titian's art. The solemn depth and mellow splendor of his color I cannot communicate to you. But I can ask you to look at his work as a portrait-painter. In the gallery of The Seven Masters are three portraits. Here we are before two figures, — two men of "the grand and magnificent race of Venice," clad in black, — which justify Titian's reputation of being, with Velasquez, "the most grand painter of portraits of the world." In these portraits you see that Titian can be a great colorist without his crimson, gold, and blue draperies. You see with what dignity he has invested his subjects, or rather what dignity he has found in them. Look at those two figures, those faces of a sallow complexion,

the gravity of the expression, the high-bred air, the total absence of everything but the grave, simple manhood of those two Venetians. Remark how splendidly and easily painted are the hands, and how expressive the action. I have found much to praise in the work of our own portrait-painters, I even dare to mention their names in the same breath with the princely names of Titian and Velasquez. Mr. William Hunt's portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, Healy's portrait of Orestes A. Brownson, the lamented Furness's portrait of Mr. Emerson's daughter, seemed to me to be noble and delightful examples of portrait art. But Titian is not only happier in the costume of his subjects, he is even simpler in his artistic means; and I must say that the highest praise to be given to our best men is that they approximate to the nobleness and simplicity of these two half-length portraits of Venetian noblemen, while in vigor of style and color these two heads are quite beyond what our own men have reached. Yes, you must acknowledge that portrait art can never go beyond the art of Titian or of Rembrandt or of Velasquez; and a walk through the galleries of the Louvre must teach you that, or it can teach you nothing.

Since we have touched upon this subject of portrait art, which is simply an artist's capacity to paint a man, which is the beginning and the end of the highest art, look at Rembrandt's work. Rembrandt is represented in the Square Gallery by the head of a woman; it is placed near Titian's beautiful Venetian girl at her toilet. At once you remark the difference in the two great masters. Rembrandt is more robust, has a more vivid sense of reality, than the noble Titian. The whole force of the personality, the full strength of the material being, is presented by Rembrandt. His manner of painting is much more solid, and seems even freer and bolder, than Titian's. There are several heads, — heads of old men, of young men, and this one head of a woman in the Louvre, by Rembrandt. They show a more powerful

hand, a surer hand, and a more sturdy feeling for reality, than any of the great masters. But do not imagine that by reality I mean what so many mean to-day by that word as applied to pictures. Not one sharp outline, not one hard line, not one rigid form, can you find in Rembrandt's work. Not in his heads can you find any trace of the realism of the photographic, Pre-Raphaelite, or topographical painters. In Rembrandt's heads everything is round, soft, mysterious, full, luminous, rich; whereas, in the art that has Holbein, and some of the English painters since the greatest day of English art, as its best representatives, everything is thin, cold, hard, exact, defined, rigid, and dry in manner.

If these facts mean anything, they mean that the art of painting has culminated,—that it has attained its greatest perfection,—that, so far as it is a thing to be learned, we must go back to the examples left by the great Flemish, Spanish, and Venetian masters. But as all great art is an expression of personal or individual force, it is not to be taught. All the art discipline in the world could not make a Rembrandt or a Titian. It is therefore chiefly the critics' and the amateurs' work to study the productions of the great masters. They study, not to imitate, but to understand. If in America we have any young man with the genius of a painter, that genius will make its own development, and form its own style. This has been the case with our landscape-painters. It is true of Gifford, it is true of Kensett, of Durand, of Whittredge. I do not mean to say that these artists have in each case formed a powerful and individual style; I mean only to say that the best part of their art is purely a personal development, and quite independent of the great examples of great and ancient masters. I understand, therefore, the value of galleries to be chiefly in their effect on the intelligence of men, and not in their value as affording models of art for the imitation of young or old painters. A collection of paint-

ings like that of the Louvre before each generation of men forbids that a man of intelligence shall use his wit and misapply his talent in trying the painters of his time by a false idea of painting,—prevents his using his faculties of expression to annoy painters by blindly seeking to give a new direction to art, because of ignorance of what it actually is in its noblest remains.

The antiques of the Louvre and the pictures of the Venetian school form adequate critics, form discriminating minds, and actually prevent the eccentricities of criticism which characterize the powerful and unequal art-literature of the English language.

English critics are all the time making discoveries, or reacting against old tendencies. French critics always preserve a just and felicitous spirit. They either sit at the feet of the Greeks and mourn over the decadence of pure art, or sit at the feet of the Venetians and reaffirm the fundamental ideas of painting; but they make no so-called discoveries, and do not mislead their public.

But again let me return to particular works. The whole art of painting is illustrated in the Square Gallery of the Louvre. You are now opposite Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana." No picture in the world has had a greater influence on modern French art. Probably no picture in the Louvre represents so well the glory, the power, and the splendor of painting, to a painter, as the "Marriage at Cana." It is pre-eminently a painter's picture. It is a picture full of the pride of life. It is a festival where all the guests are princely, or grand, or beautiful. The very dogs have the look of dogs of race. It was on the 7th of July, 1864, on the day of the distribution of the annual rewards of the Exhibition of Fine Arts, that Maréchal Vaillant, facing this great painting, announced that a prize of twenty thousand dollars was created by the Emperor, at the expense of the civil list, to be given every five years to the author of a great work of art, of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture.



That is the way they seek to evoke great art in France. But facing Veronese's great picture, under the canvases of Titian, Rembrandt, and Murillo, every artist, while he felt the inspiration of those great examples of art, should have recollected that *they* were not evoked by imperial rewards. Yet in spite of that the place for the announcement of the reward to an age so much devoted to gain was well chosen. For under those great canvases every artist must have felt the glory of his art, and burned to give to France some work not unworthy of a place under the same roof.

You who have not seen this picture need not hope that you can appreciate it by what is or has been written about it. It is, I repeat, a painter's picture. It has no literary element. In this it differs most from modern pictures. Nearly all famous modern pictures, outside of landscape art, have the literary element. They appeal to the literary mind; they are like pieces out of a story, they are seldom mere spectacles to please the eye. Even if you stood with me before Veronese's work, I could not be sure that you would have a vivid appreciation of it. There is no tragedy in it, no humor; it is simply a collection of portraits, say a piece of superb grouping of superb and magnificent people. The glory of the work is its life, its color. What painters call the just relations of color are marvellously rendered on that colossal canvas.

I have spoken of the most characteristic examples of the great age of painting in the Louvre. The question now is, How far are we from the works which elicit so much admiration? I should give as the result of my examination of art, that the genius of painting is no longer known to figure-painters in the same sense as of old. I believe that the true painters of to-day are not figure-painters, but landscape-painters. The figure-painters have become too scientific, too literary. Their work is no more a matter of perception and feeling, as was the work of the old

painters; it is a matter of story-telling, and the subject has gained the ascendancy. The landscape-painters yet hold the subject subordinate; they are simple men of the brush.

The finest style among modern French painters is to be found in landscape art. It is in Troyon, it is in Laminet, it is in Rosseau. All these men *paint*, — use the brush splendidly; and it is just in this use of the brush (which distinguishes the painter), that contemporary figure-painters seem most deficient. So much so, in fact, that the very presence of a brush-mark is likely to bring out the reproach, "not finished enough."

You have now reached the point of divergence between the ancient painter's work and that of the modern painter. In modern art, the subject is everything, and the artist servile or conscientious before it; in ancient art the subject was common, and the artist free, and even careless, before it.

You have walked through the Square Gallery to look at the famous works of great painters, and, in spite of the different aim and the changed aspect of art, you have felt and admired the pictures of the men who represent its ancient and greatest glory. In the old pictures color is richer, forms simpler, subjects less novel, and even further from our sympathies, than anything of modern art. Yet, in spite of obnoxious or indifferent subjects, if you have any appreciation of art, you are pleased, you are even profoundly moved, by the splendid work of the first of the old masters. Why? Because of their magnificent power as *painters*, — power in just what our modern men are most deficient the moment we go outside of the landscapists.

Here we signal the true cause of a genuine and enthusiastic appreciation of the old masters. It is first and last in their power as painters. The ground of appreciation of modern art is novelty or originality of subject, fulness and faithfulness of representation. Need I say that a picture may be both novel and faithful as a representation of na-

ture, and yet be a very ordinary, even mean, example of painting.

When Titian and Veronese painted, man was more than nature, and only a few persons had the passion of travel and the curiosity to know strange things. To-day we know how one goes to the Rocky Mountains, another to the Andes, a third after icebergs. In the great age of painting the painters had not that curiosity, and their public cared only for a few beautiful women. A human figure was a poem. "The subject was only the occasion to represent the apotheosis of man in all his attributes." Then you could say, in the studio of the artist, How nobly he

has seen! Now you say, How much he has seen! What you could have said in the studio of the old painters, you say to-day in the gallery of the Louvre, before Titian's portraits or before Veronese's vast compositions. They painted beautiful human ideas. We no longer care for ideas,—for the human form. Our aim is to accumulate facts, and "facts," "beautiful" or "lovely facts," to-day are the cant phrases of an illegitimate criticism. What we have gained and what we have lost is a vast question, more easily asked than answered; but it is *the* question suggested by modern art at the Champ de Mars, and by ancient art at the Louvre.

## GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

### FIRST CHAPTER.

IT happened in this wise :

— But, sitting with my pen in my hand looking at those words again, without desecrating any hint in them of the words that should follow, it comes into my mind that they have an abrupt appearance. They may serve, however, if I let them remain, to suggest how very difficult I find it to begin to explain my Explanation. An uncouth phrase : and yet I do not see my way to a better.

### SECOND CHAPTER.

It happened in *this* wise :

— But, looking at those words, and comparing them with my former opening, I find they are the selfsame words repeated. This is the more surprising to me, because I employ them in quite a new connection. For indeed I declare that my intention was to discard the commencement I first had in my thoughts, and to give the preference to another of an entirely different nature, dating my explanation from an

anterior period of my life. I will make a third trial, without erasing this second failure, protesting that it is not my design to conceal any of my infirmities, whether they be of head or heart.

### THIRD CHAPTER.

NOT as yet directly aiming at how it came to pass, I will come upon it by degrees. The natural manner, after all, for God knows that is how it came upon me!

My parents were in a miserable condition of life, and my infant home was a cellar in Preston. I recollect the sound of Father's Lancashire clogs on the street pavement above, as being different in my young hearing from the sound of all other clogs; and I recollect that, when Mother came down the cellar-steps, I used tremblingly to speculate on her feet having a good or an ill-tempered look,—on her knees,—on her waist,—until finally her face came into view and settled the question. From this it will be seen that I was timid, and that the cellar-steps were

steep, and that the doorway was very low.

Mother had the gripe and clutch of Poverty upon her face, upon her figure, and not least of all upon her voice. Her sharp and high-pitched words were squeezed out of her, as by the compression of bony fingers on a leathern bag; and she had a way of rolling her eyes about and about the cellar, as she scolded, that was gaunt and hungry. Father, with his shoulders rounded, would sit quiet on a three-legged stool, looking at the empty grate, until she would pluck the stool from under him, and bid him go bring some money home. Then he would dismally ascend the steps, and I, holding my ragged shirt and trousers together with a hand (my only braces), would feint and dodge from Mother's pursuing grasp at my hair.

A worldly little devil was Mother's usual name for me. Whether I cried for that I was in the dark, or for that it was cold, or for that I was hungry, or whether I squeezed myself into a warm corner when there was a fire, or ate voraciously when there was food, she would still say, "O you worldly little devil!" And the sting of it was, that I quite well knew myself to be a worldly little devil. Worldly as to wanting to be housed and warmed, worldly as to wanting to be fed, worldly as to the greed with which I inwardly compared how much I got of those good things with how much Father and Mother got, when, rarely, those good things were going.

Sometimes they both went away seeking work, and then I would be locked up in the cellar for a day or two at a time. I was at my worldliest then. Left alone, I yielded myself up to a worldly yearning for enough of anything (except misery), and for the death of Mother's father, who was a machine-maker at Birmingham, and on whose decease, I had heard Mother say, she would come into a whole courtful of houses "if she had her rights." Worldly little devil, I would stand about, musingly sitting my cold bare feet into cracked

bricks and crevices of the damp cellar floor, — walking over my grandfather's body, so to speak, into the courtful of houses, and selling them for meat and drink, and clothes to wear.

At last a change came down into our cellar. The universal change came down even as low as that, — so will it mount to any height on which a human creature can perch, — and brought other changes with it.

We had a heap of I don't know what foul litter in the darkest corner, which we called "the bed." For three days Mother lay upon it without getting up, and then began at times to laugh. If I had ever heard her laugh before, it had been so seldom that the strange sound frightened me. It frightened Father, too, and we took it by turns to give her water. Then she began to move her head from side to side, and sing. After that, she getting no better, Father fell a laughing and a singing, and then there was only I to give them both water, and they both died.

#### FOURTH CHAPTER.

WHEN I was lifted out of the cellar by two men, of whom one came peeping down alone first, and ran away and brought the other, I could hardly bear the light of the street. I was sitting in the roadway, blinking at it, and at a ring of people collected around me, but not close to me, when, true to my character of worldly little devil, I broke silence by saying, "I am hungry and thirsty!"

"Does he know they are dead?" asked one of another.

"Do you know your father and mother are both dead of fever?" asked a third of me, severely.

"I don't know what it is to be dead. I supposed it meant that, when the cup rattled against their teeth and the water spilt over them. I am hungry and thirsty." That was all I had to say about it.

The ring of people widened outward from the inner side as I looked around me; and I smelt vinegar, and what I

now know to be camphor, thrown in towards where I sat. Presently some one put a great vessel of smoking vinegar on the ground near me, and then they all looked at me in silent horror as I ate and drank of what was brought for me. I knew at the time they had a horror of me, but I could n't help it.

I was still eating and drinking, and a murmur of discussion had begun to arise respecting what was to be done with me next, when I heard a cracked voice somewhere in the ring say, "My name is Hawkyard, Mr. Verity Hawkyard, of West Bromwich." Then the ring split in one place, and a yellow-faced, peak-nosed gentleman, clad all in iron-gray to his gaiters, pressed forward with a policeman and another official of some sort. He came forward close to the vessel of smoking vinegar; from which he sprinkled himself carefully, and me copiously.

"He had a grandfather at Birmingham, this young boy, who is just dead too," said Mr. Hawkyard.

I turned my eyes upon the speaker, and said in a ravening manner, "Where 's his houses?"

"Hah! Horrible worldliness on the edge of the grave," said Mr. Hawkyard, casting more of the vinegar over me, as if to get my devil out of me. "I have undertaken a slight—a ve-ry slight—trust in behalf of this boy; quite a voluntary trust; a matter of mere honor, if not of mere sentiment; still I have taken it upon myself, and it shall be (O yes, it shall be!) discharged."

The by-standers seemed to form an opinion of this gentleman much more favorable than their opinion of me.

"He shall be taught," said Mr. Hawkyard, "(O yes, he shall be taught!) but what is to be done with him for the present? He may be infected. He may disseminate infection." The ring widened considerably. "What is to be done with him?"

He held some talk with the two officials. I could distinguish no word save "Farm-house." There was another sound several times repeated, which was wholly, meaningless in my

ears then, but which I knew soon afterwards to be "Hoghton Towers."

"Yes," said Mr. Hawkyard, "I think that sounds promising. I think that sounds hopeful. And he can be put by himself in a Ward, for a night or two, you say?"

It seemed to be the police-officer who had said so, for it was he who replied, Yes. It was he, too, who finally took me by the arm and walked me before him through the streets, into a whitewashed room in a bare building, where I had a chair to sit in, a table to sit at, an iron bedstead and good matress to lie upon, and a rug and blanket to cover me. Where I had enough to eat too, and was shown how to clean the tin porringer in which it was conveyed to me, until it was as good as a looking-glass. Here, likewise, I was put in a bath, and had new clothes brought to me, and my old rags were burnt, and I was camphored and vinegared, and disinfected in a variety of ways.

When all this was done,—I don't know in how many days or how few, but it matters not,—Mr. Hawkyard stepped in at the door, remaining close to it, and said: "Go and stand against the opposite wall, George Silverman. As far off as you can. That 'll do. How do you feel?"

I told him that I did n't feel cold, and did n't feel hungry, and did n't feel thirsty. That was the whole round of human feelings, as far as I knew, except the pain of being beaten.

"Well," said he, "you are going, George, to a healthy farm-house to be purified. Keep in the air there, as much as you can. Live an out-of-door life there, until you are fetched away. You had better not say much—in fact, you had better be very careful not to say anything—about what your parents died of, or they might not like to take you in. Behave well, and I 'll put you to school, (O yes, I 'll put you to school!) though I am not obligated to do it. I am a servant of the Lord, George, and I have been a good servant to him (I have!) these five-and-

thirty years. The Lord has had a good servant in me, and he knows it."

What I then supposed him to mean by this, I cannot imagine. As little do I know when I began to comprehend that he was a prominent member of some obscure denomination or congregation, every member of which held forth to the rest when so inclined, and among whom he was called Brother Hawkyard. It was enough for me to know, on that day in the Ward, that the farmer's cart was waiting for me at the street corner. I was not slow to get into it, for it was the first ride I ever had in my life.

It made me sleepy, and I slept. First, I stared at Preston streets as long as they lasted, and meanwhile I may have had some small dumb wondering within me whereabouts our cellar was. But I doubt it. Such a worldly little devil was I, that I took no thought who would bury Father and Mother, or where they would be buried, or when. The question whether the eating and drinking by day, and the covering by night, would be as good at the farm-house as at the Ward superseded those questions.

The jolting of the cart on a loose stony road awoke me, and I found that we were mounting a steep hill, where the road was a rutty by-road through a field. And so, by fragments of an ancient terrace, and by some rugged out-buildings that had once been fortified, and passing under a ruined gateway, we came to the old farm-house in the thick stone wall outside the old quadrangle of Hoghton Towers. Which I looked at, like a stupid savage; seeing no specialty in; seeing no antiquity in; assuming all farm-houses to resemble it; assigning the decay I noticed to the one potent cause of all ruin that I knew,—Poverty; eying the pigeons in their flights, the cattle in their stalls, the ducks in the pond, and the fowls pecking about the yard, with a hungry hope that plenty of them might be killed for dinner while I stayed there; wondering whether the scrubbed dairy

vessels drying in the sunlight could be the goodly porringers out of which the master ate his belly-filling food, and which he polished when he had done, according to my Ward experience; shrinkingly doubtful whether the shadows passing over that airy height on the bright spring day were not something in the nature of frowns; sordid, afraid, unadmiring, a small Brute to shudder at.

To that time I had never had the faintest impression of beauty. I had had no knowledge whatever that there was anything lovely in this life. When I had occasionally slunk up the cellar steps into the street, and glared in at shop-windows, I had done so with no higher feelings than we may suppose to animate a mangy young dog or wolf-cub. It is equally the fact that I had never been alone, in the sense of holding unselfish converse with myself. I had been solitary often enough, but nothing better.

Such was my condition when I sat down to my dinner that day, in the kitchen of the old farm-house. Such was my condition when I lay on my bed in the old farm-house that night, stretched out opposite the narrow mulioned window, in the cold light of the moon, like a young Vampire.

#### FIFTH CHAPTER.

WHAT do I know now of Hoghton Towers? Very little, for I have been gratefully unwilling to disturb my first impressions. A house, centuries old, on high ground a mile or so removed from the road between Preston and Blackburn, where the first James of England, in his hurry to make money by making Baronets, perhaps made some of those remunerative dignitaries. A house, centuries old, deserted and falling to pieces, its woods and gardens long since grass-land or ploughed up, the rivers Ribble and Darwen glancing below it, and a vague haze of smoke, against which not even the supernatural prescience of the first Stuart could foresee a Counterblast, hint-

ing at Steam Power, powerful in two distances.

What did I know then of Hoghton Towers? When I first peeped in at the gate of the lifeless quadrangle, and started from the mouldering statue becoming visible to me like its Guardian Ghost; when I stole round by the back of the farm-house, and got in among the ancient rooms, many of them with their floors and ceilings falling, the beams and rafters hanging dangerously down, the plaster dropping as I trod, the oaken panels stripped away, the windows half walled up, half broken; when I discovered a gallery commanding the old kitchen, and looked down between balustrades upon a massive old table and benches, fearing to see I know not what dead-alive creatures come in and seat themselves, and look up with I know not what dreadful eyes, or lack of eyes, at me; when all over the house I was awed by gaps and chinks where the sky stared sorrowfully at me, where the birds passed, and the ivy rustled, and the stains of winter-weather blotched the rotten floors; when down at the bottom of dark pits of staircase, into which the stairs had sunk, green leaves trembled, butterflies fluttered, and bees hummed in and out through the broken doorways; when encircling the whole ruin were sweet scents and sights of fresh green growth and ever-renewing life, that I had never dreamed of,—I say, when I passed into such clouded perception of these things as my dark soul could compass, what did I know then of Hoghton Towers?

I have written that the sky stared sorrowfully at me. Therein have I anticipated the answer. I knew that all these things looked sorrowfully at me. That they seemed to sigh or whisper, not without pity for me: "Alas! Poor worldly little devil!"

There were two or three rats at the bottom of one of the smaller pits of broken staircase when I craned over and looked in. They were scuffling for some prey that was there. And when they started and hid themselves,

close together in the dark, I thought of the old life (it had grown old already) in the cellar.

How not to be this worldly little devil? How not to have a repugnance towards myself as I had towards the rats? I hid in a corner of one of the smaller chambers, frightened at myself, and crying (it was the first time I had ever cried for any cause not purely physical), and I tried to think about it. One of the farm-ploughs came into my range of view just then, and it seemed to help me as it went on with its two horses up and down the field so peacefully and quietly.

There was a girl of about my own age in the farm-house family, and she sat opposite to me at the narrow table at meal-times. It had come into my mind at our first dinner that she might take the fever from me. The thought had not disquieted me then; I had only speculated how she would look under the altered circumstances, and whether she would die. But it came into my mind now, that I might try to prevent her taking the fever, by keeping away from her. I knew I should have but scrambling board if I did; so much the less worldly and less devilish the deed would be, I thought.

From that hour I withdrew myself at early morning into secret corners of the ruined house, and remained hidden there until she went to bed. At first, when meals were ready, I used to hear them calling me; and then my resolution weakened. But I strengthened it again, by going further off into the ruin, and getting out of hearing. I often watched for her at the dim windows; and, when I saw that she was fresh and rosy, felt much happier.

Out of this holding her in my thoughts, to the humanizing of myself, I suppose some childish love arose within me. I felt in some sort dignified by the pride of protecting her, by the pride of making the sacrifice for her. As my heart swelled with that new feeling, it insensibly softened about Mother and Father. It seemed to have been frozen before, and now to be thawed. The old ruin



and all the lovely things that haunted it were not sorrowful for me only, but sorrowful for Mother and Father as well. Therefore did I cry again, and often too.

The farm-house family conceived me to be of a morose temper, and were very short with me; though they never stinted me in such broken fare as was to be got out of regular hours. One night when I lifted the kitchen latch at my usual time, Sylvia (that was her pretty name) had but just gone out of the room. Seeing her ascending the opposite stairs, I stood still at the door. She had heard the clink of the latch, and looked round.

"George," she called to me, in a pleased voice, "to-morrow is my birthday, and we are to have a fiddler, and there's a party of boys and girls coming in a cart, and we shall dance. I invite you. Be sociable for once, George."

"I am very sorry, miss," I answered, "but I — but no; I can't come."

"You are a disagreeable, ill-humored lad," she returned, disdainfully, "and I ought not to have asked you. I shall never speak to you again."

As I stood with my eyes fixed on the fire after she was gone, I felt that the farmer bent his brows upon me.

"Eh, lad," said he, "Sylvy's right.

You're as moody and broody a lad as never I set eyes on yet!"

I tried to assure him that I meant no harm; but he only said coldly: "Maybe not, maybe not. There! Get thy supper, get thy supper, and then thou canst sulk to thy heart's content again."

Ah! If they could have seen me next day in the ruin, watching for the arrival of the cart full of merry young guests; if they could have seen me at night, gliding out from behind the ghostly statue, listening to the music and the fall of dancing feet, and watching the lighted farm-house windows from the quadrangle when all the ruin was dark; if they could have read my heart as I crept up to bed by the back way, comforting myself with the reflection, "They will take no hurt from me," — they would not have thought mine a morose or an unsocial nature!

It was in these ways that I began to form a shy disposition; to be of a timidly silent character under misconception; to have an inexpressible, perhaps a morbid, dread of ever being sordid or worldly. It was in these ways that my nature came to shape itself to such a mould, even before it was affected by the influences of the studious and retired life of a poor scholar.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Origin and History of the Books of the Bible, both the Canonical and the Apocryphal. Designed to show what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it.* By PROF. C. E. STOWE, D.D. (The New Testament.) Illustrated. Published by subscription only; by Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

THE Bible is the central book of Christendom. No other book has so attracted to itself the attention of the learned and the affection of the unlearned. No other book has been so persistently the object of a blind hostility and an equally blind par-

tisanship. Folly has made it on the one side a farrago, and on the other a fetish. It has been a prey to every vagary of the head and every imagination of the heart. Love and hate have alike kindled their fires at this one altar. Benevolence has filled its horn of plenty, and oppression has drawn its heaviest chains from the same treasure-house. It has been held to a closer inspection, to a more searching analysis, to a more rigorous comparison, than any other book. Every rule and every misrule of interpretation has been brought to bear upon it. The "jot-and-tittle" theorist holds every word from the first page to the last to

be God's own word sent specially to him; and his "transcendental brother" holds it to be God's word in no other sense than the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* are God's word. Faith and scepticism have enlisted their mightiest forces to upbuild and overthrow. Libraries might be filled with the books that have been written to confirm and to invalidate its position. Science is counted, if not its foe, the fruitful mother of foes, yet the highest civilization is reckoned its legitimate offspring. The choicest treasures of learning have been brought to elucidate its meaning, and art has drawn thence its loftiest inspiration. And still its influence goes on increasing. With an apparently inexhaustible vitality, it survives alike the attacks of its most formidable foes and the support of still more formidable friends, and has to-day on the mind and heart of the world a stronger hold than ever before.

An encouraging feature in the progress of Bible research is that its results are more and more coming before the people; thus driving out at once, and in the only legitimate way, the frivolous in literature and the false in religion. It is a matter for congratulation that it is no longer novels and romances alone, but expositions of and dissertations on the Bible, whose readers are numbered by thousands, by tens of thousands, and in some instances, we believe, by hundreds of thousands. Not undervaluing that learning which must perforce confine itself to the fit and few audience, extolling it rather as the source and conservator of all learning, we yet rejoice to find the common mind no longer constrained to feed its religious thought on a pabulum composed of equal parts of pious declamation on the sanctity of the Bible, and rhetorical denunciation of those who question its authority. So long as the world is to increase in wealth there must be miners, — men content to delve

for and adapted to those who are not scholars. It furnishes the results of study to those who are unable to study, but who are not unable to read and to think. It seeks to gain the popular ear, not by appeals to passion and prejudice, but to reason. Its characteristic, unlike most popular appeals, is not dilution but concentration. If it is milk for babes, it is condensed milk. In the ordinary use of the term, we should say the style alone is popular, the substance is scholarly.

The author's aim has not been, evidently, to make or to announce any new discoveries, to give new renderings to old texts, or new meanings to old words. His attempt is simply to bring the light of known or alleged facts to bear upon the settlement of vexed questions. It is a book, as he declares, of authorities and testimonies. He maintains that the chief cause of the diversities of opinion as to the authors of the sacred books is the neglect or the rejection of all external testimony in regard to them, and the judging of them by the critic's own views of the internal evidence only, — a proceeding the more uncalled for, inasmuch as the external testimony regarding the Bible is more abundant than that concerning any other ancient book whatever. The work is especially valuable as simplifying the discussion, removing extraneous matter, dismissing impertinent issues, putting objections and replies in a tangible and portable form, and showing what the conditions of the problem do and do not require. Professor Stowe indicates the spiritual unity of the Bible while relinquishing, or rather opposing, the popular notion of its external unity. He brings into prominence a theory now held, we believe, by all the best biblical critics, but not, we think, very familiar to the common mind, that the Bible is not an original record, but is made up of the fragments of Hebrew literature, going back sometimes to a remote and even to an unknown antiquity. This point will be recognized as one of singular interest and of great importance; especially in connection with the Old Testament. The character and chronology of the books of the New Testament are far better understood than those of the Old, particularly those of early date. A great deal of the doubt concerning them, and much of the hostility felt towards them, would unquestionably be dispelled by a knowledge of their real origin, nature, and object.

Another whole system of difficulties is

"Amid the bowels of the earth full steep  
And low, where dawning day doth never peep."

But for the furtherance of our moral needs we need also men who shall take this massive bullion and convert it into coin of the realm.

Such a work is the one before us. Professor Stowe, long and favorably known for his close and extensive acquaintance with Biblical science, presents to the public in a shapely and popular form the fruits of his life-labor. While it is not a book unworthy of scholars, it is specially designed

disposed of at one stroke by affirming that the mystery of the actual condition of the human race, the question, How can the existence of so much sin and misery be reconciled with God's goodness, wisdom, and power, finds no solution, no answer, in the Bible. The sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are not explained. The mysterious events of our own daily life remain still mysterious. The Bible asserts: it does not explain. It tells us to trust in God, and all will be well. It addresses itself to our faith, affirming that we have sufficient proof of the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, even if by searching we cannot find out the Almighty to perfection. Those who have given little thought to this subject will not, perhaps, immediately see how vast a field of disputation is excluded from our boundaries by this admission. Perhaps on no single question is there a wider divergence of opinion or a more profound excitement of feeling than on this. The solution of the insoluble, the reconciliation of the evil in the world with the goodness of its Creator, is the work to which religious thought has lent itself sometimes with an almost frantic vehemence. On this rock has the Church split into sects, and on this point the theory of one sect is regarded by another with a disapprobation amounting to hatred and horror. Materialistic philosophy and speculative theology are alike unsatisfactory in their conclusions. Reason and revelation can get no further than the sovereign announcement: I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. And as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, faith alone is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Having disposed of outside questions, Dr. Stowe proceeds to the discussion of the text of the New Testament. He describes the method of book-making in the age of the New-Testament writers, compares the readings of our modern printed editions of the Greek with the earliest manuscript authorities, compares also the manuscripts of Herodotus and Plato with those of the New Testament in point of number, variety, and antiquity; and gives a history of many of the ancient manuscripts of the New Testament, and *fac-similes* of several. This chapter is one of great interest and value, and contains information which is probably new to the mass of Bible readers. It is followed by brief biographies of one hundred of the

most important ancient witnesses to the New-Testament books, including not only Orthodox Christians, but also Jews, heretics, pagans, and infidels. Next in order comes a separate examination of each book of the New Testament. It is laid down at the beginning, that those books, and those only, were regarded by the primitive Christians as a part of their New-Testament canon, which were written either by an apostle, or by an associate of an apostle, with apostolic superintendence and sanction. The authority of an apostle was the only authority for a sacred book. As most of the churches were personally acquainted with several of the apostles, and as every one of the writers of the New Testament was personally known to many of the churches, it is hardly probable that any church could have been deceived as to what were and what were not apostolic books, and the main question is, What books did the churches receive as apostolic? The credibility of these writers as men, capable or incapable, honest or dishonest, is considered apart from the inspiration or divine authority of the Gospels. The testimony concerning each book is preceded by a statement of what is known respecting the author, the place, the occasion, the object, and the circumstances of his writing. We are furnished with every variety of testimony, weak and strong, direct and indirect. The apocryphal gospels receive the same attention as the canonical gospels. We have their origin, their history so far as it is known, an outline of their contents, and extracts sufficiently copious to give us a distinct idea of their style and spirit. We have also fragments of gospels supposed to be lost,—the Gospel according to the Hebrews, the Gospel according to the Egyptians, the Gospel of Marcion, and others. Thus is presented not only the external evidence for the canonical gospels, but such internal evidence as is furnished by a comparison between them and other writings of the same date and the same assumed character. Every one, learned or unlearned, has the opportunity to judge for himself whether the apocryphal and the lost gospels probably emanated from the same source, and are entitled to the same credit, as those of the received New Testament.

One chapter is devoted to the Hegelian philosophy, in which Hegelian philosophers are handled with a freedom which we venture to say those amiable if somewhat

shadowy gentlemen never before experienced. Their hypotheses are not only incessantly stripped of ornamentation, but, after Sydney Smith's device, are made to take off their flesh, and sit in their bones; and the spectacle sometimes is not a little amusing.

"How could *myths* arise and gain credence in the manner and to the extent which he (Strauss) dreams of, in the same generation and the same country wherein the facts are alleged to have occurred? This difficulty is felt by Strauss, and he attempts to get rid of it by supposing that the stories originated mostly in those parts of Palestine east of the Jordan, where Christ had personally seldom appeared. The whole of Palestine has scarcely one quarter the extent of the State of Maine, and can men in Maine lie with impunity by going east of the Penobscot?" Weisse does not even pretend to have any testimony as to the facts being as he states them. He would think it unworthy of a philosopher like him to come at an historical result in that way. He does not learn history from external evidence, but develops it from internal consciousness. Marshall's "Life of Washington," on a similar hypothesis, originated during the nullification excitement of 1827, when Hon. John Holmes, of Maine, amused himself by writing notes across the Senate Chamber to Hon. T. H. Benton, of Missouri. Mr. Benton preserved these notes, thinking he might some time have occasion for them, and he added some of his own. At the session of Congress, during Mr. Clay's compromising efforts, Mr. Benton, perceiving that his time had come, committed these papers to Hon. Amos Kendall, who, out of them and Judge Marshall's papers, forged the book called Marshall's "Life of Washington." In consequence of this publication, Colonel Benton was elected President of the United States, and General Cass, amid much *noise and confusion*, migrated to California! Gfroerer relies for the support of his theory on such resemblances as would derive the wigs of the English bishops and judges from the head-dress of the Feejee-Islanders. The text of Zechariah xiv. 4 he explains as referring to the Messiah, and his sister the Holy Ghost, who are both, according to the Rabbins, ninety-six miles high, and twenty-four miles wide. Hence the doctrine of the Trinity! Bruno Bauer at the outset annihilates all historical truth. Renan gives the sheerest and most

extravagant moonshine. Schenkel has not a foot to stand upon. Baur sees not only what is in the Bible, but what would have been there if it had not been taken out. The identity of the narratives of Jairus's daughter and the son of the widow of Nain rests on such resemblances as (1.) they were both young people, (2.) they each had a living parent, (3.) they both died, and (4.) they were both raised from the dead. The same kind of argument might prove irresistibly the identity of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren's grandmother; for (1.) they were both old people, (2.) they were both very fond of Mr. Van Buren, (3.) they both died, and (4.) neither of them ever rose from the dead!

The remainder of the book consists of an examination and comparison of the apocryphal and canonical Acts, Epistles, and Revelations, with abstracts and extracts, a comparison of Hebrew and pagan prophets, and a consideration of the apocryphal books of the Old Testament, a narrative of the discussions pertaining to them, and the mode and reasons for their exclusion from the sacred canon.

We have been thus particular in our account of the book, that our readers may have a fair idea of its general aim and scope. Whether it accomplishes what it proposes to accomplish, every one must judge for himself; we design only to show what it proposes to accomplish. Every one must concede that it is eminently frank and outspoken. There is no insinuation, no false dealing. Authorities are given with a full hand. If the author has misstated facts or mis-rendered theories, he has put it within every one's power to correct or confute him. There is no hiding behind glittering and sounding generalities. Everything is to the point, whether right or wrong. If it be said that he has, for a philosopher, too strong a leaning towards the conclusions at which he arrives, it must be admitted also that he acknowledges this leaning at the outset, and thereby disarms it of its chief power to mislead. Occasionally, in the enthusiasm of his belief, he adopts as a certainty that which is at most but a probability, — as where he accounts for passages that could not have been written at the time or by the authors supposed, by showing that books were formerly written full on every page, with lines of single letters, without any division of paragraphs or words; and that what modern writers would put into a foot-note, heading, or index, an-

cient writers would insert as a part of the original page, and adds: "The passages objected to are just the foot-notes of subsequent editor, and not forgeries or fraudulent interpolations." All that is proved or that is required to be proved is that they *may* be foot-notes, not that they are.

The style of the book is unique among theological writings. It is not the language of theology but of common life,—the language of the farm, the factory, the market; sinewy, nervous, homely, and clear as crystal; the language of a man, and of a man overflowing with love for his subject, and so thoroughly familiar with it that he can afford to toss it about sometimes a little playfully. Indeed, we are not without suspicion that the easy, off-hand style may serve in some measure to disguise the extensive research and—for this country at least—remarkable learning of which it is the medium.

We consider the work especially adapted to meet the intellectual wants of the age. It puts within reach of the common people the accumulated treasures of a long line of kings in the realm of letters. We do not know where to find, within the same compass, so much candid thought, valuable knowledge, and pertinent criticism on the Bible. Its partisanship, though warm, is manly, and free from bitterness and bigotry. Though a labor of love, it is of a love not blind, but as clear of vision as it is stout of heart. It is impartially fatal to the arrogance of all denominations. It is a work of which Orthodoxy need not be ashamed, and at which Heterodoxy need not be exasperated. It is a work which no man should reject the Bible without answering, or argumentatively advocate without mastering. Whoever would give a reason either for the faith or the unbelief or the doubt that is in him; whoever would learn, not what the Bible says about his views, but what views the Bible teaches, and on what ground it has authority to teach at all, will find in this book a valuable assistant, companion, and friend.

*Letters and Journals relating to the War of the American Revolution, and the Capture of the German Troops at Saratoga.* By MRS. GENERAL RIEDESEL. Translated from the original German by WILLIAM L. STONE. Albany: Munsell. 1867.

THIS is not the first translation of Madame Riedesel's Memoirs, but, past all de-

nial, it is the first good one. And if there was any book in a foreign language that called especially for a good American translator, that book is the one in question. To our thinking, the call has at length been answered in a very satisfactory way.

Good historical memoirs—the very life of historical literature—are scarce with us. Our Revolutionary heroes could not have written them if they would; nor has our late war yet produced them, of any notable merit. Memoir writing is an art in itself, in which the French have far excelled all other nations. As for ourselves, our best possessions in this way are due to foreigners, and two of them to women. We mean the excellent little book of Mrs. Grant of Lugar, and the far more important memoir of which the translation is before us.

Madame Riedesel was the wife of General Riedesel, who commanded the Brunswick troops in the army of Burgoyne. With her three children she followed her husband to America, and shared all the dangers and hardships of the campaign of Saratoga, and the long captivity which followed it. To say of this most charming woman that she was the model of a tender and devoted wife and mother would be true, indeed, but yet would insufficiently describe her. Her graceful and feminine character was braced by an admirable courage, and a spirit which must have made her a very piquant companion. She had resources for every emergency, made friends everywhere, and appears to have been equally mistress of the situation in the backwoods of Virginia, and in the family circle of King George III., to which her rank and no doubt her own attractiveness admitted her.

Remembering what Madame Riedesel was, it is impossible to read without indignation the following passage in the Introduction to the wretched translation of 1827: "For the passages which have been omitted in the translation no apology will be required by those who can peruse the original. Whether right or wrong (a question not now to be discussed) the reading portion of mankind has become so hostile to vulgarity, so delicate, in some respects so fastidiously refined, that many things and words that were perfectly innocent and inoffensive, or only pervertible by the sagacity of profligates and rakes, are now considered utterly disgraceful, and are wholly banished from polite literature." The translator adds: "We thought, however, that

we might name, without begging pardon, such words as hog or swine!"

The "vulgarity" to which the translator, using the word in the sense in which children use it, takes exception, are a few simple and harmless statements, from the pen of a modest woman too sensible, natural, and pure to be a prude. Mr. Stone is free from the silly squeamishness of his predecessor, and has given the story of Madame Riedesel's varied experience as he finds it.

The book is full of suggestion. Her travels during her husband's captivity give many sharp glimpses of colonial life in New England, the Middle States, and Virginia, and suggest the reflection that, degenerate as our public men may be, the people at large of our time do not lose in comparison with their fathers. The volume is illustrated with a portrait and autograph of Madame Riedesel, and by two woodcuts of houses near Saratoga, conspicuous objects in the narrative, and of which one has already been removed or destroyed. The memoir is also accompanied by notes of the translator, adding much to its value.

The general style of the translation is easy and good, but here and there it is open to criticism. Thus a "splendid cellar" and "splendid singing" are anomalies in the English language. We observe a statement in the Preface that the German edition of 1800 is "the first and only German edition" of the memoir. Now we have before us at this moment an edition published at Berlin in 1801. Translators and editors are bound to be exact in these matters.

We see it announced on a fly-leaf of this pleasant book—one of the pleasantest of its kind that we remember to have read—that Mr. Stone is engaged on a translation of the "Life and Writings of General Riedesel," published a few years ago at Berlin, and said to contain many letters hitherto

unknown in this country, from Washington, Gates, Burgoyne, and other men of their day.

*Condensed Novels, and other Papers.* By F. BRET HARTE. With Comic Illustrations by FRANK BELLEW. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE publishers have conferred upon Cis-Rocky-Mountain readers a real favor by collecting Mr. Harte's charming parodies, so well known in California, and have done the clever and ingenious author a great wrong by printing them with Mr. Frank Bellew's comic illustrations, which are in every way vulgar and inappropriate.

Of the novelists condensed, Mr. Dickens, who must have been one of the most difficult to do, secures to us the best done. The parody of Captain Marryat is very good; but that of Charlotte Brontë is not so happy as the imitation in the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers." Mr. Harte has an admirable burlesque of Michelet, and has condensed a good deal of Victor Hugo's manner and social philosophy in this bit of moralization: "Fantine loved Thomolyes. Why? My God! what are you to do? It was the fault of her parents, and she had n't any. How shall you teach her? You must teach the parent if you wish to educate the child. How would you become virtuous? Educate your grandmother!"

Mr. Harte's miscellaneous essays given in this volume are imbued with so much original humor, that we have all the more to regret a tendency in them to imitation of the author whom he has best parodied in his acknowledged burlesques. We find no other fault with essays inspired by the multifarious and interesting life of California, and depicting San Francisco with all the advantages of local color.



